The Patron

THE PATRON

The Official
Song-Book of the Grange

Published by authority of

THE NATIONAL GRANGE

Revised Edition, 1954

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PREFACE

Music has been termed the language of the soul. Experience has also demonstrated it is essential to successful Grange work. Harmony and cooperation have been developed in every section of the nation by community singing and by the use of music.

Our Grange leaders early recognized the value of music. Miss Carrie Hall, who has been ranked equal with the founders of the Order, published a collection of songs early in 1872. A few years later, the National Grange, by vote, requested her to prepare a more complete collection of songs suitable for use in general Grange meetings.

The need of music in Grange Ritualism soon became evident, and under the authorship of Mr. James L. Orr, and with National Grange approval, "Grange Melodies" made its appearance. For almost forty years this songbook was a real factor in the growth and development of our Order.

The need for a songbook meeting changed conditions and more appropriate to Grange gatherings and Grange ritualism, and one under the direct control of the National Grange, became apparent, and at the Atlantic City session of the National Grange in 1924 the matter was referred to the Executive Committee with power to act.

In preparing "The Patron," the Executive Committee preserved the most valuable songs in "Grange Melodies," and added a selection of the best songs obtainable at that time. The success of "The Patron" has been outstanding. Hundreds of thousands of copies have been used in Grange Halls all across the land.

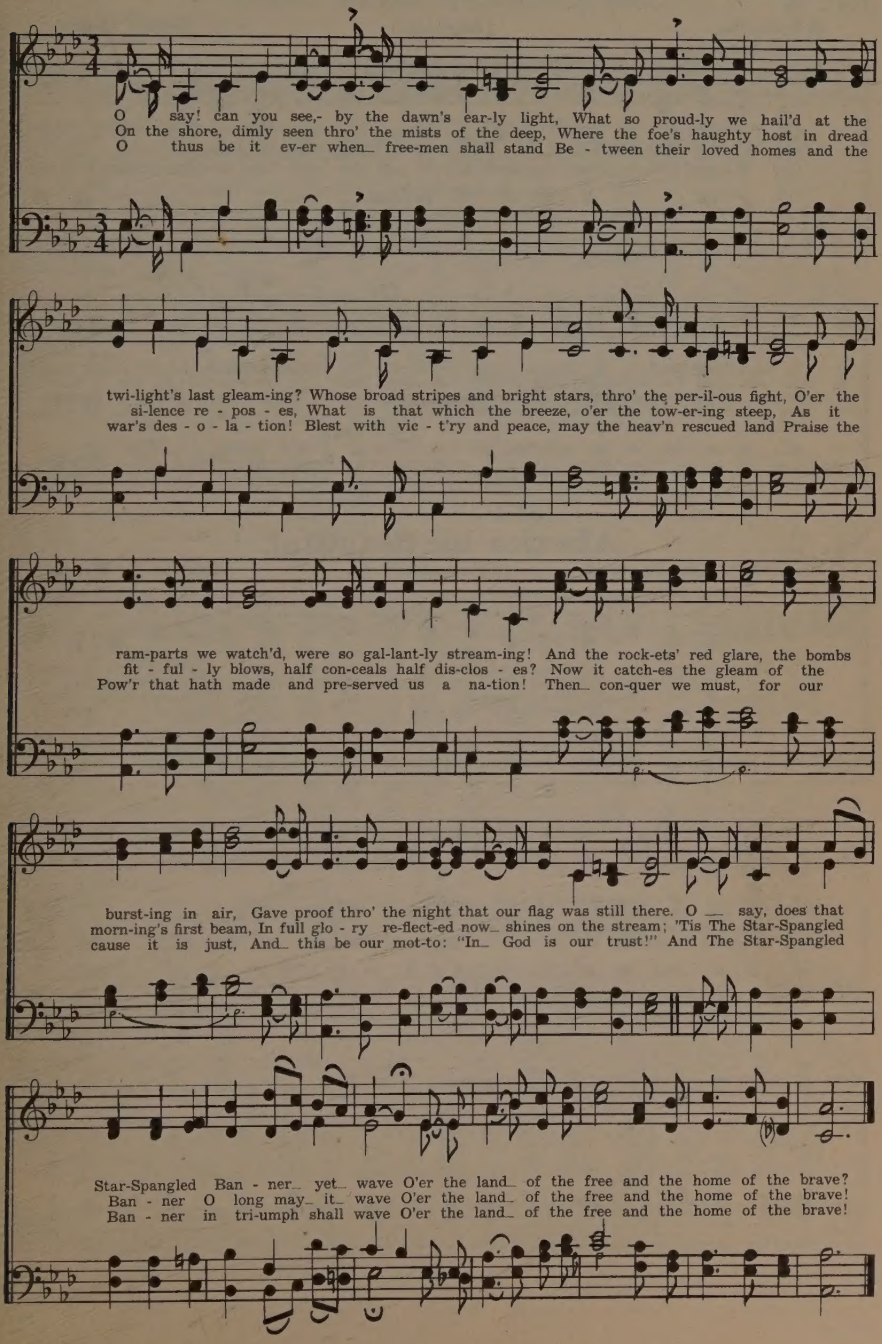
After a period of nearly thirty years, during which time minor revisions were made at intervals, this completely new edition of "The Patron" has been published. Again the best old songs have been combined with useful modern ones.

In complying with the vote of the National Grange, it is our hope that this new edition of "The Patron" will meet the needs of our growing organization.

The Executive Committee
The National Grange

No. 1 The Star-Spangled Banner.

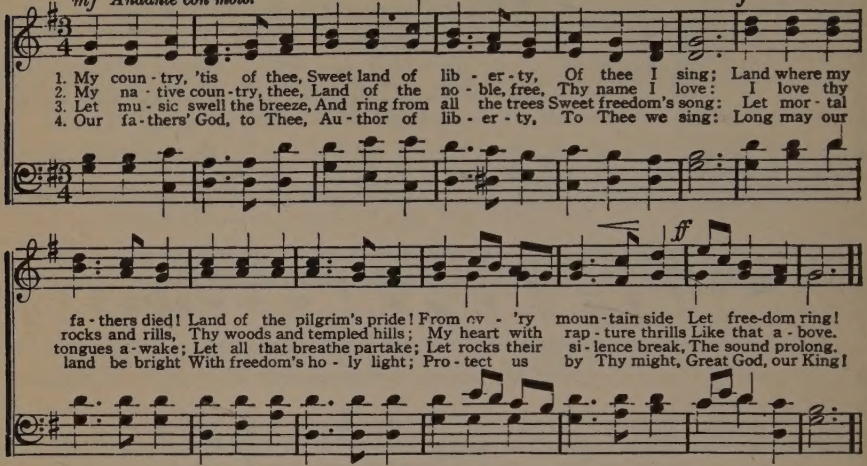
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY JOHN STRAFFORD SMITH


O say! can you see,- by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we hail'd at the
On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
O thus be it ev-er when free-men shall stand Be - tween their loved homes and the
twi-light's last gleam-ing? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il-ous fight, O'er the
si-lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
war's des - o - la - tion! Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land Praise the
ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly stream-ing! And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals half dis-clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na-tion! Then con-quer we must, for our
burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. O say, does that
morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re-flect-ed now shines on the stream; 'Tis The Star-Spangled
cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And The Star-Spangled
Star-Spangled Ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
Ban - ner O long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
Ban - ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

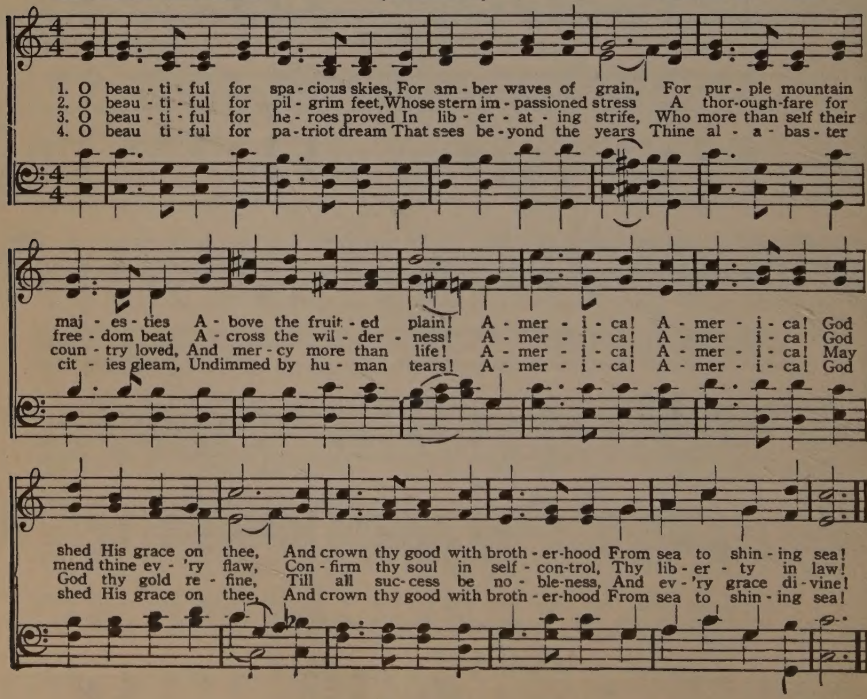
No. 2 My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith. (America.) Henry Carey.

mf Andante con moto. *f*


1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love: I love thy
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mor - tal
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our
ff
fa - thers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free-dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
tongues a - wake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

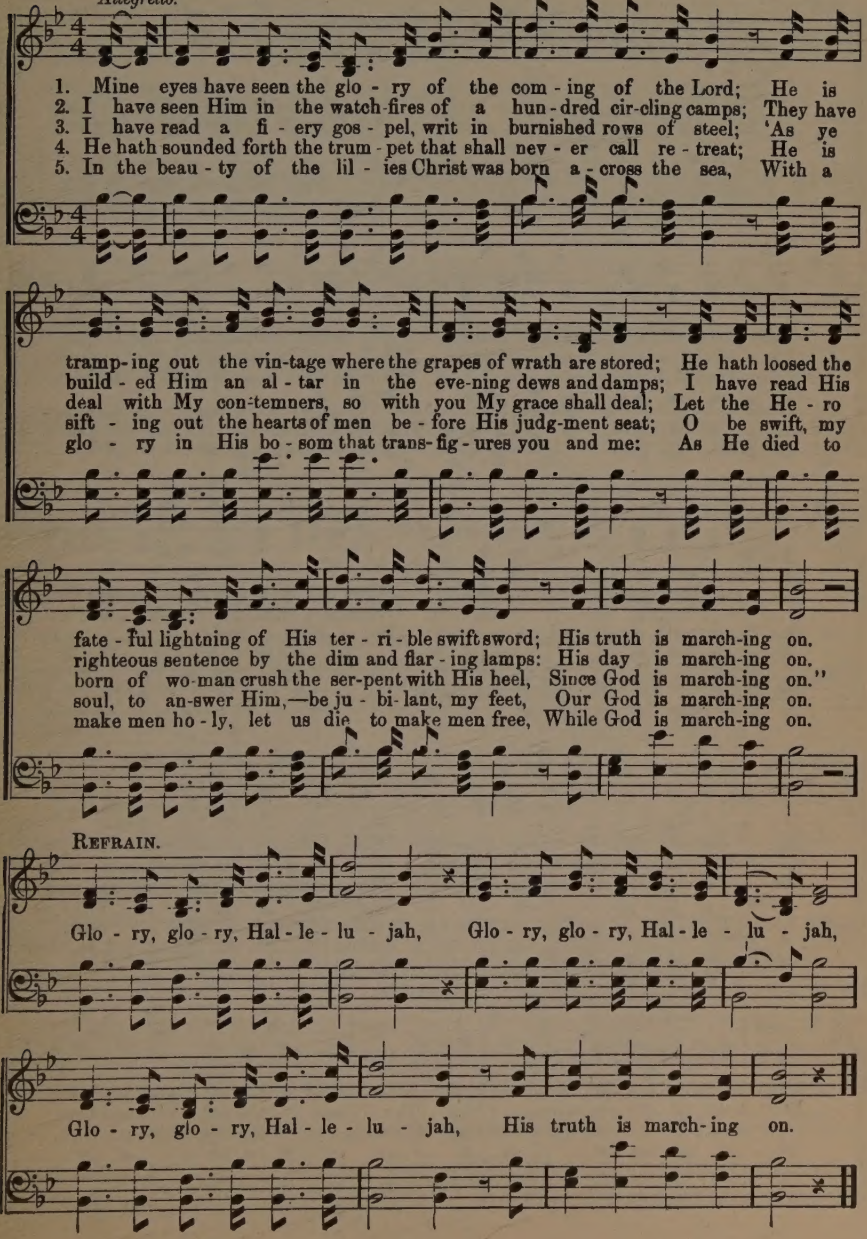
No. 3 America the Beautiful.

Katherine Lee Bates. (Materna.) Samuel A. Ward.

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain, For pur - ple mountain
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern im - passioned stress A thor-ough-fare for
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife, Who more than self their
4. O beau ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years Thine al - a - bas - ter
maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain! A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God
free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness! A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God
coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life! A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May
cit - ies gleam, Undimmed by hu - man tears! A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God
shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
mend thine ev - 'ry flaw, Con - firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
God thy gold re - fine, Till all suc-cess be no - ble-ness, And ev - 'ry grace di - vine!
shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

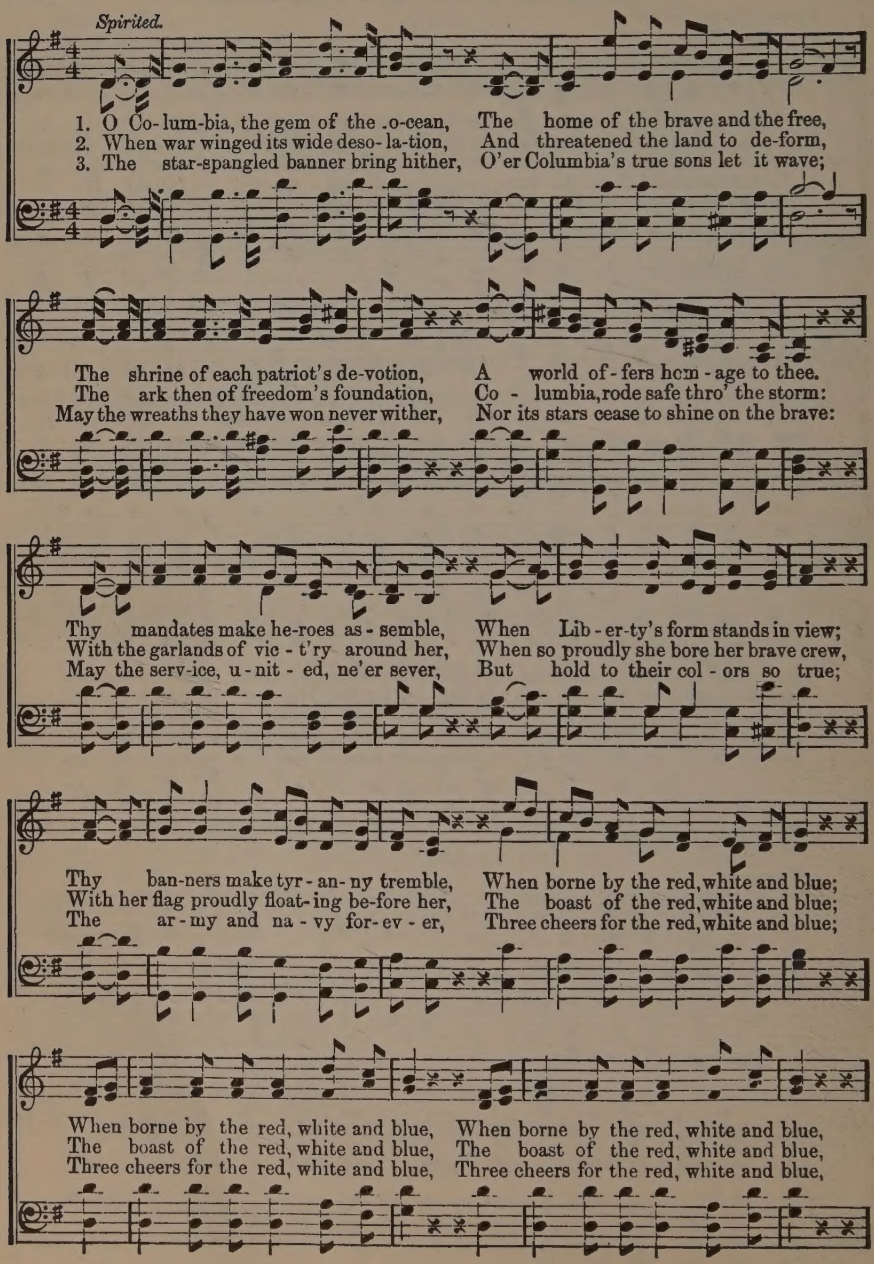
No. 4 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE. W. STEFFO.

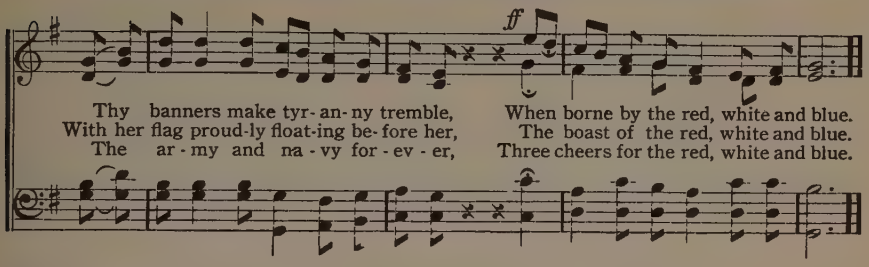
Allegretto.


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir-cling camps; They have
3. I have read a fi - ery gos - pel, writ in burnished rows of steel; 'As ye
4. He hath sounded forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a
tramp-ing out the vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I have read His
deal with My con-temners, so with you My grace shall deal; Let the He - ro
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bo - som that trans-fig - ures you and me: As He died to
fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps: His day is march-ing on.
born of wo-man crush the ser-pent with His heel, Since God is march-ing on."
soul, to an-swer Him,—be ju - bi-lant, my feet, Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.
REFRAIN.
Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah,
Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, His truth is march-ing on.

No. 5 Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

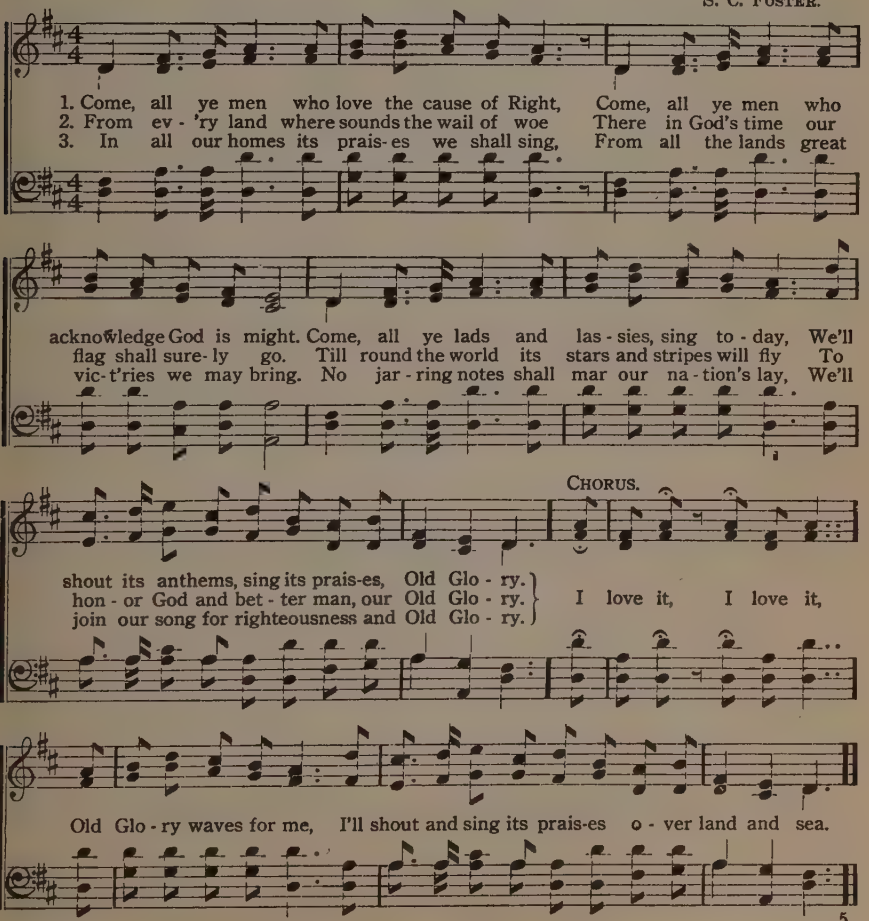

Spirited.
1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the .o-cean, The home of the brave and the free,
2. When war winged its wide deso-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,
3. The star-spangled banner bring hither, O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
The shrine of each patriot's de-votion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee.
The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co-lumbia, rode safe thro' the storm:
May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave:
Thy mandates make he-roes as-semble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
With the garlands of vic-t'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
May the serv-ice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sever, But hold to their col-ors so true;
Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue;
With her flag proudly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue;
The ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue;
When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue,
The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue,

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.—Concluded.


ff
Thy banners make tyr- an- ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
With her flag proud-ly float-ing be- fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
The ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

No. 6 Old Glory.

S. C. Foster.


1. Come, all ye men who love the cause of Right, Come, all ye men who
2. From ev - 'ry land where sounds the wail of woe There in God's time our
3. In all our homes its prais- es we shall sing, From all the lands great
acknowledge God is might. Come, all ye lads and las - sies, sing to - day, We'll
flag shall sure- ly go. Till round the world its stars and stripes will fly To
vic- t'ries we may bring. No jar - ring notes shall mar our na - tion's lay, We'll
Chorus.
shout its anthems, sing its prais-es, Old Glo - ry.
hon - or God and bet - ter man, our Old Glo - ry.
join our song for righteousness and Old Glo - ry.
I love it, I love it,
Old Glo - ry waves for me, I'll shout and sing its prais-es o - ver land and sea.

No. 7 To Thee, Beloved Grange.

E. H. G — A Hymn — Elizabeth Hayward Gardner

Adopted as the Grange Hymn
By the National Grange, at the Columbus Session 1936
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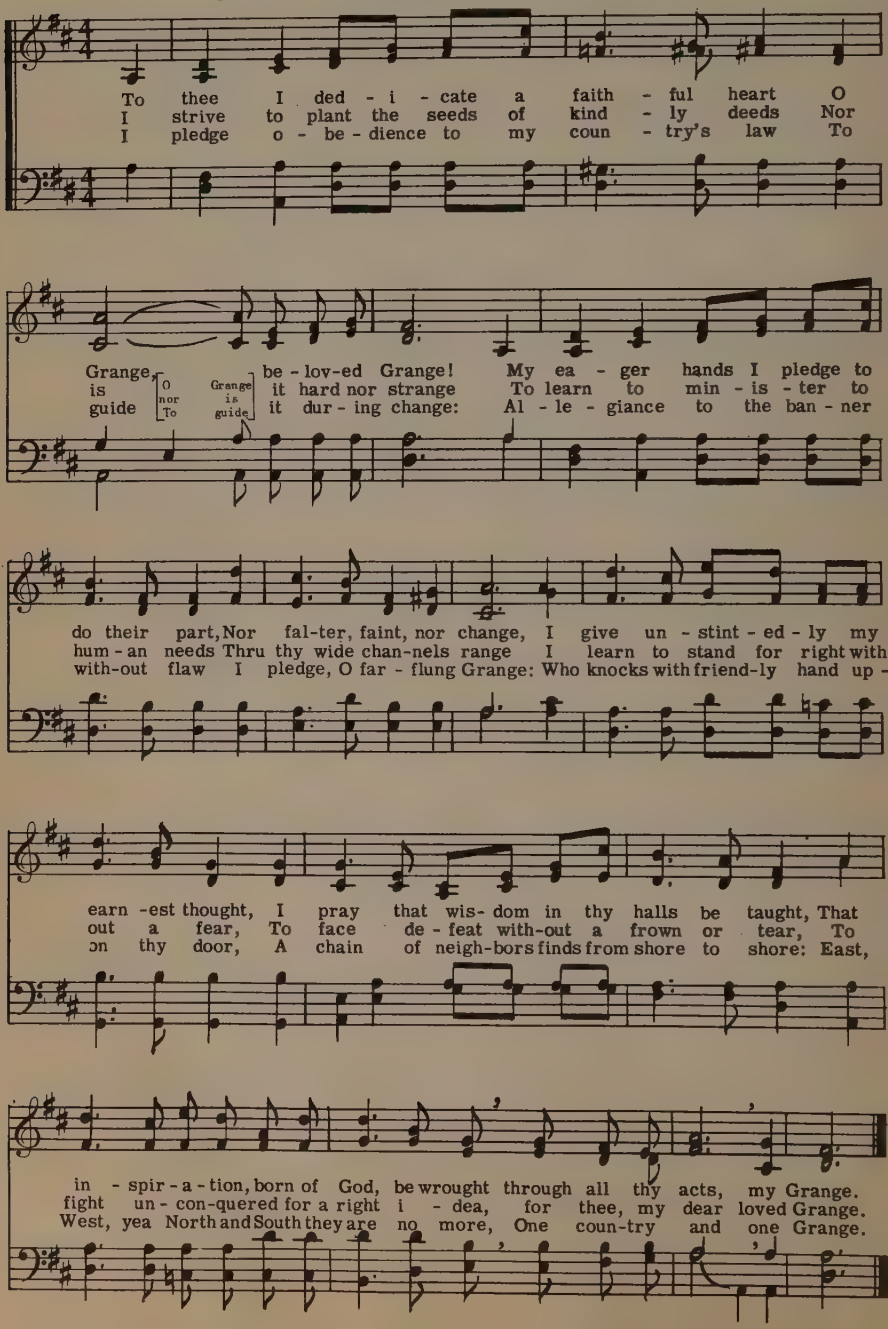
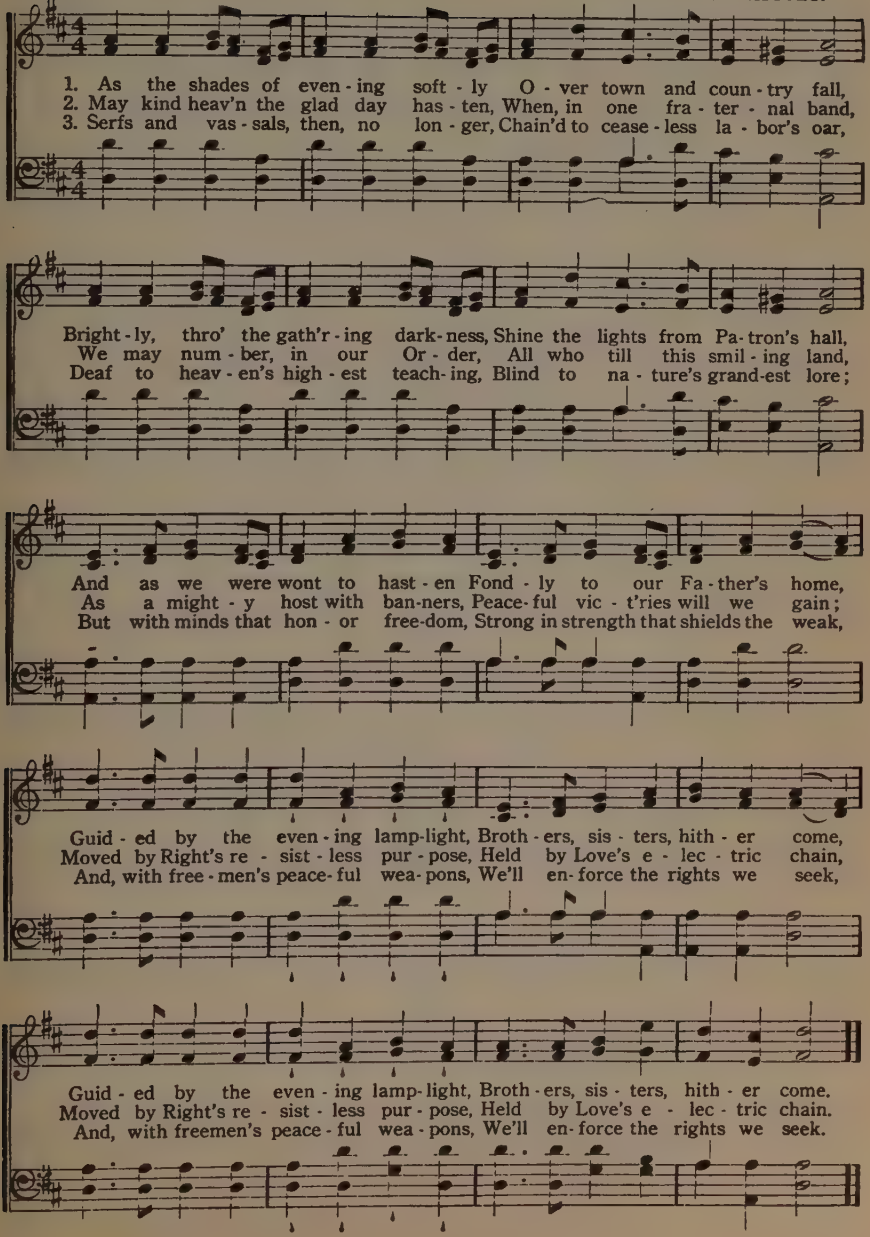
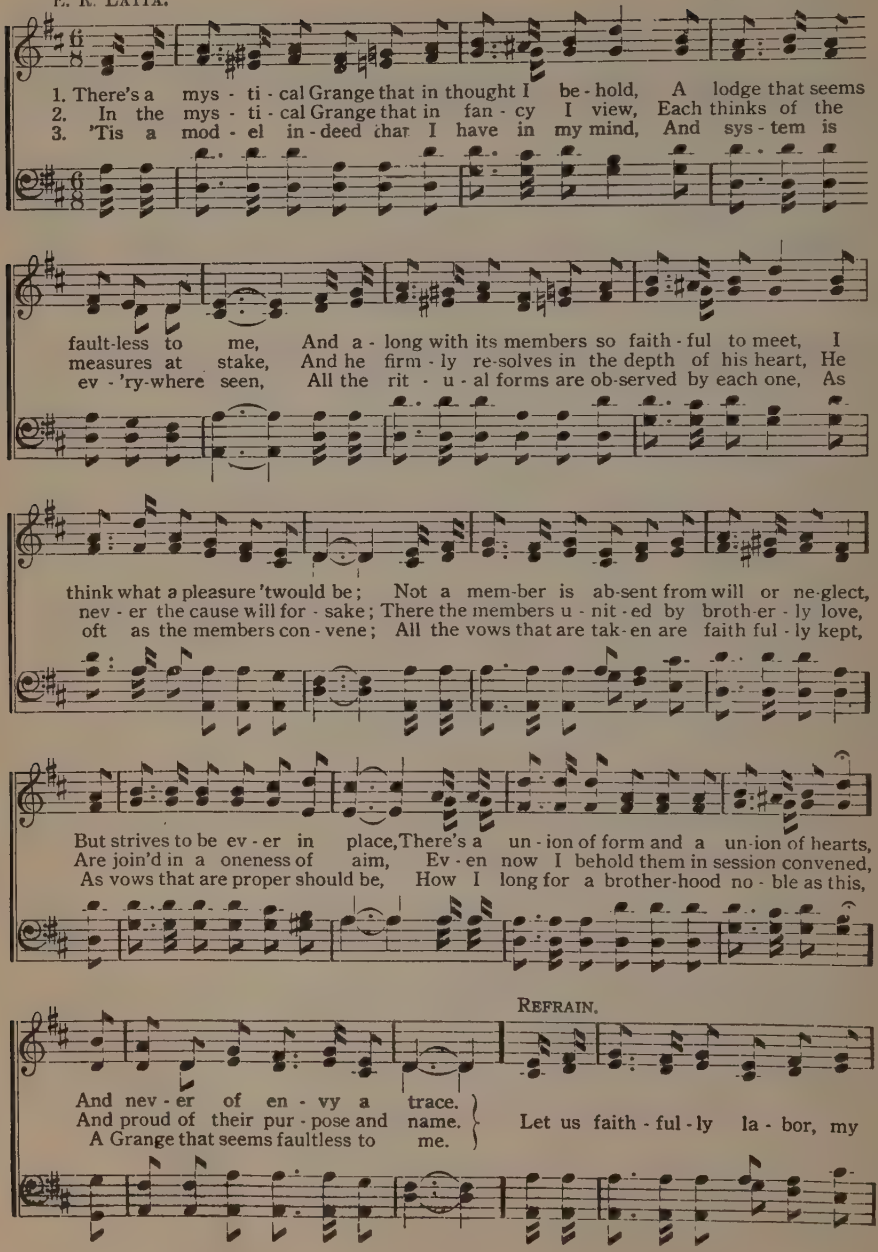

To thee I ded - i - cate a faith - ful heart O
I strive to plant the seeds of kind - ly deeds Nor
I pledge o - be - dience to my coun - try's law To
Grange be - lov-ed Grange! My ea - ger hands I pledge to
is O nor To Grange is guide it hard nor strange To learn to min - is - ter to
guide it dur - ing change: Al - le - giance to the ban - ner
do their part, Nor fal-ter, faint, nor change, I give un - stint - ed - ly my
hum - an needs Thru thy wide chan-nels range I learn to stand for right with -
with-out flaw I pledge, O far - flung Grange: Who knocks with friend-ly hand up -
earn -est thought, I pray that wis- dom in thy halls be taught, That
out a fear, To face de - feat with-out a frown or tear, To
on thy door, A chain of neigh-bors finds from shore to shore: East,
in - spir - a - tion, born of God, be wrought through all thy acts, my Grange.
fight un - con-quered for a right i - dea, for thee, my dear loved Grange.
West, yea North and South they are no more, One coun-try and one Grange.

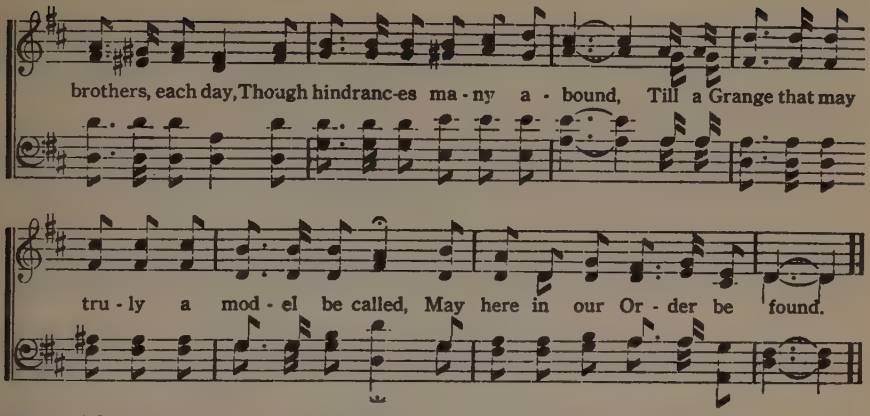
No. 8 Hither Come.

Mrs. E. R. Smith. W. B. Bradbury.

1. As the shades of even - ing soft - ly O - ver town and coun - try fall,
2. May kind heav'n the glad day has - ten, When, in one fra - ter - nal band,
3. Serfs and vas - sals, then, no lon - ger, Chain'd to cease - less la - bor's oar,
Bright - ly, thro' the gath'r - ing dark - ness, Shine the lights from Pa - tron's hall,
We may num - ber, in our Or - der, All who till this smil - ing land,
Deaf to heav - en's high - est teach - ing, Blind to na - ture's grand-est lore;
And as we were wont to hast - en Fond - ly to our Fa - ther's home,
As a might - y host with ban-ners, Peace- ful vic - t'ries will we gain;
But with minds that hon - or free-dom, Strong in strength that shields the weak,
Guid - ed by the even - ing lamp-light, Broth - ers, sis - ters, hith - er come,
Moved by Right's re - sist - less pur - pose, Held by Love's e - lec - tric chain,
And, with free - men's peace- ful wea- pons, We'll en- force the rights we seek,
Guid - ed by the even - ing lamp-light, Broth - ers, sis - ters, hith - er come.
Moved by Right's re - sist - less pur - pose, Held by Love's e - lec - tric chain.
And, with freemen's peace - ful wea - pons, We'll en- force the rights we seek.

No. 9 The Model Grange.

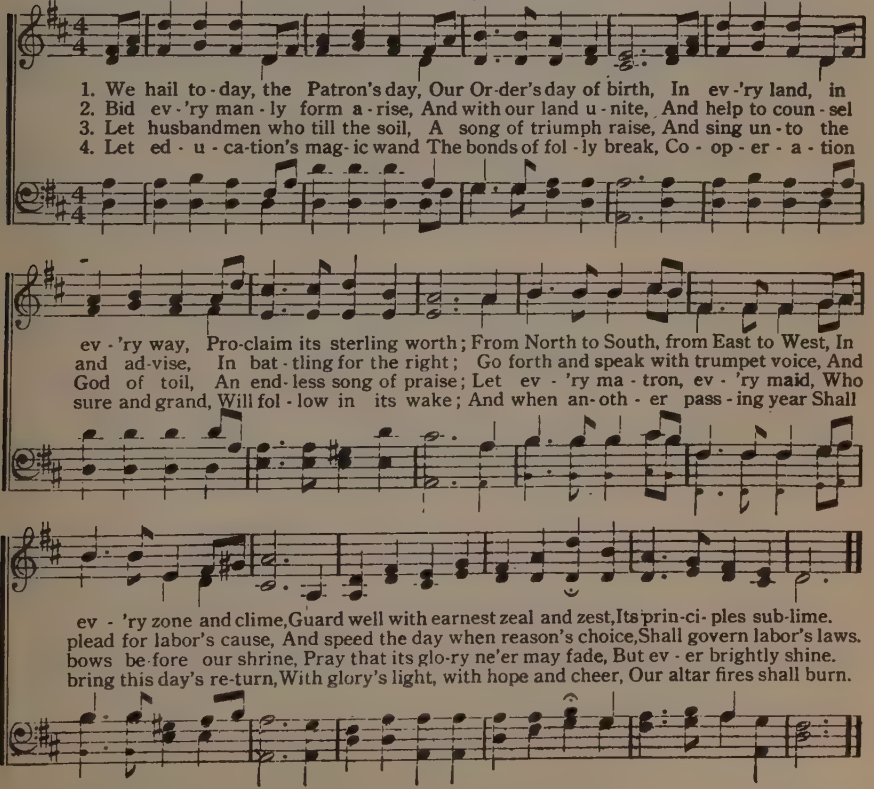
E. R. LATTA. JAS. L ORR.


1. There's a mys - ti - cal Grange that in thought I be - hold, A lodge that seems
2. In the mys - ti - cal Grange that in fan - cy I view, Each thinks of the
3. 'Tis a mod - el in - deed that I have in my mind, And sys - tem is
fault-less to me, And a - long with its members so faith - ful to meet, I
measures at stake, And he firm - ly re-solves in the depth of his heart, He
ev - 'ry-where seen, All the rit - u - al forms are ob-served by each one, As
think what a pleasure 'twould be; Not a mem-ber is ab-sent from will or ne-glect,
nev - er the cause will for - sake; There the members u - nit - ed by broth-er - ly love,
oft as the members con - vene; All the vows that are tak-en are faith ful - ly kept,
But strives to be ev - er in place, There's a un - ion of form and a un-ion of hearts,
Are join'd in a oneness of aim, Ev - en now I behold them in session convened,
As vows that are proper should be, How I long for a brother-hood no - ble as this,
REFRAIN.
And nev - er of en - vy a trace.
And proud of their pur - pose and name.
A Grange that seems faultless to me.
Let us faith - ful - ly la - bor, my


brothers, each day, Though hindranc-es ma - ny a - bound, Till a Grange that may
tru - ly a mod - el be called, May here in our Or - der be found.

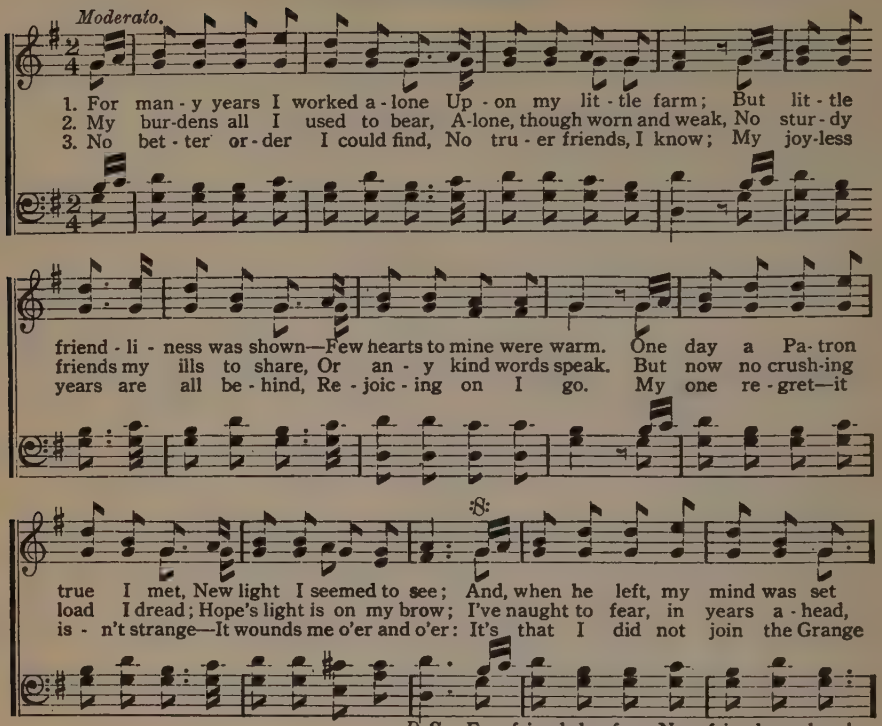
No. 10 Anniversary Song.

Patron's Almanac. The National Grange was organized Dec. 4, 1867. JAMES L. ORR.


1. We hail to - day, the Patron's day, Our Or-der's day of birth, In ev -'ry land, in
2. Bid ev -'ry man - ly form a - rise, And with our land u - nite, And help to coun - sel
3. Let husbandmen who till the soil, A song of triumph raise, And sing un - to the
4. Let ed - u - ca-tion's mag- ic wand The bonds of fol - ly break, Co - op - er - a - tion
ev - 'ry way, Pro-claim its sterling worth; From North to South, from East to West, In
and ad-vise, In bat - tling for the right; Go forth and speak with trumpet voice, And
God of toil, An end - less song of praise; Let ev - 'ry ma - tron, ev - 'ry maid, Who
sure and grand, Will fol - low in its wake; And when an-oth - er pass - ing year Shall
ev - 'ry zone and clime, Guard well with earnest zeal and zest, Its prin-ci- ples sub-lime.
plead for labor's cause, And speed the day when reason's choice, Shall govern labor's laws.
bows be-fore our shrine, Pray that its glo-ry ne'er may fade, But ev - er brightly shine.
bring this day's re-turn, With glory's light, with hope and cheer, Our altar fires shall burn.

No. 11 I'm a Granger!

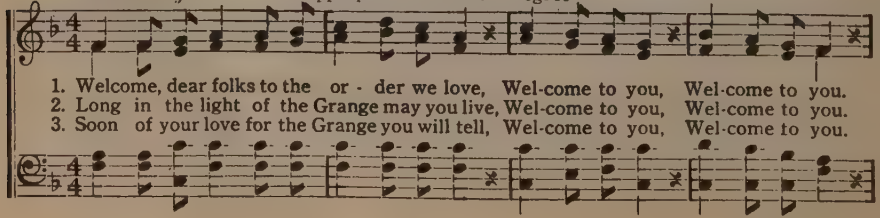
STEPHEN C. FOSTER.


Moderato.
1. For man - y years I worked a - lone Up - on my lit - tle farm; But lit - tle
2. My bur-dens all I used to bear, A-lone, though worn and weak, No stur - dy
3. No bet - ter or - der I could find, No tru - er friends, I know; My joy-less
friend - li - ness was shown—Few hearts to mine were warm. One day a Pa - tron
friends my ills to share, Or an - y kind words speak. But now no crush-ing
years are all be - hind, Re - joic - ing on I go. My one re - gret—it
true I met, New light I seemed to see; And, when he left, my mind was set
load I dread; Hope's light is on my brow; I've naught to fear, in years a - head,
is - n't strange—It wounds me o'er and o'er: It's that I did not join the Grange
D.S.—Few friends be- fore, Now friends ga- lore!
FINE. CHORUS.
D.S.
A Grang-er, too, to be.
For I'm a Grang- er now.
A long, long time be - fore.
I'm a Grang-er, I'm sing-ing on my way.
I'm hap - py ev - 'ry day.

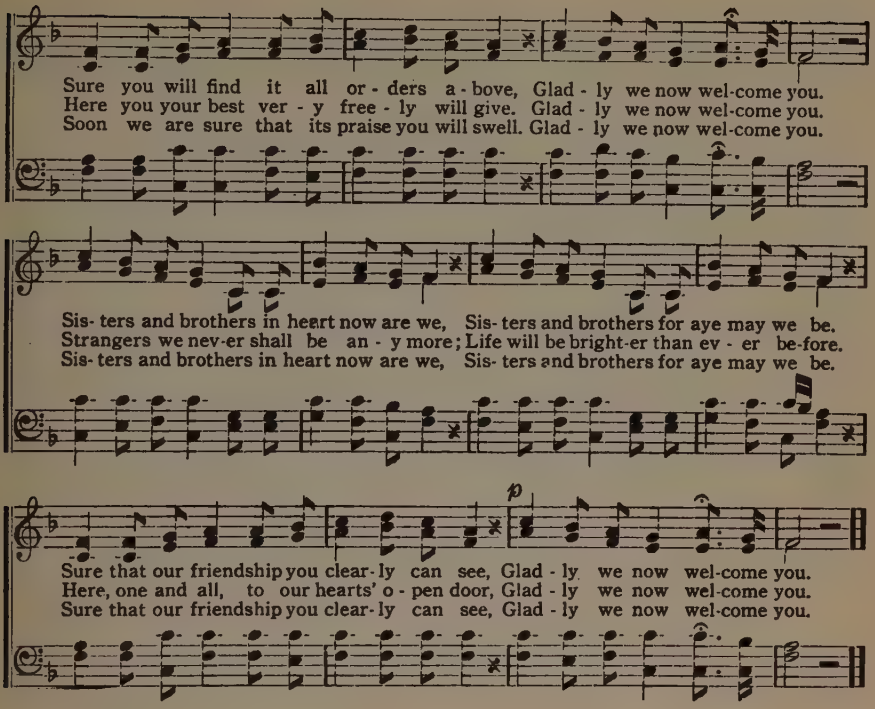
No. 12 Welcome to You.

THOS. HAYNES BAYLEY.

Moderately. Appropriate for Fifth Degree


1. Welcome, dear folks to the or - der we love, Wel-come to you, Wel-come to you.
2. Long in the light of the Grange may you live, Wel-come to you, Wel-come to you.
3. Soon of your love for the Grange you will tell, Wel-come to you, Wel-come to you.

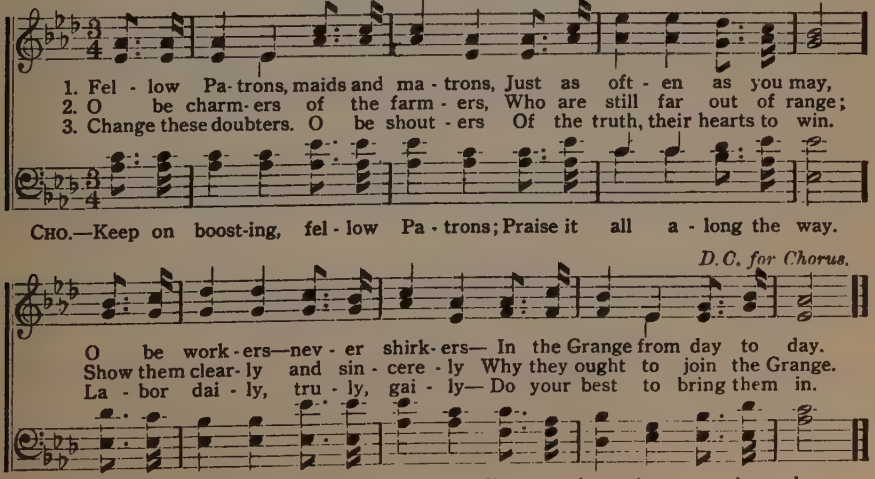
Welcome to You.—Concluded


Sure you will find it all or - ders a - bove, Glad - ly we now wel-come you.
Here you your best ver - y free - ly will give. Glad - ly we now wel-come you.
Soon we are sure that its praise you will swell. Glad - ly we now wel-come you.
Sis- ters and brothers in heart now are we, Sis- ters and brothers for aye may we be.
Strangers we nev-er shall be an - y more; Life will be bright-er than ev - er be-fore.
Sis- ters and brothers in heart now are we, Sis- ters and brothers for aye may we be.
p
Sure that our friendship you clear- ly can see, Glad - ly we now wel-come you.
Here, one and all, to our hearts' o - pen door, Glad - ly we now wel-come you.
Sure that our friendship you clear- ly can see, Glad - ly we now wel-come you.

No. 13 Keep On Boosting.

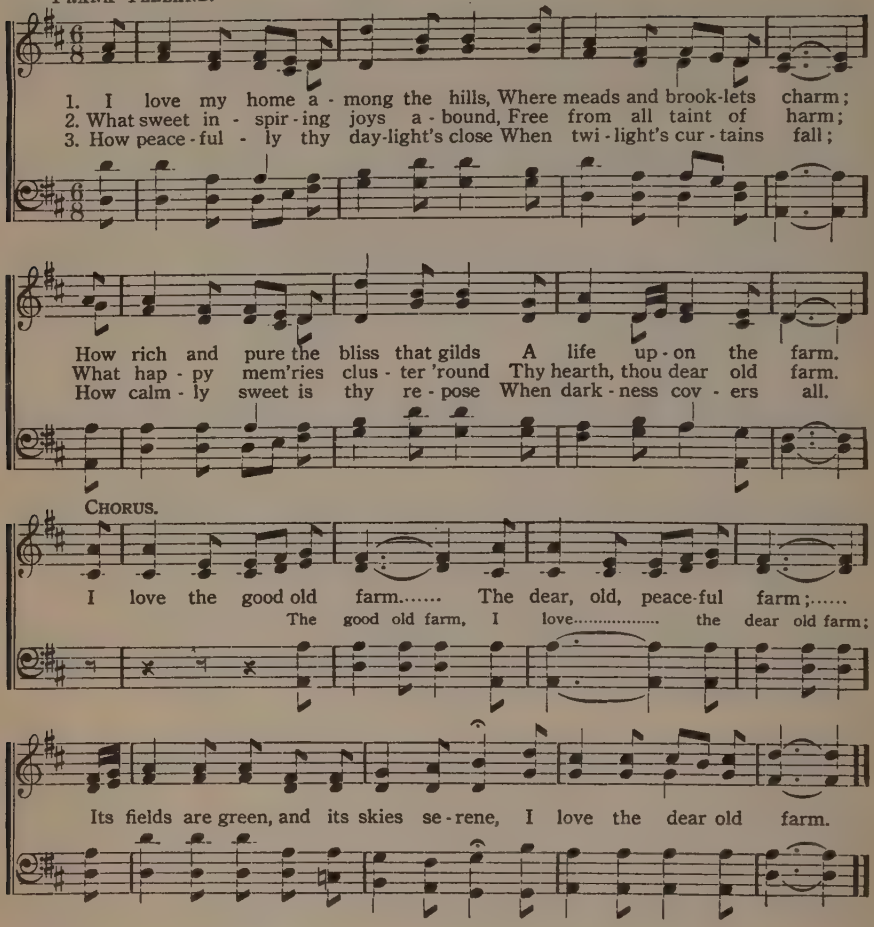
Appropriate for Booster Night

P. MONTROSE.

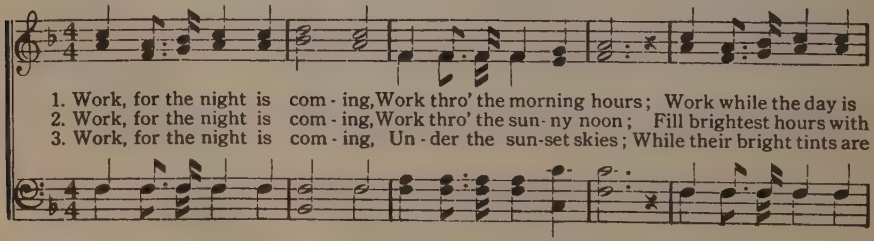

1. Fel - low Pa- trons, maids and ma - trons, Just as oft - en as you may,
2. O be charm- ers of the farm - ers, Who are still far out of range;
3. Change these doubters. O be shout - ers Of the truth, their hearts to win.
CHO.—Keep on boost-ing, fel - low Pa - trons; Praise it all a - long the way.
D.C. for Chorus.
O be work - ers—nev - er shirk- ers— In the Grange from day to day.
Show them clear- ly and sin - cere - ly Why they ought to join the Grange.
La - bor dai - ly, tru - ly, gai - ly— Do your best to bring them in.
Keep on boost- ing, maids and ma- trons, Keep on boost- ing ev - 'ry day.

No. 14 The Dear Old Farm.

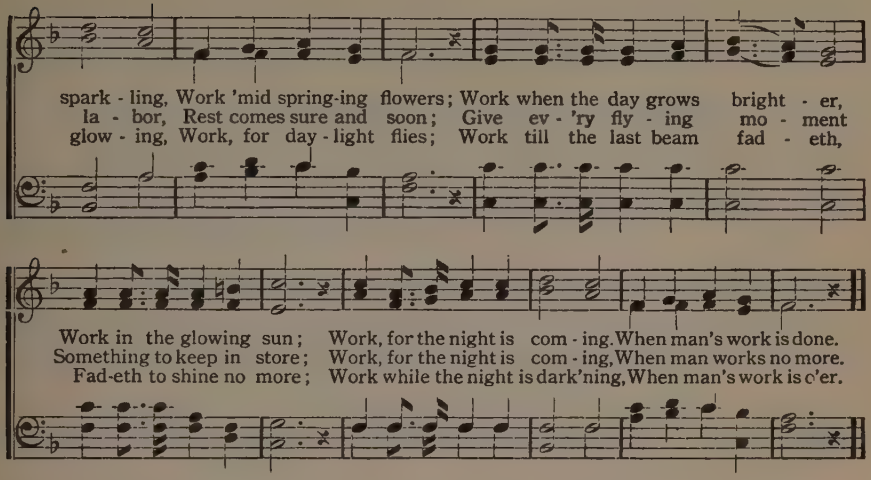
FRANK YELLAND. JAMES L. ORR.


1. I love my home a - mong the hills, Where meads and brook-lets charm;
2. What sweet in - spir - ing joys a - bound, Free from all taint of harm;
3. How peace - ful - ly thy day-light's close When twi - light's cur - tains fall;
How rich and pure the bliss that gilds A life up - on the farm.
What hap - py mem'ries clus - ter 'round Thy hearth, thou dear old farm.
How calm - ly sweet is thy re - pose When dark - ness cov - ers all.
CHORUS.
I love the good old farm..... The dear, old, peace-ful farm;.....
The good old farm, I love..... the dear old farm;
Its fields are green, and its skies se - rene, I love the dear old farm.

No. 15 Work, for the Night is Coming.

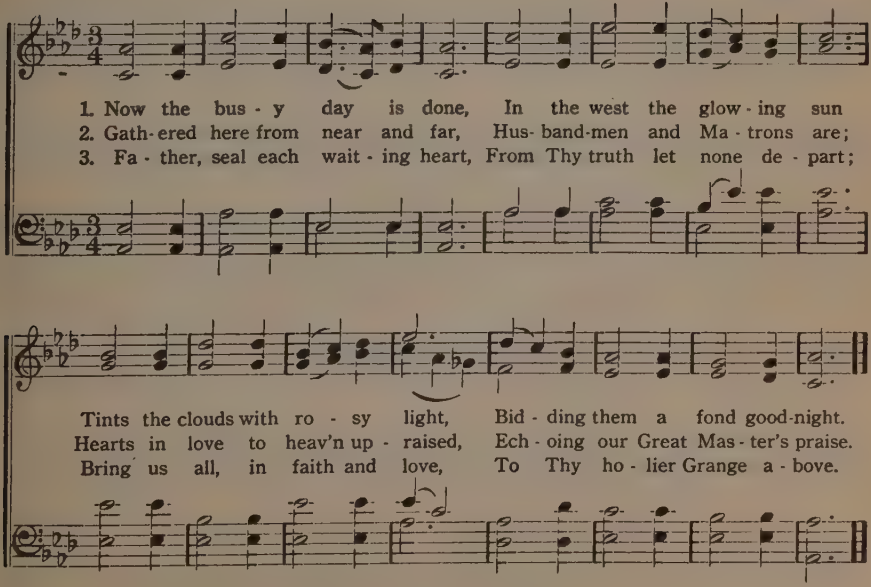

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the day is
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun-set skies; While their bright tints are

Work, for the Night is Coming.—Concluded.


spark - ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flowers; Work when the day grows bright - er,
la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev - 'ry fly - ing mo - ment
glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies; Work till the last beam fad - eth,
Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is com - ing. When man's work is done.
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Fad-eth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

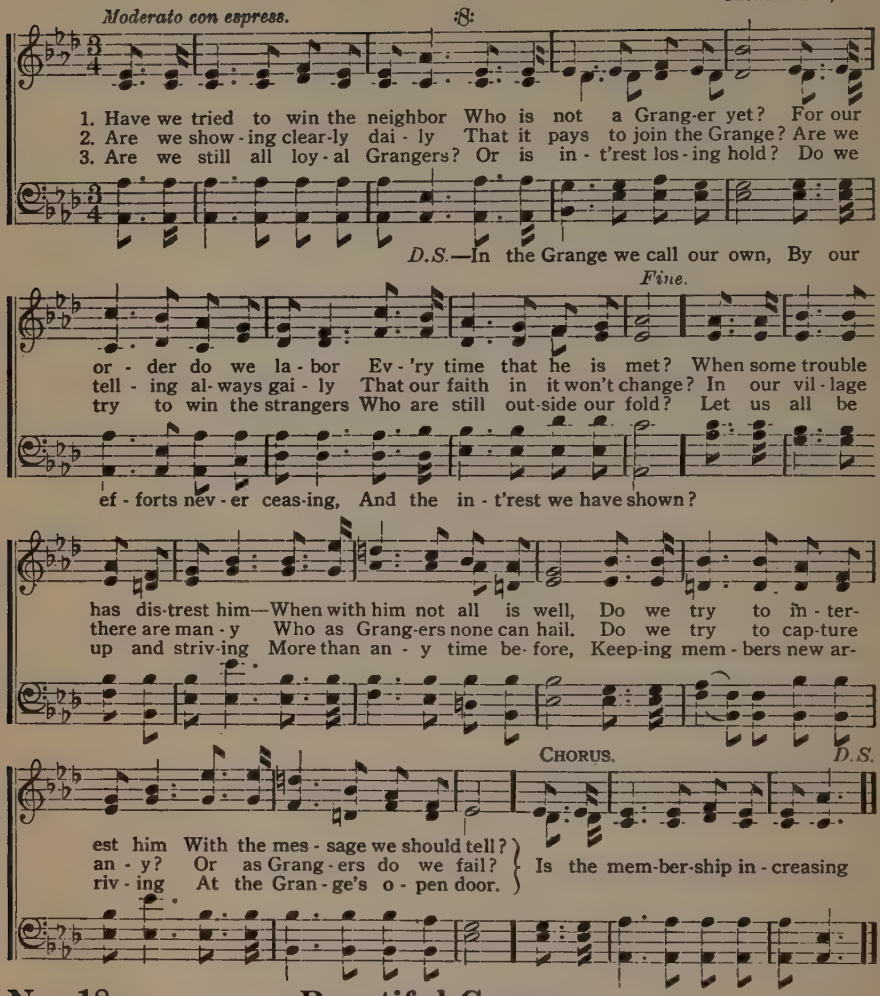
No. 16 Greeting Song.

J. L. O. German.


1. Now the bus - y day is done, In the west the glow - ing sun
2. Gath - ered here from near and far, Hus - band-men and Ma - trons are;
3. Fa - ther, seal each wait - ing heart, From Thy truth let none de - part;
Tints the clouds with ro - sy light, Bid - ding them a fond good-night.
Hearts in love to heav'n up - raised, Ech - oing our Great Mas - ter's praise.
Bring us all, in faith and love, To Thy ho - lier Grange a - bove.

No. 17 Do We Try.

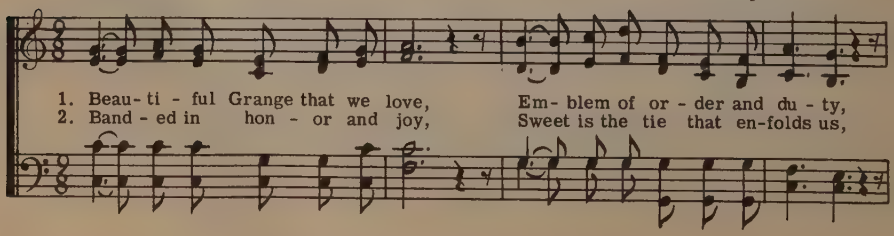
GEO. F. ROOT,

Moderato con espress.

1. Have we tried to win the neighbor Who is not a Grang-er yet? For our
2. Are we show-ing clear-ly dai-ly That it pays to join the Grange? Are we
3. Are we still all loy-al Grangers? Or is in-t'rest los-ing hold? Do we
D.S.—In the Grange we call our own, By our
Fine.
or-der do we la-bor Ev-'ry time that he is met? When some trouble
tell-ing al-ways gai-ly That our faith in it won't change? In our vil-lage
try to win the strangers Who are still out-side our fold? Let us all be
ef-forts nev-er ceas-ing, And the in-t'rest we have shown?
has dis-trest him—When with him not all is well, Do we try to in-ter-
there are man-y Who as Grang-ers none can hail. Do we try to cap-ture
up and striv-ing More than an-y time be-fore, Keep-ing mem-bers new ar-
CHORUS.
D.S.
est him With the mes-sage we should tell?
an-y? Or as Grang-ers do we fail?
riv-ing At the Gran-ge's o-pen door.
Is the mem-ber-ship in-creasing

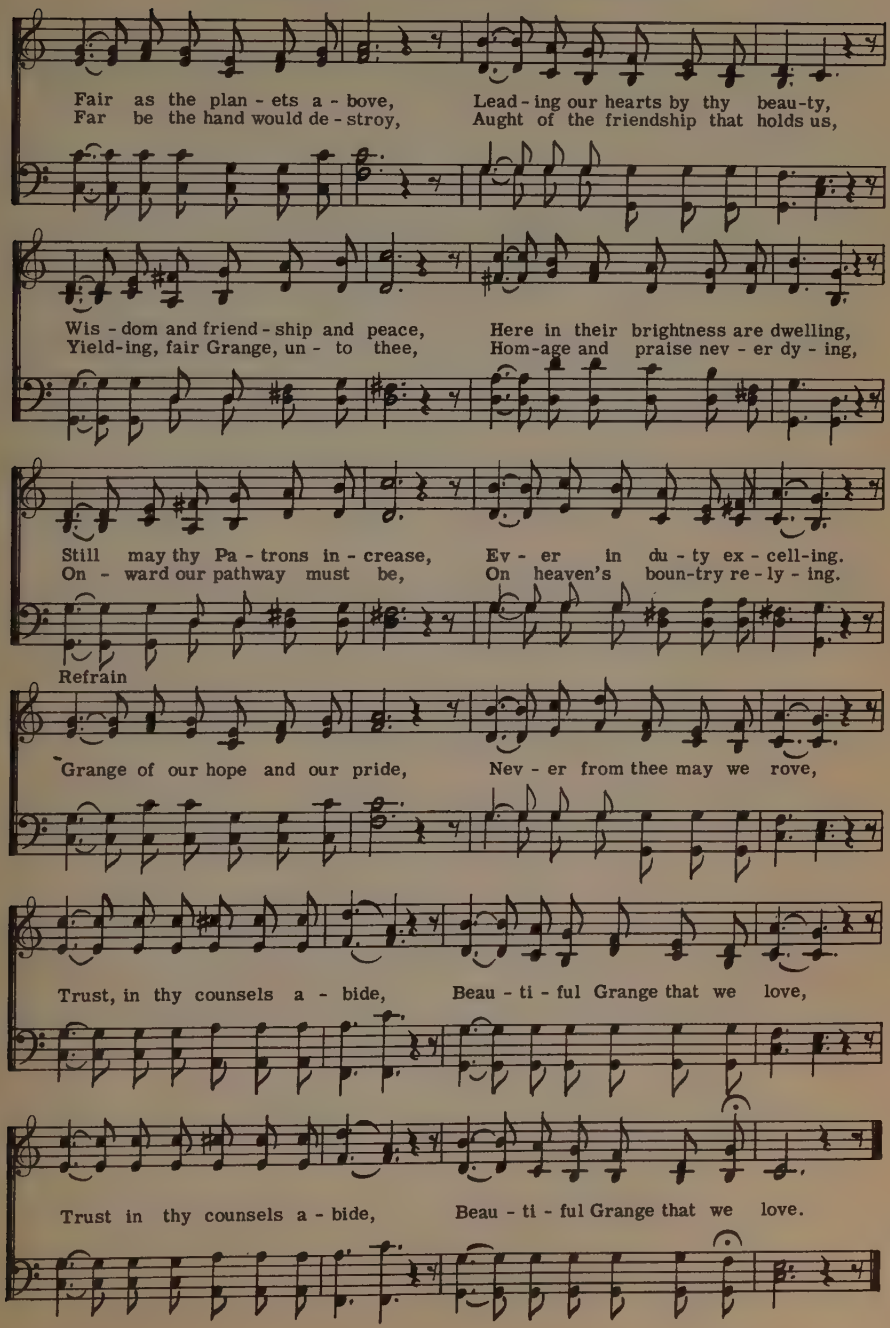
No. 18 Beautiful Grange.

G. COOPER.

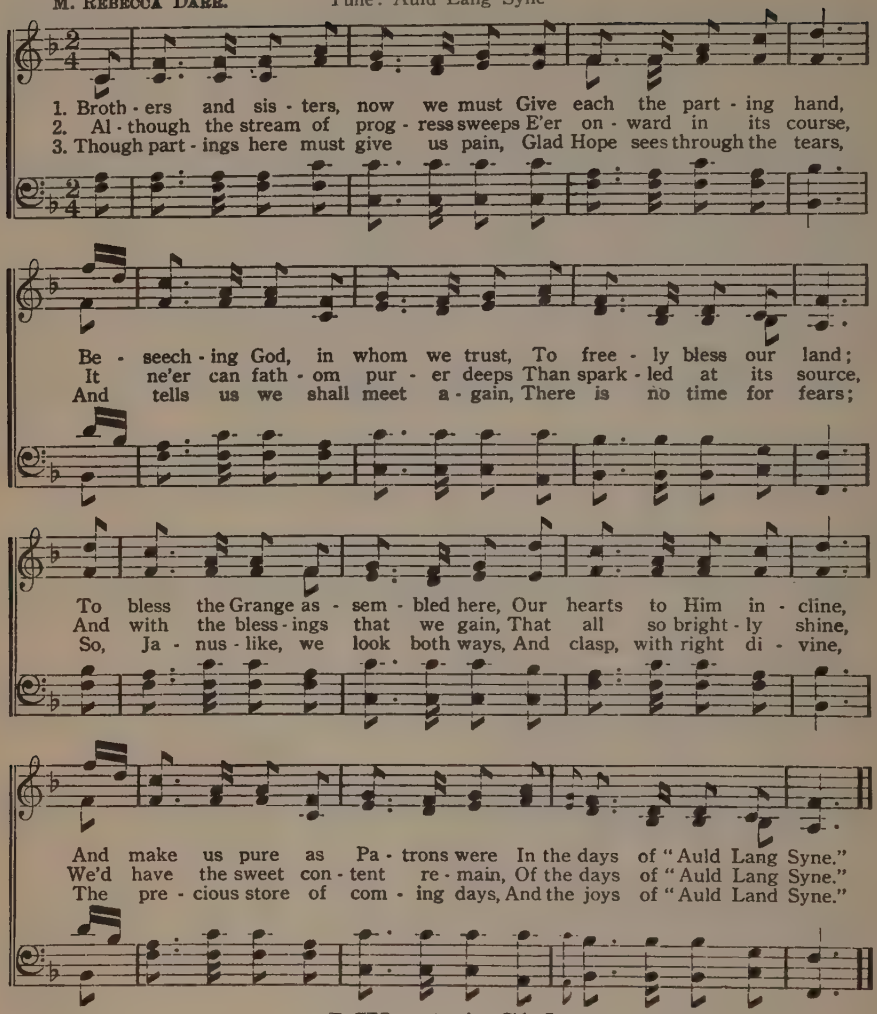
Melody by J. R. THOMAS.
Arr. by J. L. O.



Beautiful Grange (Concluded)


Fair as the plan - ets a - bove, Lead - ing our hearts by thy beau-ty,
Far be the hand would de - stroy, Aught of the friendship that holds us,
Wis - dom and friend - ship and peace, Here in their brightness are dwelling,
Yield-ing, fair Grange, un - to thee, Hom-age and praise nev - er dy - ing,
Still may thy Pa - trons in - crease, Ev - er in du - ty ex - cell-ing.
On - ward our pathway must be, On heaven's boun-try re - ly - ing.
Refrain
Grange of our hope and our pride, Nev - er from thee may we rove,
Trust, in thy counsels a - bide, Beau - ti - ful Grange that we love,
Trust in thy counsels a - bide, Beau - ti - ful Grange that we love.

No. 19 Parting Hymn.

M. Rebecca Dare. Tune: Auld Lang Syne

1. Broth - ers and sis - ters, now we must Give each the part - ing hand,
2. Al - though the stream of prog - ress sweeps E'er on - ward in its course,
3. Though part - ings here must give us pain, Glad Hope sees through the tears,
Be - seech - ing God, in whom we trust, To free - ly bless our land;
It ne'er can fath - om pur - er deeps Than spark - led at its source,
And tells us we shall meet a - gain, There is no time for fears;
To bless the Grange as - sem - bled here, Our hearts to Him in - cline,
And with the bless - ings that we gain, That all so bright - ly shine,
So, Ja - nus - like, we look both ways, And clasp, with right di - vine,
And make us pure as Pa - trons were In the days of "Auld Lang Syne."
We'd have the sweet con - tent re - main, Of the days of "Auld Lang Syne."
The pre - cious store of com - ing days, And the joys of "Auld Land Syne."

No. 20 I Want A Girl.

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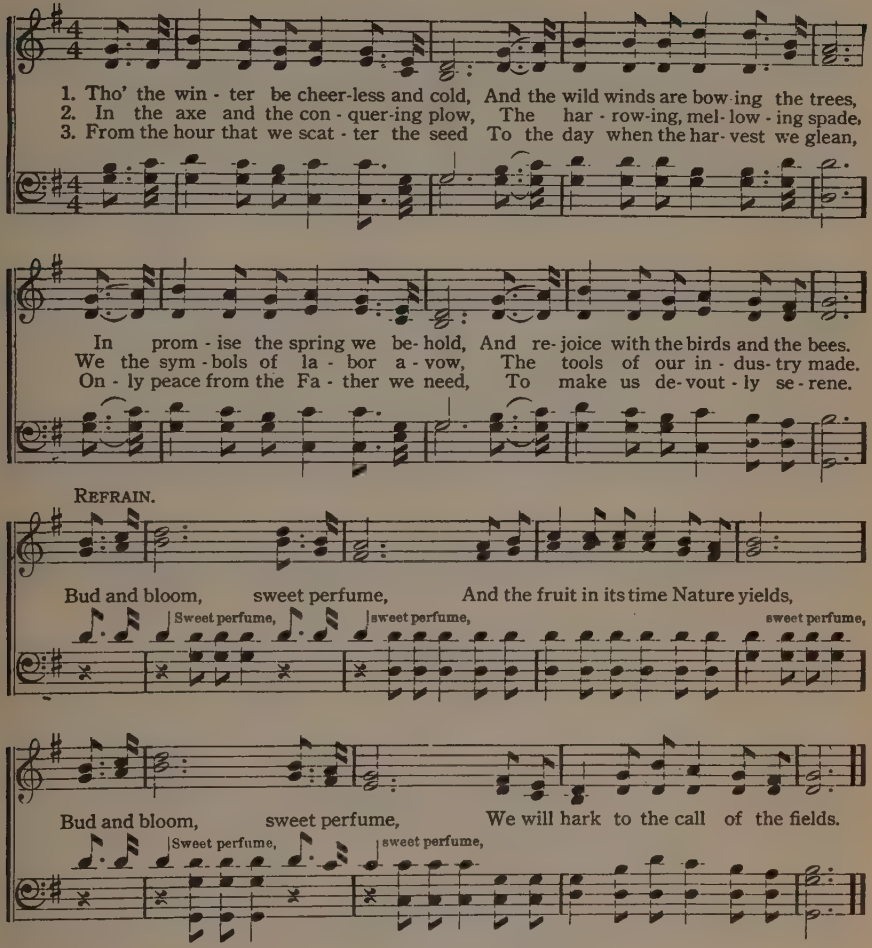
I want a girl just like the girl
That married dear old dad,
She was a pearl and the only girl
That daddy ever had,
A good old-fashioned girl with heart so true
One who loves nobody else but you,
I want a girl just like the girl
That married dear old dad.

No. 21 Bud and Bloom.

ABEL C. THOMAS. J. P. WEBSTER.


1. Tho' the win - ter be cheer-less and cold, And the wild winds are bow-ing the trees,
2. In the axe and the con - quer-ing plow, The har - row-ing, mel- low - ing spade,
3. From the hour that we scat - ter the seed To the day when the har- vest we glean,
In prom - ise the spring we be- hold, And re- joice with the birds and the bees.
We the sym - bols of la - bor a - vow, The tools of our in - dus- try made.
On - ly peace from the Fa - ther we need, To make us de- vout - ly se - rene.
REFRAIN.
Bud and bloom, sweet perfume, And the fruit in its time Nature yields,
Sweet perfume, sweet perfume, sweet perfume,
Bud and bloom, sweet perfume, We will hark to the call of the fields.
Sweet perfume, sweet perfume,

No. 22 Sweet By-and-By.

(Tune above.)

1 There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

CHO.—In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;

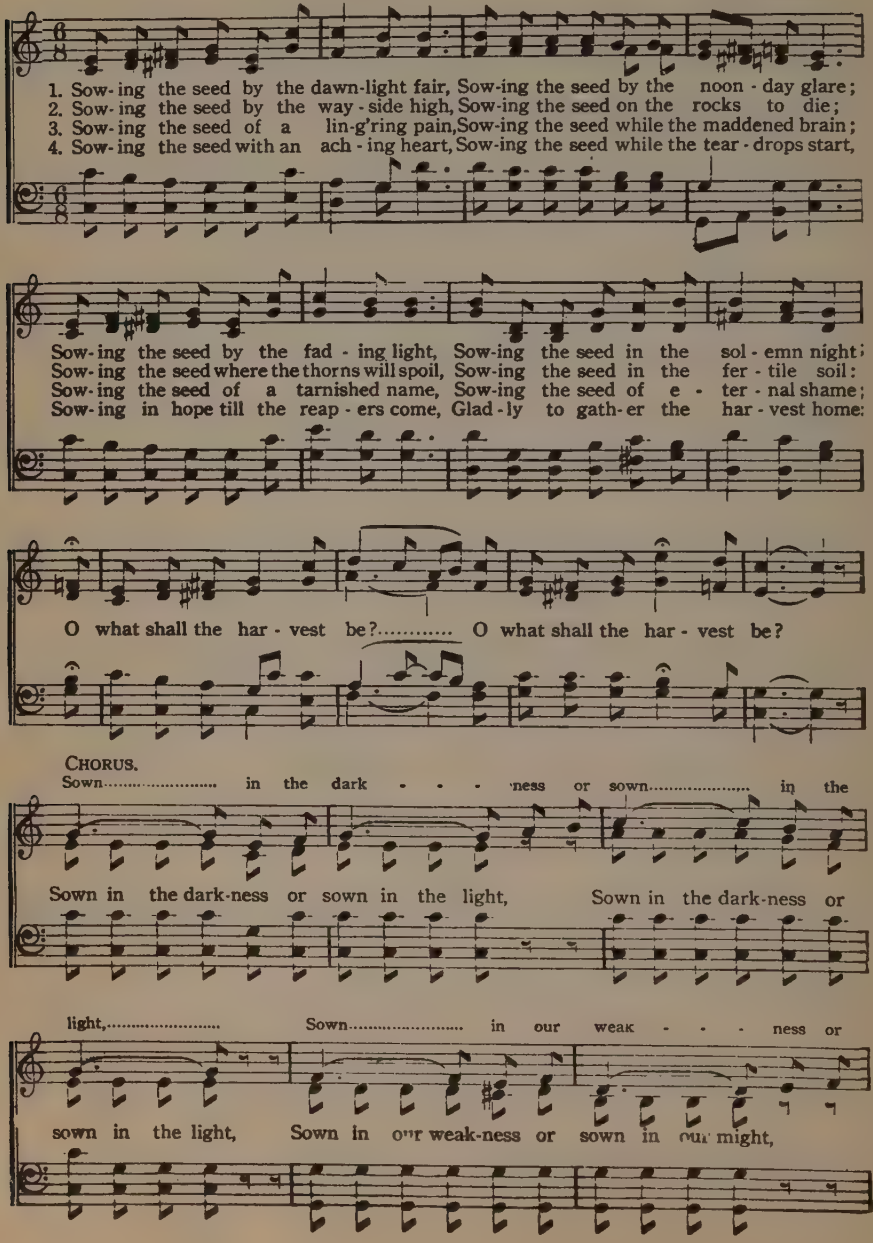
2 We will sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

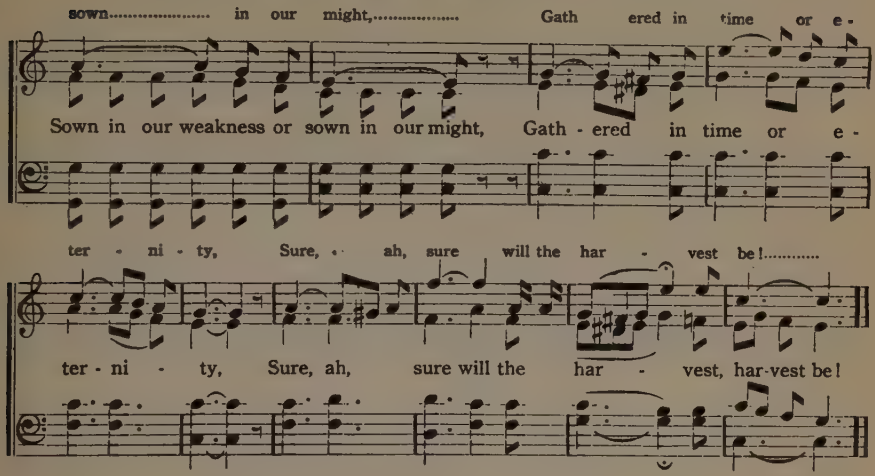
—S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

No. 23 What Shall the Harvest Be?

SUITABLE FOR QUARTETTE—THIRD DEGREE P. P. Bliss.

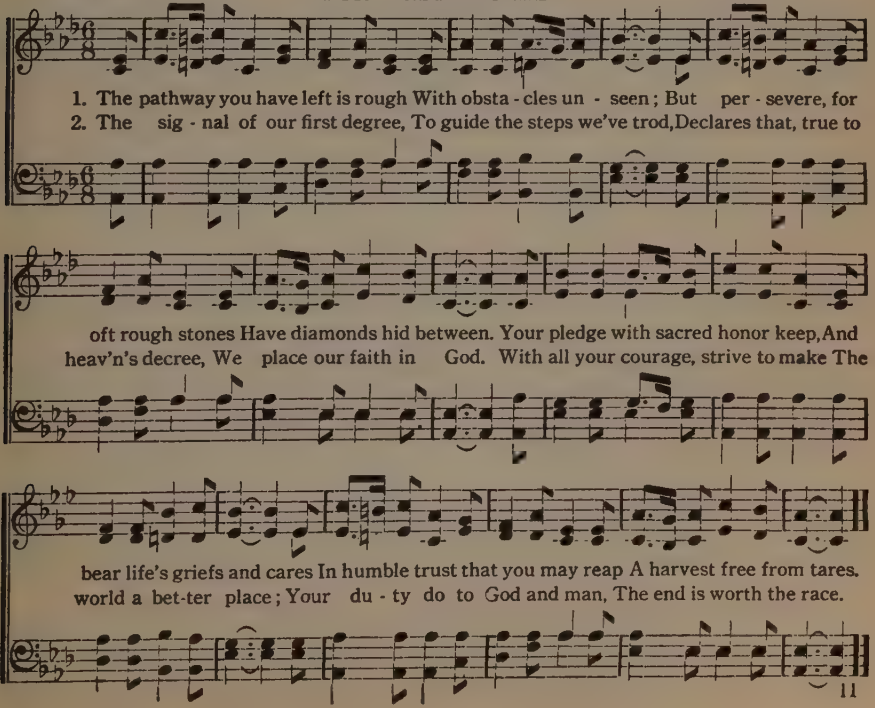

1. Sow-ing the seed by the dawn-light fair, Sow-ing the seed by the noon-day glare;
2. Sow-ing the seed by the way-side high, Sow-ing the seed on the rocks to die;
3. Sow-ing the seed of a lin-g'ring pain, Sow-ing the seed while the maddened brain;
4. Sow-ing the seed with an ach-ing heart, Sow-ing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sow-ing the seed by the fad-ing light, Sow-ing the seed in the sol-emn night;
Sow-ing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sow-ing the seed in the fer-tile soil:
Sow-ing the seed of a tarnished name, Sow-ing the seed of e-ter-nal shame;
Sow-ing in hope till the reap-ers come, Glad-ly to gath-er the har-vest home:
O what shall the har-vest be?..... O what shall the har-vest be?
CHORUS.
Sown..... in the dark - - - ness or sown..... in the
Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light, Sown in the dark-ness or
light,..... Sown..... in our weak - - - ness or
sown in the light, Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our might,

What Shall the Harvest Be?—Concluded.


sown..... in our might,..... Gath ered in time or e -
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gath - ered in time or e -
ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest be!.....
ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest, har-vest be!

No. 24 Laborer.

JOSEPHINE MAYO. FOR FIRST DEGREE JAMES L. ORR.

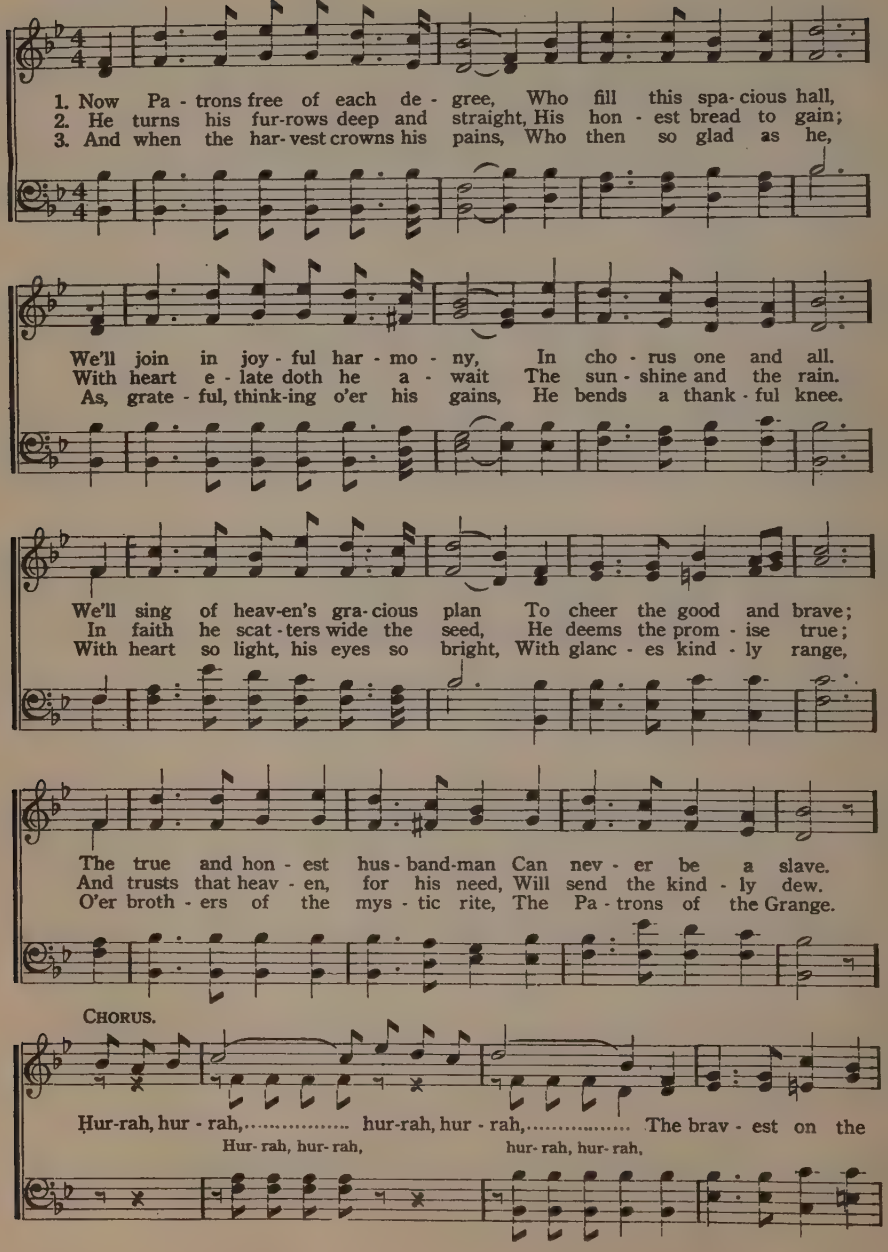

1. The pathway you have left is rough With obsta - cles un - seen; But per - severe, for
2. The sig - nal of our first degree, To guide the steps we've trod, Declares that, true to
oft rough stones Have diamonds hid between. Your pledge with sacred honor keep, And
heav'n's decree, We place our faith in God. With all your courage, strive to make The
bear life's griefs and cares In humble trust that you may reap A harvest free from tares.
world a bet-ter place; Your du - ty do to God and man, The end is worth the race.

No. 25

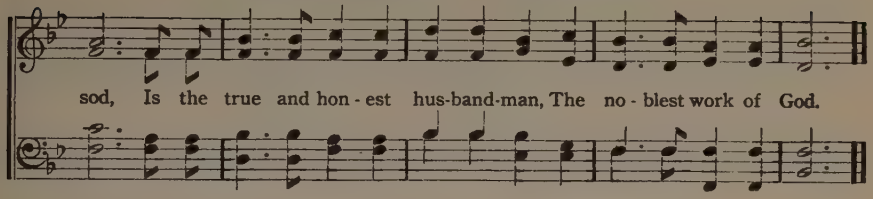
Husbandman.

FOR FOURTH DEGREE

CAYENNE. JAS. L. ORR.

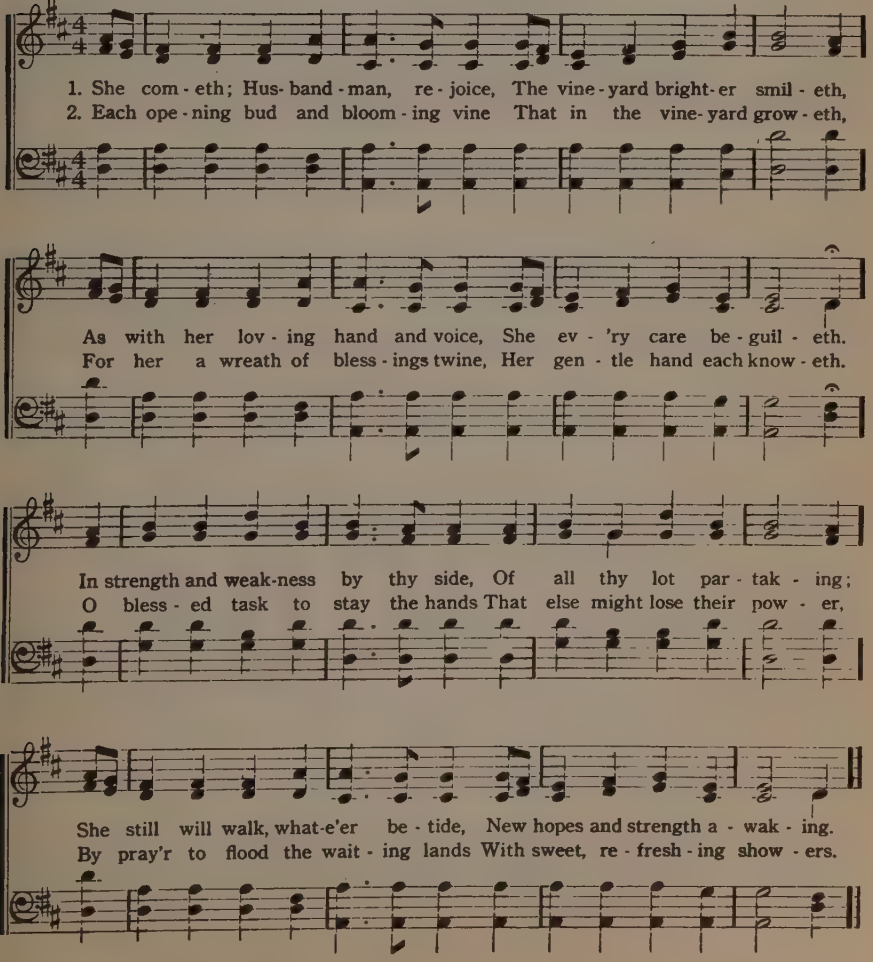

1. Now Pa - trons free of each de - gree, Who fill this spa - cious hall,
2. He turns his fur-rows deep and straight, His hon - est bread to gain;
3. And when the har-vest crowns his pains, Who then so glad as he,
We'll join in joy - ful har - mo - ny, In cho - rus one and all.
With heart e - late doth he a - wait The sun - shine and the rain.
As, grate - ful, think-ing o'er his gains, He bends a thank - ful knee.
We'll sing of heav-en's gra - cious plan To cheer the good and brave;
In faith he scat - ters wide the seed, He deems the prom - ise true;
With heart so light, his eyes so bright, With glanc - es kind - ly range,
The true and hon - est hus - band-man Can nev - er be a slave.
And trusts that heav - en, for his need, Will send the kind - ly dew.
O'er broth - ers of the mys - tic rite, The Pa - trons of the Grange.
CHORUS.
Hur-rah, hur - rah,..... hur-rah, hur - rah,..... The brav - est on the
Hur- rah, hur- rah, hur- rah, hur- rah,

Husbandman.—Concluded.



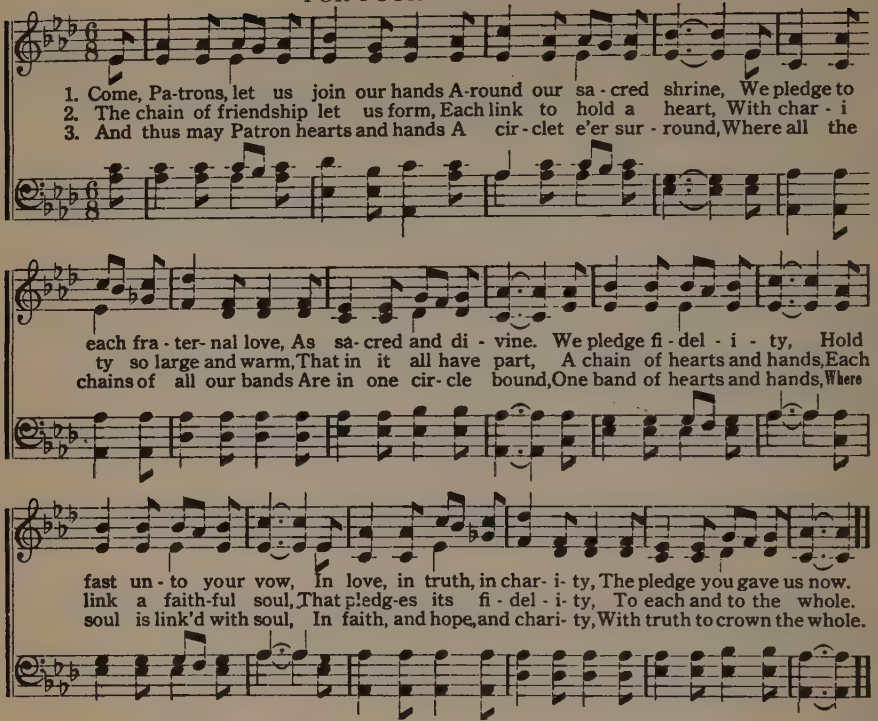
No. 26 Matron.

M. Rebecca Darr. FOR FOURTH DEGREE Jas. L. Orr.


1. She com - eth; Hus- band - man, re - joice, The vine - yard bright - er smil - eth,
2. Each ope - ning bud and bloom - ing vine That in the vine- yard grow - eth,
As with her lov - ing hand and voice, She ev - 'ry care be - guil - eth.
For her a wreath of bless - ings twine, Her gen - tle hand each know - eth.
In strength and weak-ness by thy side, Of all thy lot par - tak - ing;
O bless - ed task to stay the hands That else might lose their pow - er,
She still will walk, what-e'er be - tide, New hopes and strength a - wak - ing.
By pray'r to flood the wait - ing lands With sweet, re - fresh - ing show - ers.

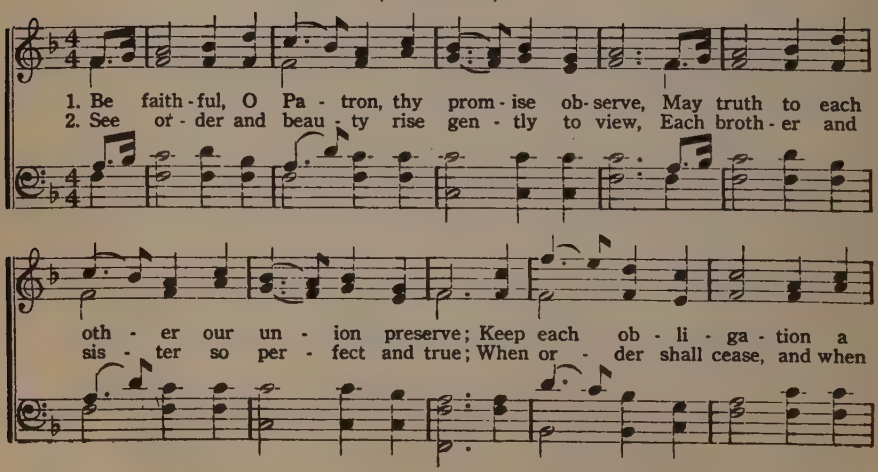
No. 27 Patrons' Chain.

FOR FOURTH DEGREE

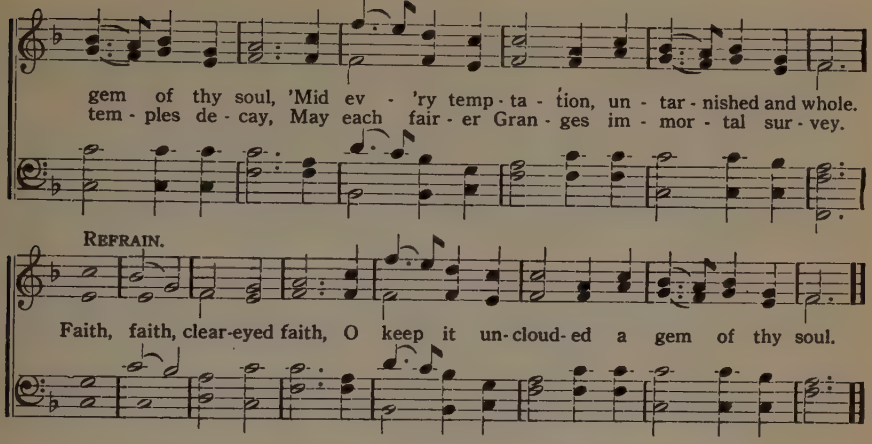

1. Come, Pa-trons, let us join our hands A-round our sa-cred shrine, We pledge to
2. The chain of friendship let us form, Each link to hold a heart, With char-i
3. And thus may Patron hearts and hands A cir-clet e'er sur-round, Where all the
each fra-ter-nal love, As sa-cred and di-vine. We pledge fi-del-i-ty, Hold
ty so large and warm, That in it all have part, A chain of hearts and hands, Each
chains of all our bands Are in one cir-cle bound, One band of hearts and hands, Where
fast un-to your vow, In love, in truth, in char-i-ty, The pledge you gave us now.
link a faith-ful soul, That pledg-es its fi-del-i-ty, To each and to the whole.
soul is link'd with soul, In faith, and hope, and chari-ty, With truth to crown the whole.

No. 28 Be Faithful, O Patron!

(After O. B. N.)

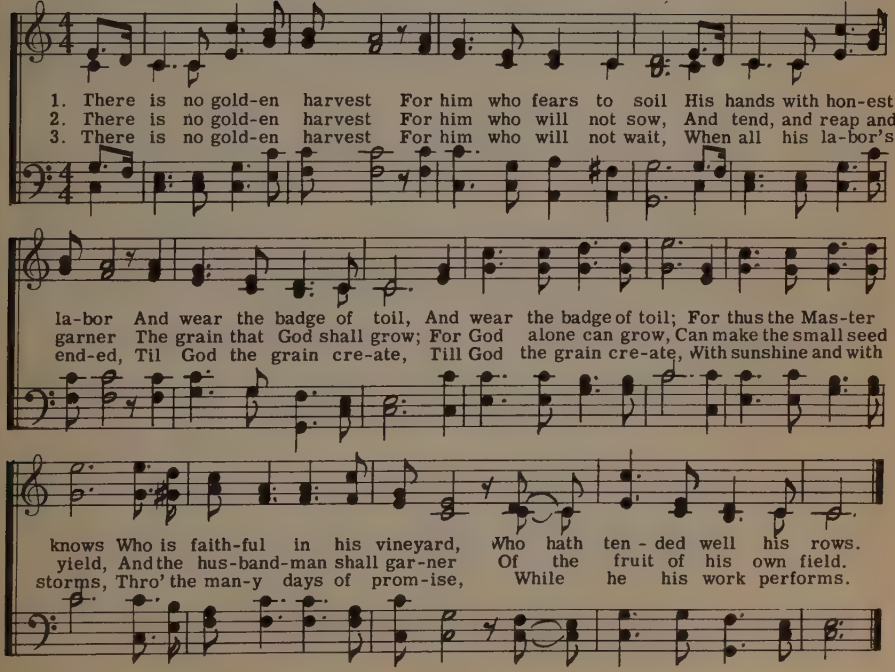

1. Be faith-ful, O Pa-tron, thy prom-ise ob-serve, May truth to each
2. See or-der and beau-ty rise gen-tly to view, Each broth-er and
oth-er our un-ion preserve; Keep each ob-li-ga-tion a
sis-ter so per-fect and true; When or-der shall cease, and when

Be Faithful, O Patron!—Concluded.


gem of thy soul, 'Mid ev - 'ry temp - ta - tion, un - tar - nished and whole.
tem - ples de - cay, May each fair - er Gran - ges im - mor - tal sur - vey.
REFRAIN.
Faith, faith, clear-eyed faith, O keep it un-cloud-ed a gem of thy soul.

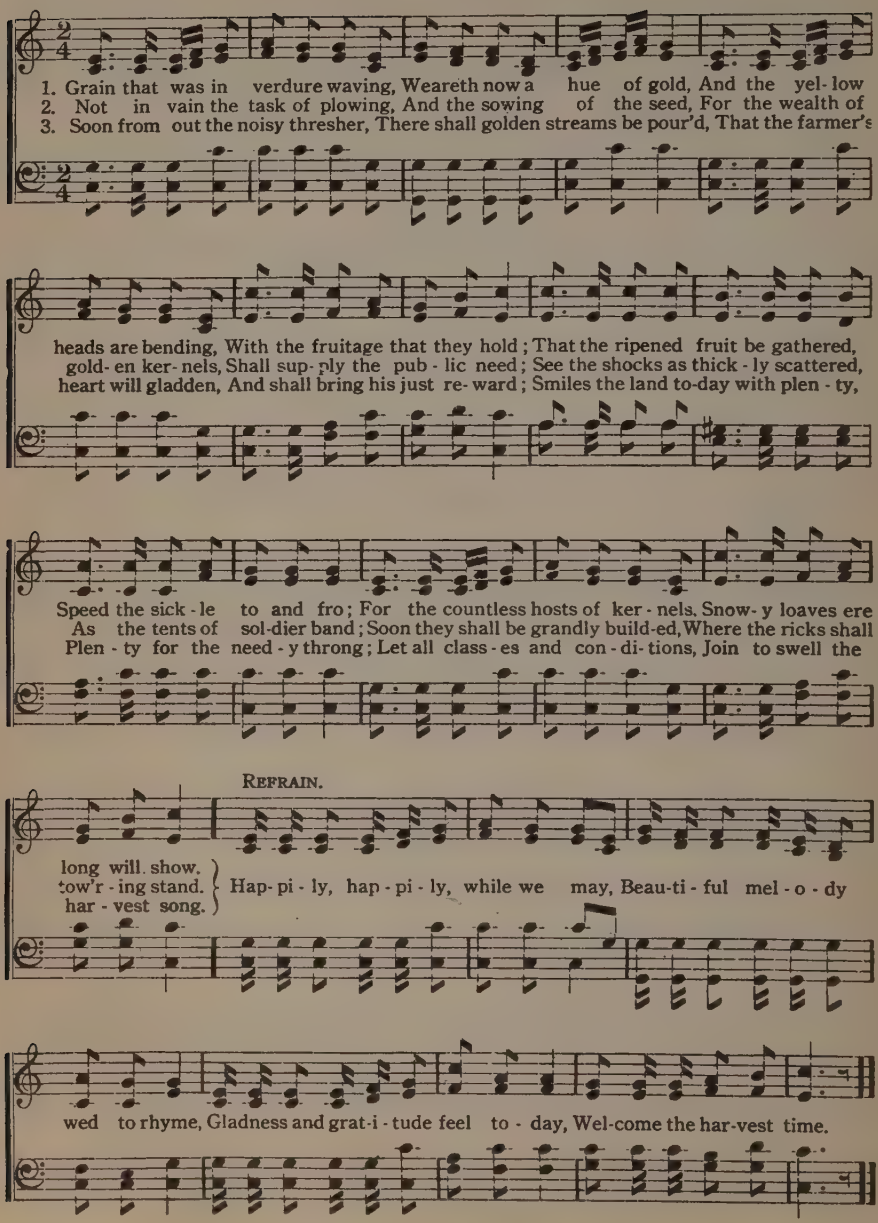
No. 29 No Golden Harvest.

M. REBECCA DARR. Scotch Air.


1. There is no gold-en harvest For him who fears to soil His hands with hon-est
2. There is no gold-en harvest For him who will not sow, And tend, and reap and
3. There is no gold-en harvest For him who will not wait, When all his la-bor's
la-bor And wear the badge of toil, And wear the badge of toil; For thus the Mas-ter
garner The grain that God shall grow; For God alone can grow, Can make the small seed
end-ed, Til God the grain cre-ate, Till God the grain cre-ate, With sunshine and with
knows Who is faith-ful in his vineyard, Who hath ten - ded well his rows.
yield, And the hus-band-man shall gar-ner Of the fruit of his own field.
storms, Thro' the man-y days of prom-ise, While he his work performs.

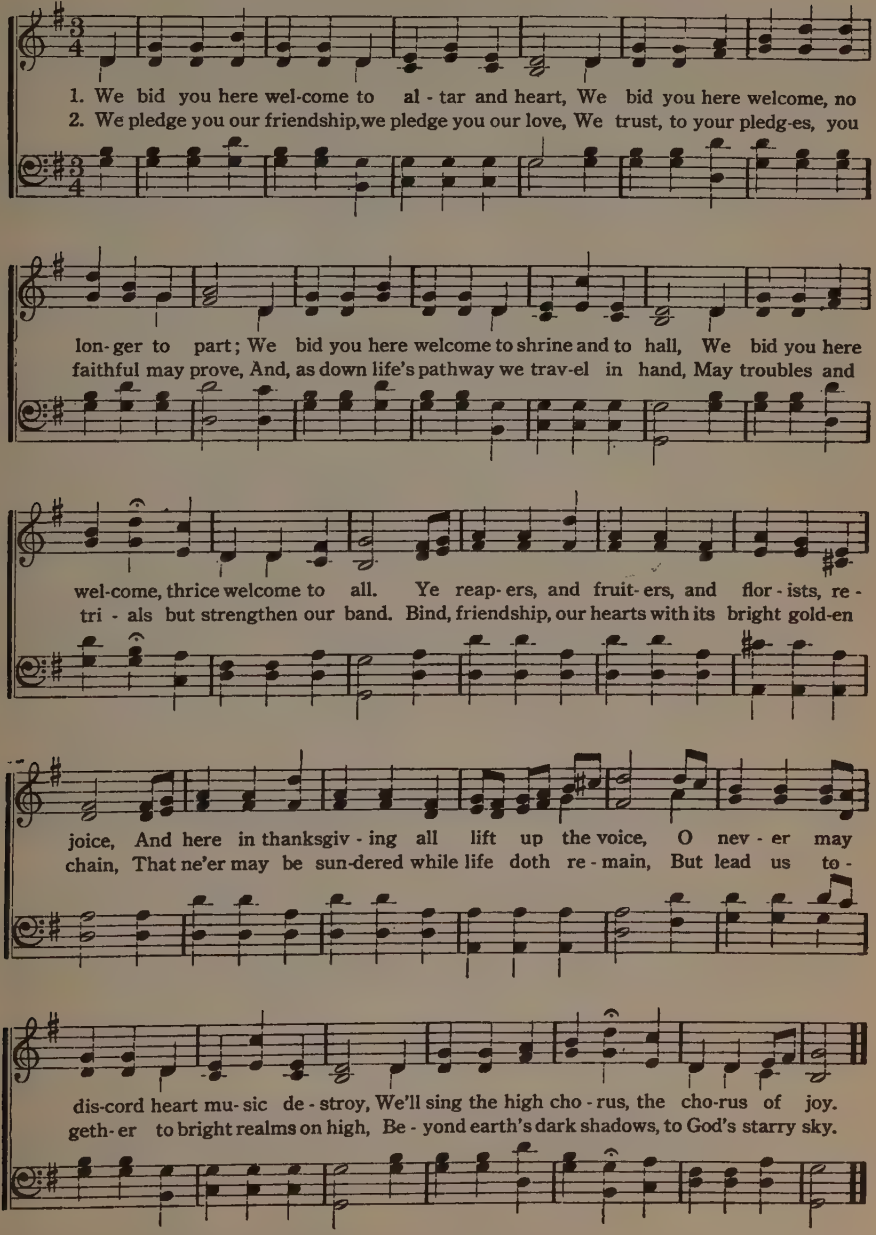
No. 30 Harvest Song.

(MARCH)

E. R. LATTA. JAS. L. ORR.

1. Grain that was in verdure waving, Weareth now a hue of gold, And the yel- low
2. Not in vain the task of plowing, And the sowing of the seed, For the wealth of
3. Soon from out the noisy thresher, There shall golden streams be pour'd, That the farmer's
heads are bending, With the fruitage that they hold; That the ripened fruit be gathered,
gold- en ker- nels, Shall sup- ply the pub - lic need; See the shocks as thick - ly scattered,
heart will gladden, And shall bring his just re- ward; Smiles the land to-day with plen - ty,
Speed the sick - le to and fro; For the countless hosts of ker - nels. Snow- y loaves ere
As the tents of sol-dier band; Soon they shall be grandly build-ed, Where the ricks shall
Plen - ty for the need - y throng; Let all class - es and con - di- tions, Join to swell the
REFRAIN.
long will show.
tow'r - ing stand.
har - vest song.
Hap- pi - ly, hap - pi - ly, while we may, Beau-ti - ful mel - o - dy
wed to rhyme, Gladness and grat-i - tude feel to - day, Wel-come the har-vest time.

No. 31 Welcome Song.

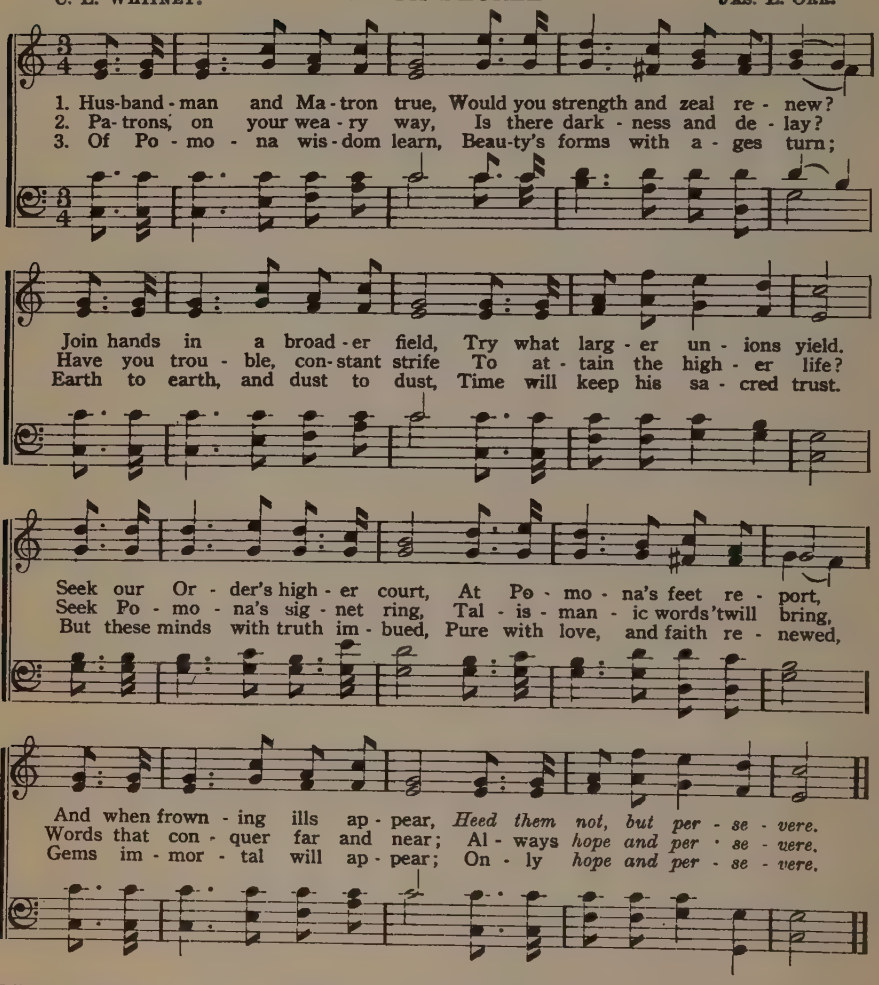
NOTE.—May be used at close of degree or after the lecture in installation service.


1. We bid you here wel-come to al - tar and heart, We bid you here welcome, no
2. We pledge you our friendship,we pledge you our love, We trust, to your pledg-es, you
lon- ger to part; We bid you here welcome to shrine and to hall, We bid you here
faithful may prove, And, as down life's pathway we trav-el in hand, May troubles and
wel-come, thrice welcome to all. Ye reap- ers, and fruit- ers, and flor - ists, re -
tri - als but strengthen our band. Bind, friendship, our hearts with its bright gold-en
joice, And here in thanksgiv - ing all lift up the voice, O nev - er may
chain, That ne'er may be sun-dered while life doth re - main, But lead us to -
dis-cord heart mu- sic de - stroy, We'll sing the high cho - rus, the cho-rus of joy.
geth- er to bright realms on high, Be - yond earth's dark shadows, to God's starry sky.

No. 32

Hope and Persevere.

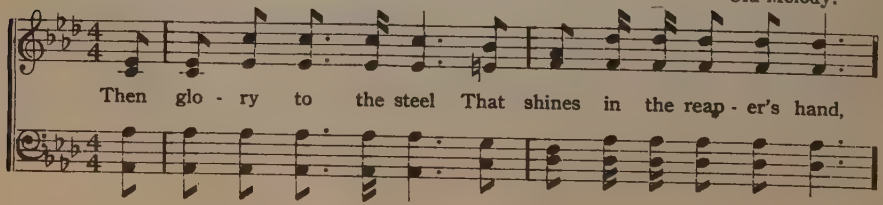
C. L. WHITNEY. FIFTH DEGREE JAS. L. ORR.


1. Hus-band-man and Ma-tron true, Would you strength and zeal re-new?
2. Pa-trons, on your wea-ry way, Is there dark-ness and de-lay?
3. Of Po-mo-na wis-dom learn, Beau-ty's forms with a-ges turn;
Join hands in a broad-er field, Try what larg-er un-ions yield.
Have you trou-ble, con-stant strife To at-tain the high-er life?
Earth to earth, and dust to dust, Time will keep his sa-cred trust.
Seek our Or-der's high-er court, At Po-mo-na's feet re-port,
Seek Po-mo-na's sig-net ring, Tal-is-man-ic words 'twill bring,
But these minds with truth im-bued, Pure with love, and faith re-newed,
And when frown-ing ills ap-pear, *Heed them not, but per-se-vere.*
Words that con-quer far and near; Al-ways *hope and per-se-vere.*
Gems im-mor-tal will ap-pear; On-ly *hope and per-se-vere.*

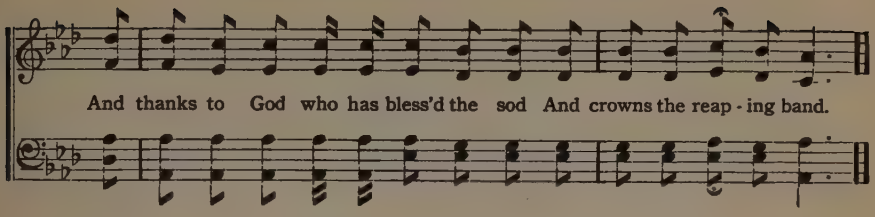
No. 33

Glory to the Steel.

Words from Ritual. THIRD DEGREE Old Melody.

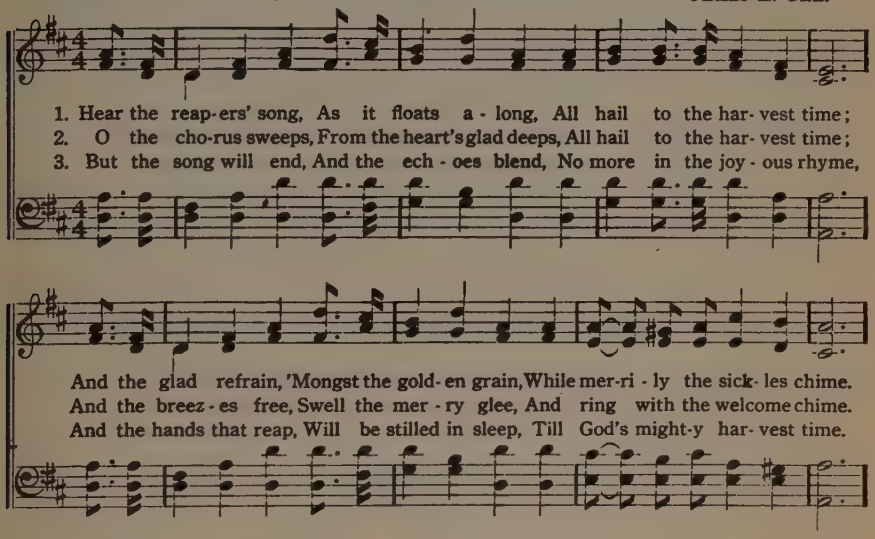


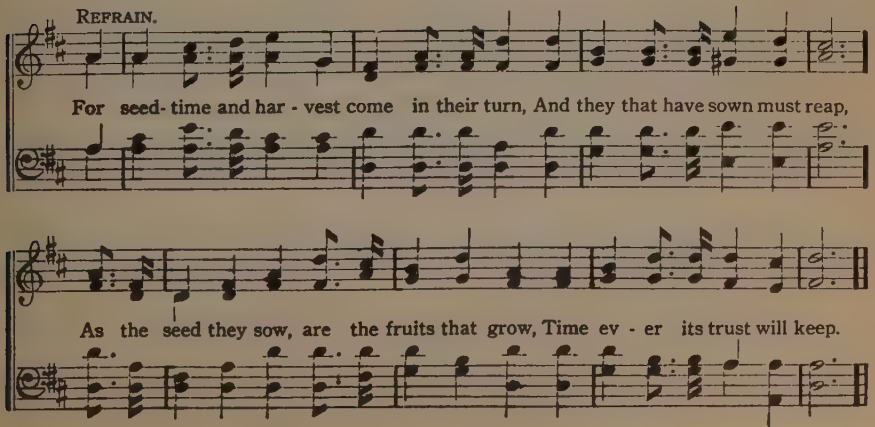
Glory to the Steel.—Concluded.



No. 34 Hail to the Harvest.

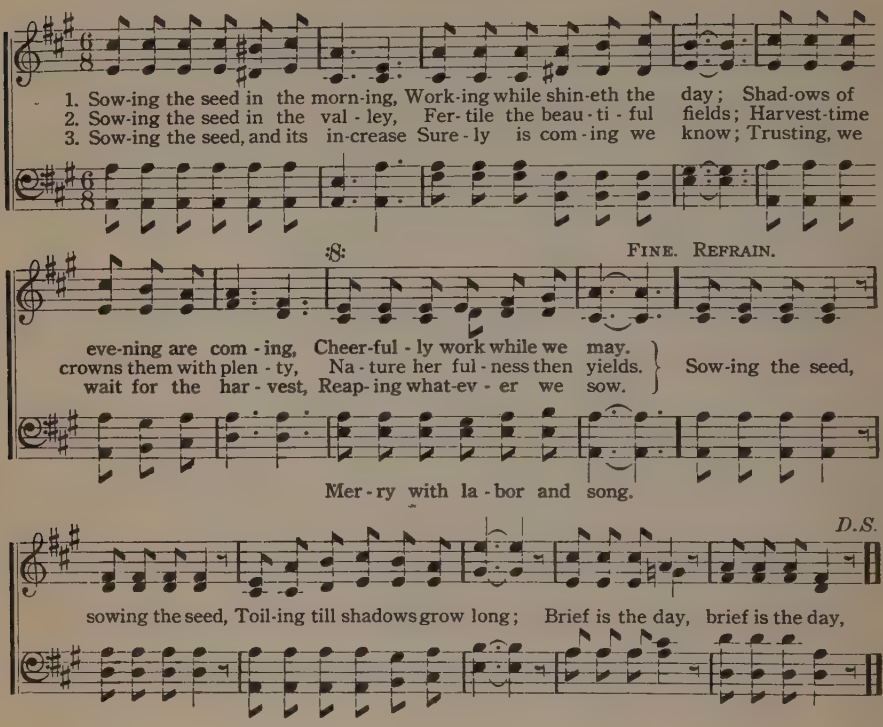
R. M. D. (THIRD DEGREE—OPTIONAL) JAMES L. ORR.


1. Hear the reap-ers' song, As it floats a - long, All hail to the har- vest time;
2. O the cho-rus sweeps, From the heart's glad deeps, All hail to the har- vest time;
3. But the song will end, And the ech - oes blend, No more in the joy - ous rhyme,
And the glad refrain, 'Mongst the gold- en grain, While mer-ri - ly the sick- les chime.
And the breez - es free, Swell the mer - ry glee, And ring with the welcome chime.
And the hands that reap, Will be stilled in sleep, Till God's might-y har- vest time.


REFRAIN.
For seed- time and har - vest come in their turn, And they that have sown must reap,
As the seed they sow, are the fruits that grow, Time ev - er its trust will keep.

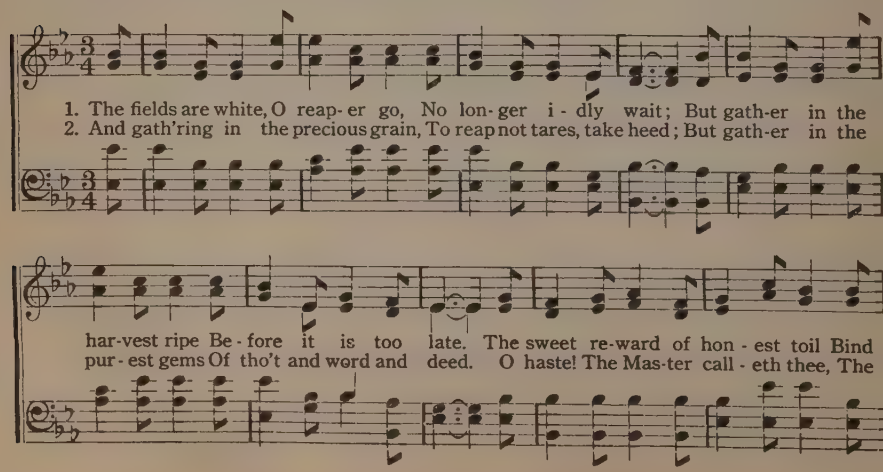
No. 35 Sowing the Seed.

LAURA E. NEWELL. FIRST DEGREE—FOR TABLEAU JAS. L. ORR.

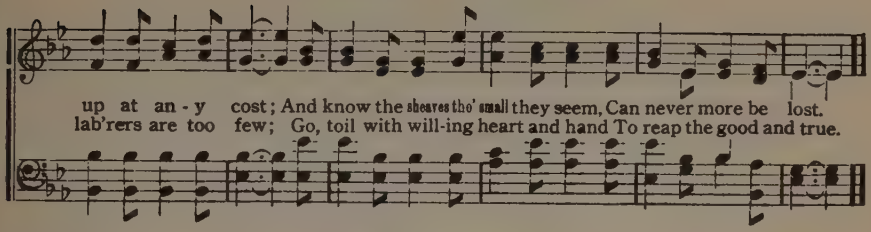

1. Sow-ing the seed in the morn-ing, Work-ing while shin-eth the day; Shad-ows of
2. Sow-ing the seed in the val - ley, Fer- tile the beau - ti - ful fields; Harvest-time
3. Sow-ing the seed, and its in-crease Sure - ly is com - ing we know; Trusting, we
:S:
FINE. REFRAIN.
eve-ning are com - ing, Cheer-ful - ly work while we may.
crowns them with plen - ty, Na - ture her ful - ness then yields.
wait for the har - vest, Reap - ing what-ev - er we sow.
Sow-ing the seed,
Mer - ry with la - bor and song.
D.S.
sowing the seed, Toil-ing till shadows grow long; Brief is the day, brief is the day,

No. 36 Harvester.

M. REBECCA DARR. FOR THIRD DEGREE JAS. L. ORR.

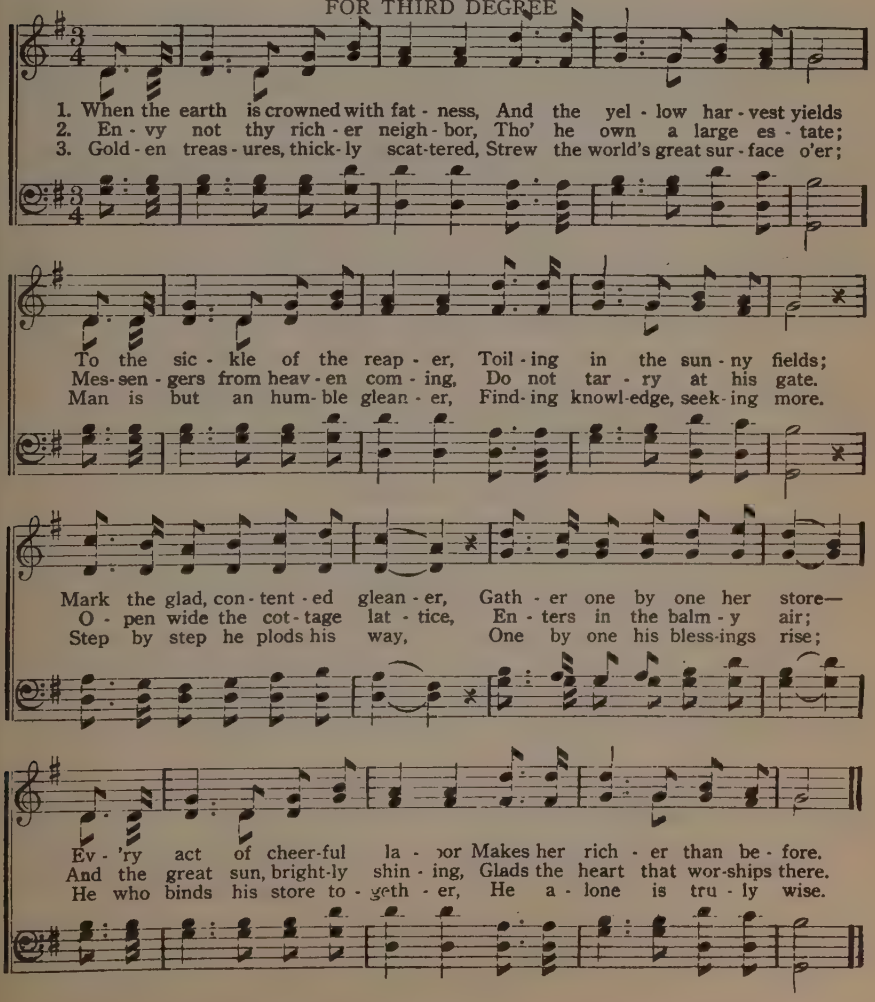

1. The fields are white, O reap- er go, No lon- ger i - dly wait; But gath-er in the
2. And gath'ring in the precious grain, To reap not tares, take heed; But gath-er in the
har-vest ripe Be - fore it is too late. The sweet re-ward of hon - est toil Bind
pur - est gems Of tho't and word and deed. O haste! The Mas-ter call - eth thee, The

Harvester.—Concluded.


up at an - y cost; And know the shearestho' small they seem, Can never more be lost.
lab'rers are too few; Go, toil with will-ing heart and hand To reap the good and true.

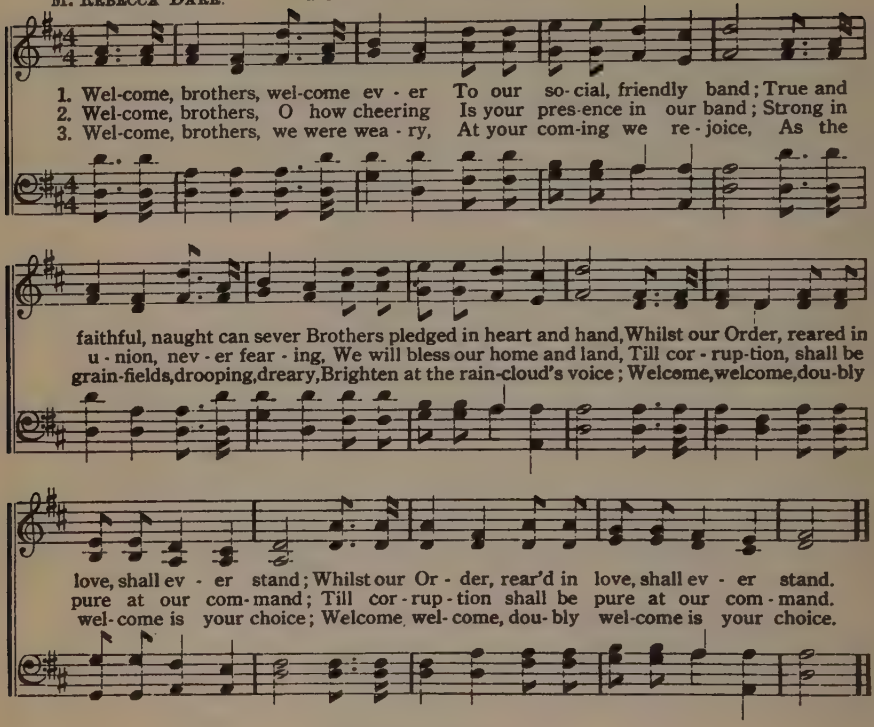
No. 37 The Gleaner.

FOR THIRD DEGREE


1. When the earth is crowned with fat - ness, And the yel - low har - vest yields
2. En - vy not thy rich - er neigh - bor, Tho' he own a large es - tate;
3. Gold - en treas - ures, thick - ly scat-tered, Strew the world's great sur - face o'er;
To the sic - kle of the reap - er, Toil - ing in the sun - ny fields;
Mes-sen - gers from heav - en com - ing, Do not tar - ry at his gate.
Man is but an hum-ble glean - er, Find - ing knowl-edge, seek - ing more.
Mark the glad, con - tent - ed glean - er, Gath - er one by one her store—
O - pen wide the cot - tage lat - tice, En - ters in the balm - y air;
Step by step he plods his way, One by one his bless-ings rise;
Ev - 'ry act of cheer-ful la - bor Makes her rich - er than be - fore.
And the great sun, bright-ly shin - ing, Glads the heart that wor-ships there.
He who binds his store to - geth - er, He a - lone is tru - ly wise.

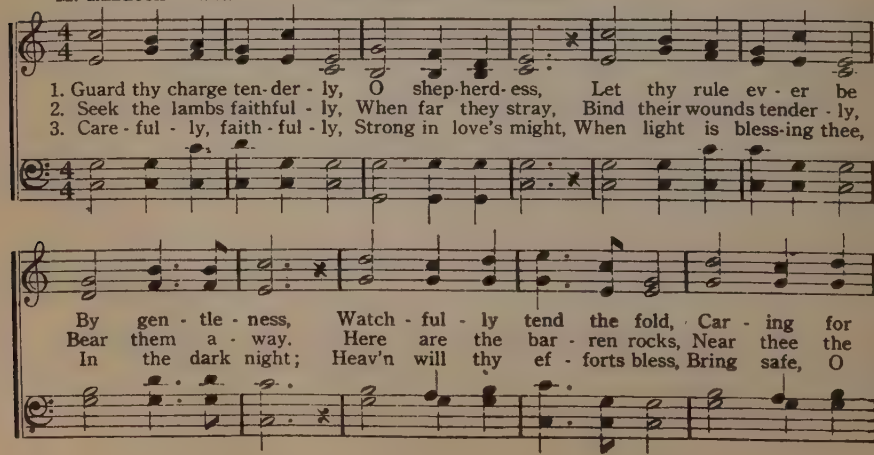
No. 38 Cultivator.

M. Rebecca Darr. FOR SECOND DEGREE

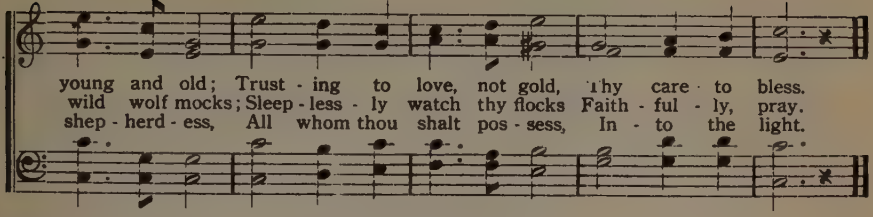

1. Wel-come, brothers, wel-come ev - er To our so-cial, friendly band; True and
2. Wel-come, brothers, O how cheering Is your pres-ence in our band; Strong in
3. Wel-come, brothers, we were wea - ry, At your com-ing we re - joice, As the
faithful, naught can sever Brothers pledged in heart and hand, Whilst our Order, reared in
u - nion, nev - er fear - ing, We will bless our home and land, Till cor - rup-tion, shall be
grain-fields, drooping, dreary, Brighten at the rain-cloud's voice; Welcome, welcome, dou-bly
love, shall ev - er stand; Whilst our Or - der, rear'd in love, shall ev - er stand.
pure at our com-mand; Till cor - rup - tion shall be pure at our com - mand.
wel-come is your choice; Welcome, wel-come, dou-bly wel-come is your choice.

No. 39 Shepherdess.

M. Rebecca Darr. FOR SECOND DEGREE


1. Guard thy charge ten-der - ly, O shep-herd-ess, Let thy rule ev - er be
2. Seek the lambs faithful - ly, When far they stray, Bind their wounds tender - ly,
3. Care - ful - ly, faith - ful - ly, Strong in love's might, When light is bless-ing thee,
By gen - tle - ness, Watch - ful - ly tend the fold, Car - ing for
Bear them a - way. Here are the bar - ren rocks, Near thee the
In the dark night; Heav'n will thy ef - forts bless, Bring safe, O

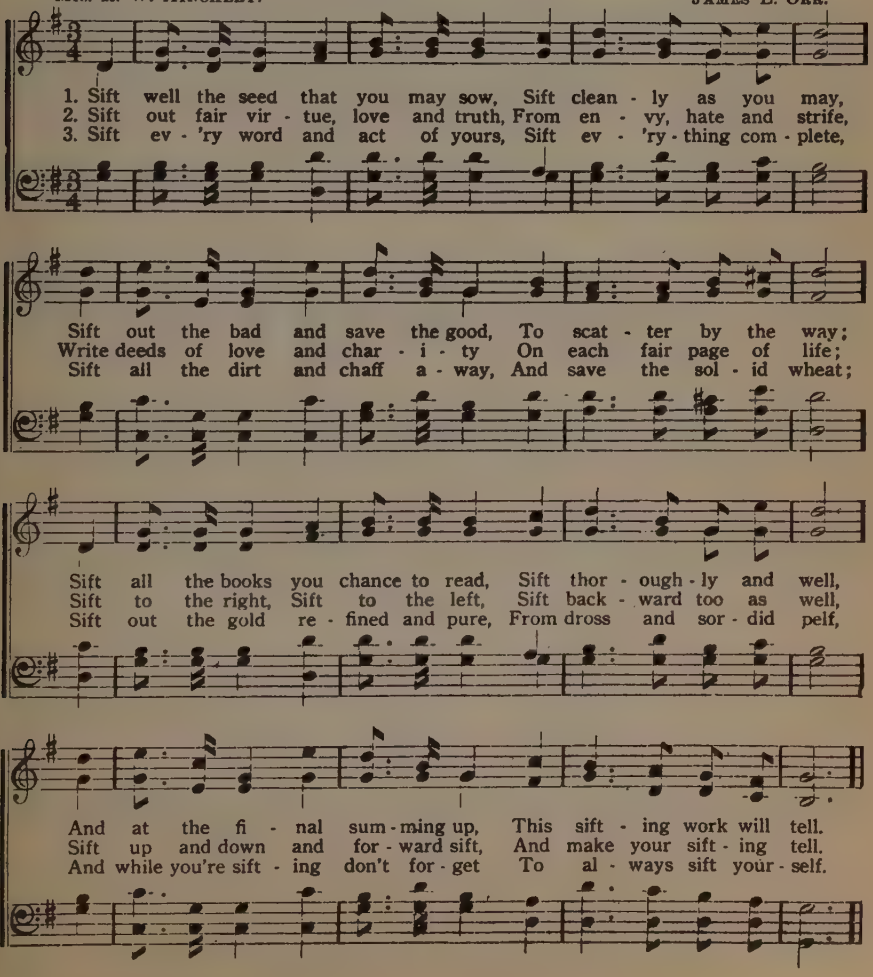
Shepherdess.—Concluded.


young and old; Trust - ing to love, not gold, Thy care - to bless.
wild wolf mocks; Sleep - less - ly watch thy flocks Faith - ful - ly, pray.
shep - herd - ess, All whom thou shalt pos - sess, In - to the light.

No. 40 Sifting.

FOR SECOND DEGREE

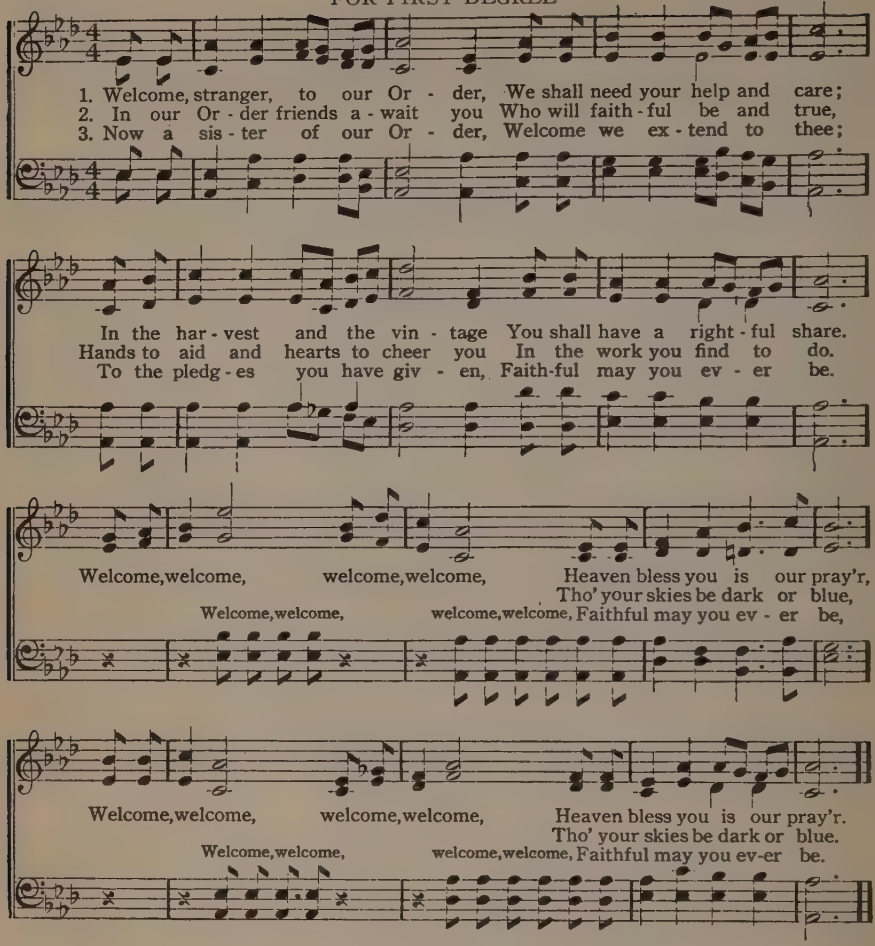
Mrs. R. W. Hinckley. James L. Orr.


1. Sift well the seed that you may sow, Sift clean - ly as you may,
2. Sift out fair vir - tue, love and truth, From en - vy, hate and strife,
3. Sift ev - 'ry word and act of yours, Sift ev - 'ry - thing com - plete,
Sift out the bad and save the good, To scat - ter by the way;
Write deeds of love and char - i - ty On each fair page of life;
Sift all the dirt and chaff a - way, And save the sol - id wheat;
Sift all the books you chance to read, Sift thor - ough - ly and well,
Sift to the right, Sift to the left, Sift back - ward too as well,
Sift out the gold re - fined and pure, From dross and sor - did pelf,
And at the fi - nal sum - ming up, This sift - ing work will tell.
Sift up and down and for - ward sift, And make your sift - ing tell.
And while you're sift - ing don't for - get To al - ways sift your - self.

No. 41 Maid.

FOR FIRST DEGREE

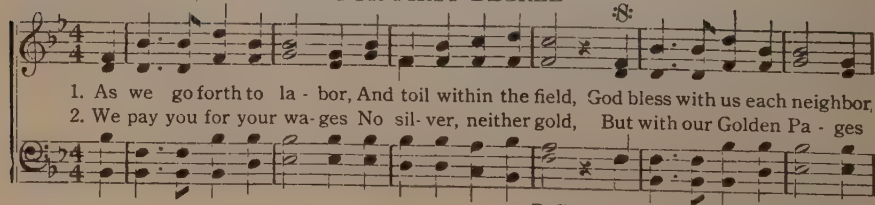
JAMES L. ORR.


1. Welcome, stranger, to our Or - der, We shall need your help and care;
2. In our Or - der friends a - wait you Who will faith - ful be and true,
3. Now a sis - ter of our Or - der, Welcome we ex - tend to thee;
In the har - vest and the vin - tage You shall have a right - ful share.
Hands to aid and hearts to cheer you In the work you find to do.
To the pledg - es you have giv - en, Faith-ful may you ev - er be.
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, Heaven bless you is our pray'r,
Tho' your skies be dark or blue,
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, Faithful may you ev - er be,
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, Heaven bless you is our pray'r.
Tho' your skies be dark or blue.
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, Faithful may you ev-er be.

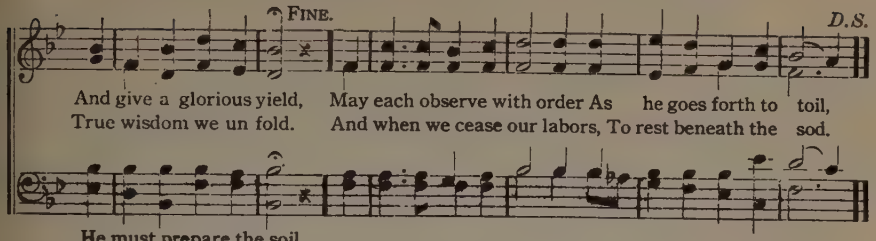
No. 42 As We Go Forth to Labor.

F. M. CROY.

FOR FIRST DEGREE


1. As we go forth to la - bor, And toil within the field, God bless with us each neighbor,
2. We pay you for your wa - ges No sil - ver, neither gold, But with our Golden Pa - ges
D.S.—With-in our peaceful bor - der
D.S.—May we, with these, our neighbors,

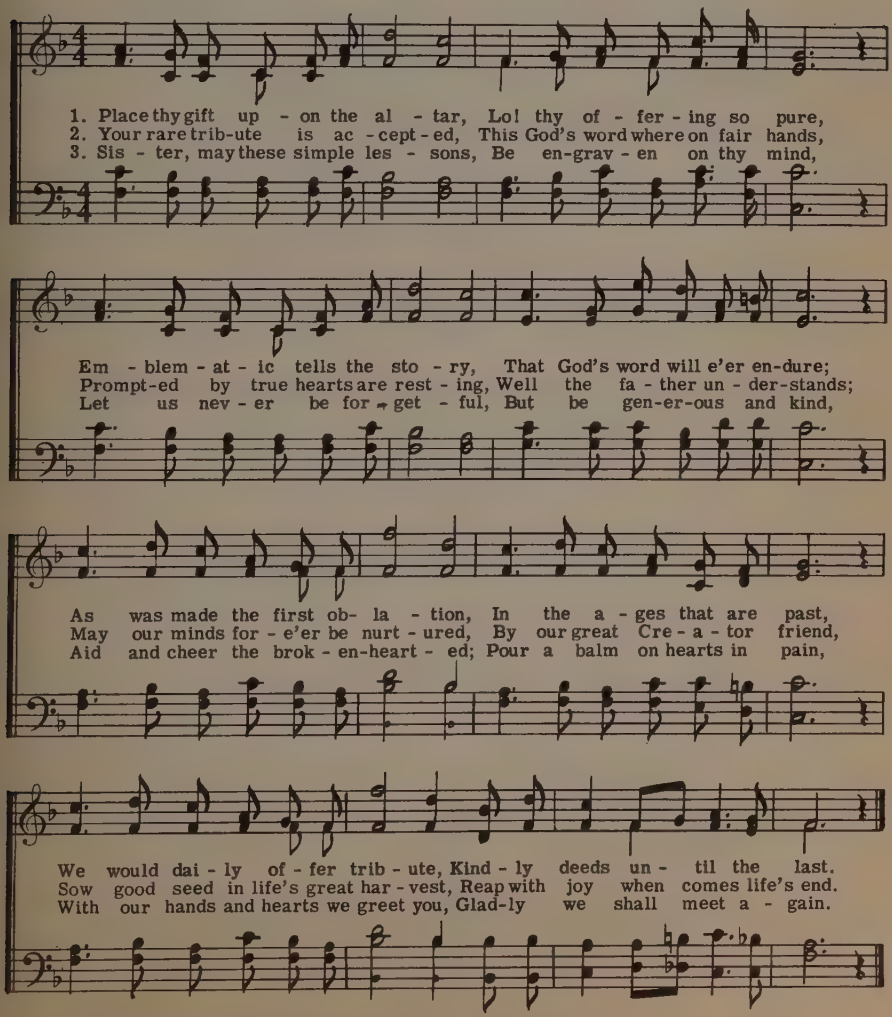
As We Go Forth to Labor.—Concluded.


FINE.
D.S.
And give a glorious yield, May each observe with order As he goes forth to toil,
True wisdom we un fold. And when we cease our labors, To rest beneath the sod.
He must prepare the soil.
Re-pose our faith in God.

No. 43 Acceptable Tribute.

From Grange Melodies

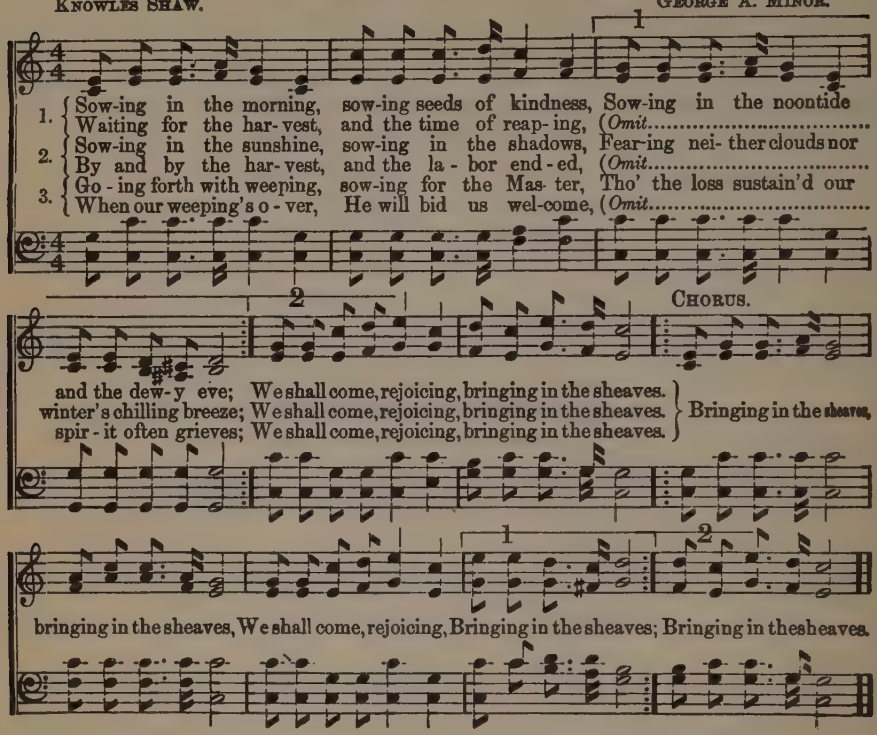
LAURA E. NEWELL JAMES L. ORR


1. Place thy gift up - on the al - tar, Lo! thy of - fer - ing so pure,
2. Your rare trib-ute is ac - cept - ed, This God's word where on fair hands,
3. Sis - ter, may these simple les - sons, Be en-grav - en on thy mind,
Em - blem - at - ic tells the sto - ry, That God's word will e'er en-dure;
Prompt-ed by true hearts are rest - ing, Well the fa - ther un - der-stands;
Let us nev - er be for - get - ful, But be gen-er-ous and kind,
As was made the first ob- la - tion, In the a - ges that are past,
May our minds for - e'er be nurt - ured, By our great Cre - a - tor friend,
Aid and cheer the brok - en-heart - ed; Pour a balm on hearts in pain,
We would dai - ly of - fer trib - ute, Kind - ly deeds un - til the last.
Sow good seed in life's great har - vest, Reap with joy when comes life's end.
With our hands and hearts we greet you, Glad-ly we shall meet a - gain.

The first eight measures may be sung as a quartet if desired.

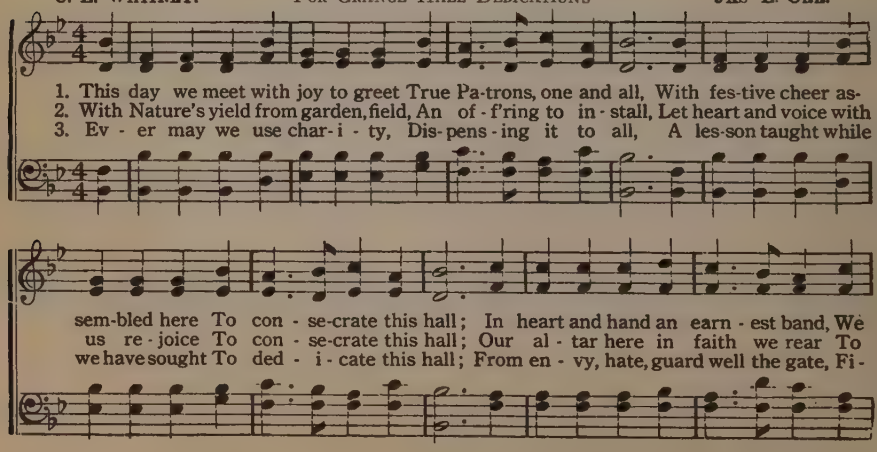
No. 44 Bringing in the Sheaves

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR.

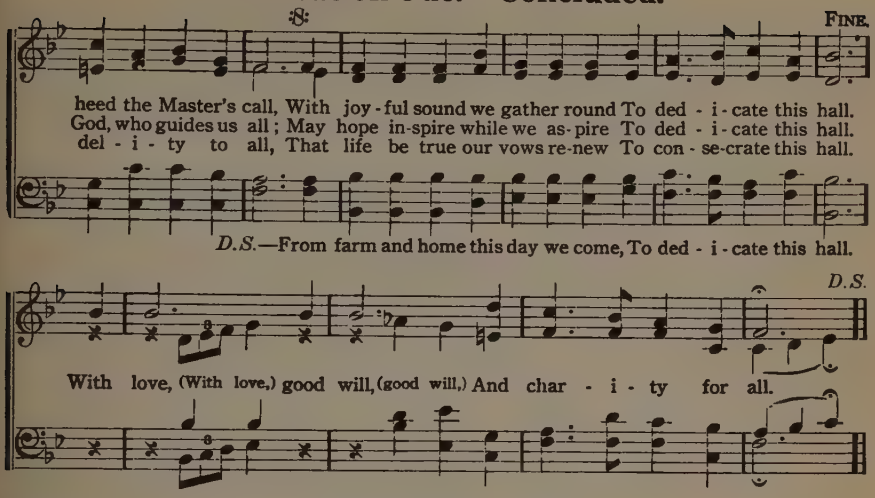

1
1. Sow-ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the noontide
Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, (Omit.....
2. Sow-ing in the sunshine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fear-ing nei-ther clouds nor
By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor end-ed, (Omit.....
3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustain'd our
When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come, (Omit.....
2
CHORUS.
and the dew-y eve; We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
winter's chilling breeze; We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
spir-it often grieves; We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
Bringing in the sheaves,
1
2
bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves; Bringing in the sheaves.

No. 45 Dedication Ode.

C. L. WHITNEY. FOR GRANGE HALL DEDICATIONS JAS L. ORR.

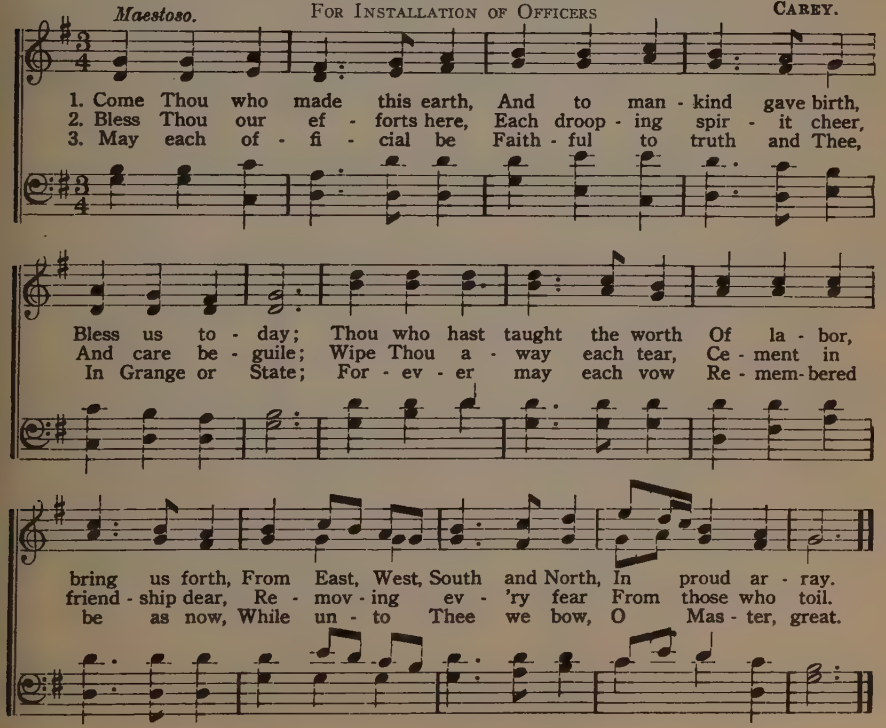

1. This day we meet with joy to greet True Pa-trons, one and all, With fes-tive cheer as-
2. With Nature's yield from garden, field, An of-f'ring to in-stall, Let heart and voice with
3. Ev-er may we use char-i-ty, Dis-pens-ing it to all, A les-son taught while
sem-bled here To con-se-crate this hall; In heart and hand an earn-est band, We
us re-joice To con-se-crate this hall; Our al-tar here in faith we rear To
we have sought To ded-i-cate this hall; From en-vy, hate, guard well the gate, Fi-

Dedication Ode.—Concluded.


FINE.
heed the Master's call, With joy - ful sound we gather round To ded - i - cate this hall.
God, who guides us all; May hope in-spire while we as-pire To ded - i - cate this hall.
del - i - ty to all, That life be true our vows re-new To con - se-crate this hall.
D.S.—From farm and home this day we come, To ded - i - cate this hall.
D.S.
With love, (With love,) good will, (good will,) And char - i - ty for all.

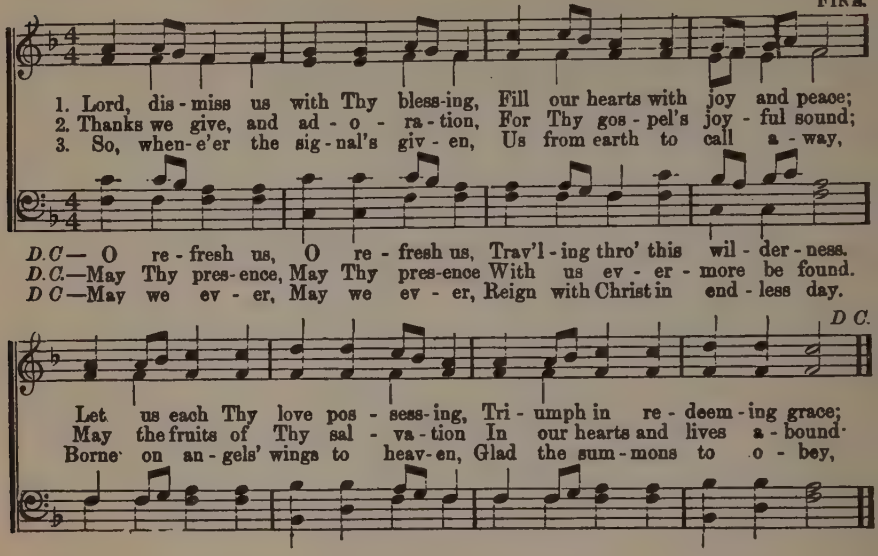
No. 46 Installation Ode.

FOR INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS


Maestoso.
CAREY.
1. Come Thou who made this earth, And to man - kind gave birth,
2. Bless Thou our ef - forts here, Each droop - ing spir - it cheer,
3. May each of - fi - cial be Faith - ful to truth and Thee,
Bless us to - day; Thou who hast taught the worth Of la - bor,
And care be - guile; Wipe Thou a - way each tear, Ce - ment in
In Grange or State; For - ev - er may each vow Re - mem - bered
bring us forth, From East, West, South and North, In proud ar - ray.
friend - ship dear, Re - mov - ing ev - 'ry fear From those who toil.
be as now, While un - to Thee we bow, O Mas - ter, great.

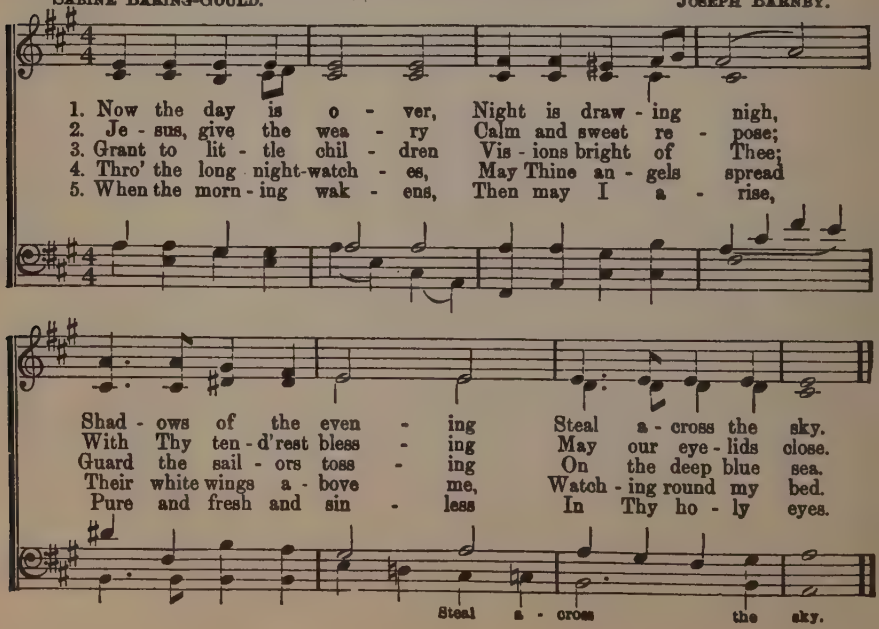
No. 47 Lord, Dismiss Us with Thy Blessing.

JOHN FAWCETT. JEAN J. ROUSSEAU. Fine.


1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound;
3. So, when-e'er the sig - nal's giv - en, Us from earth to call a - way,
D.C— O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav'l - ing thro' this wil - der - ness.
D.C.—May Thy pres-ence, May Thy pres-ence With us ev - er - more be found.
D C—May we ev - er, May we ev - er, Reign with Christ in end - less day.
D C.
Let us each Thy love pos - sess-ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace;
May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound.
Borne on an - gels' wings to heav-en, Glad the sum - mons to o - bey,

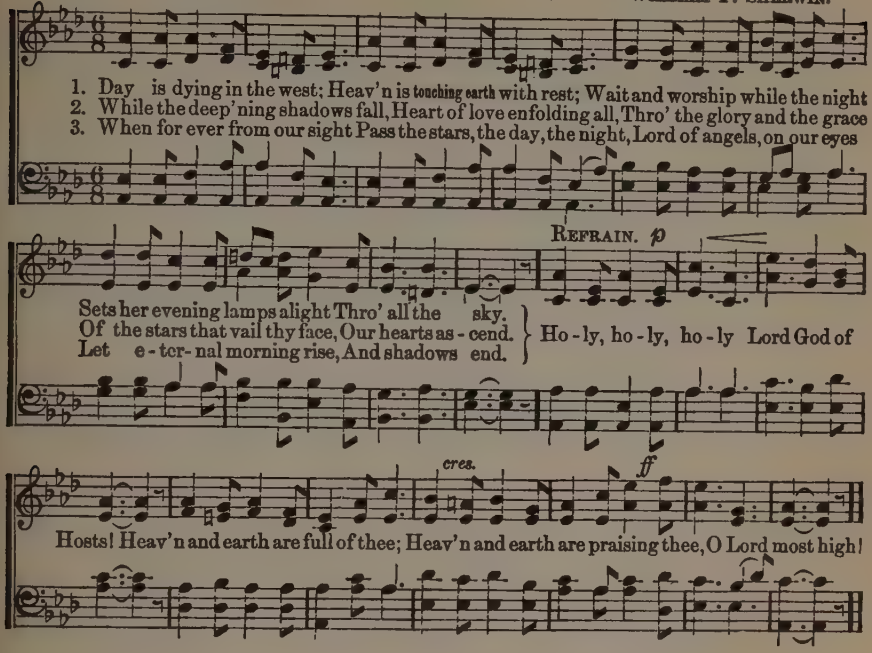
No. 48 Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.

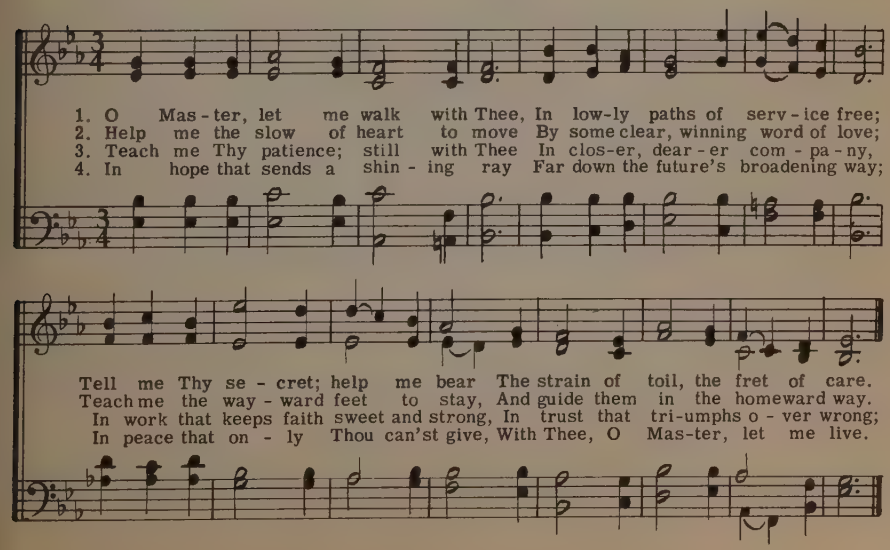

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vis - ions bright of Thee;
4. Thro' the long night-watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread
5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,
Shad - ows of the even - ing Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
Steal a - cross the sky.

No. 49 Day is Dying in the West.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

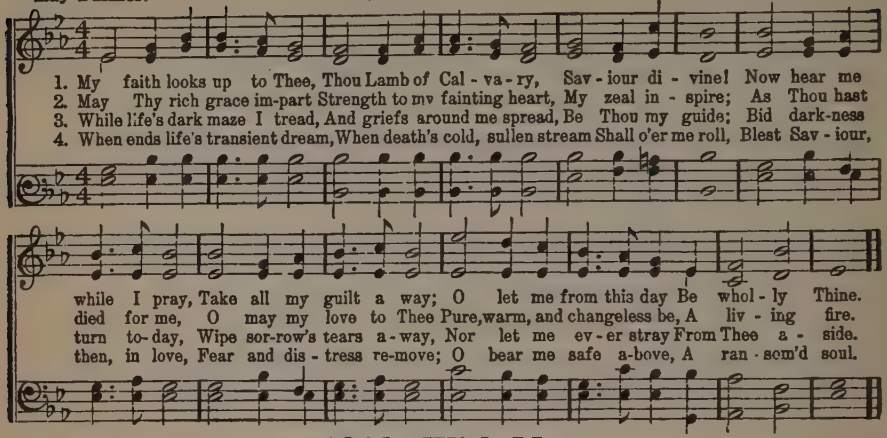

1. Day is dying in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and worship while the night
2. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love enfolding all, Thro' the glory and the grace
3. When for ever from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of angels, on our eyes
REFRAIN. p
Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
Of the stars that vail thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shadows end.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of
cres.
ff
Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of thee; Heav'n and earth are praising thee, O Lord most high!

No. 50. Oh Master Let Me Walk With Thee.


1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee, In low - ly paths of serv - ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee In clos - er, dear - er com - pa - ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the future's broadening way;
Tell me Thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the way - ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that tri - umphs o - ver wrong;
In peace that on - ly Thou can'st give, With Thee, O Mas - ter, let me live.

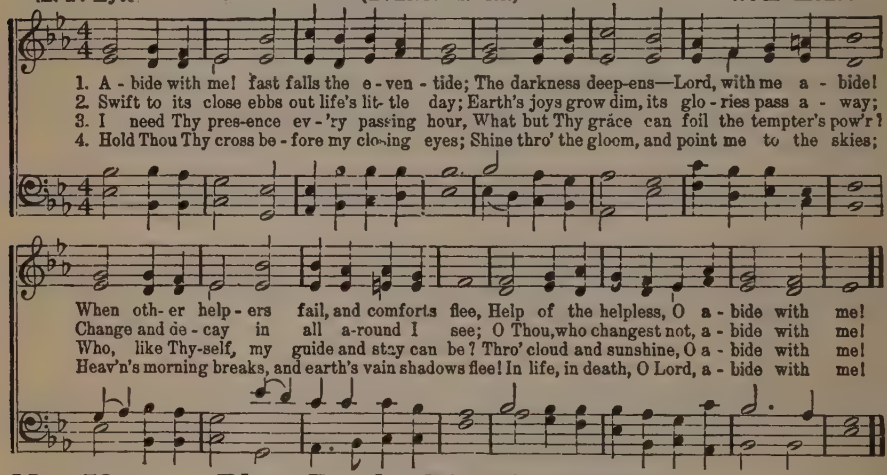
No. 51 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. (OLIVET. 6s. 4s.) Dr. Lowell Mason.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness turn to-day, Wipe sor-row's tears a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, Fear and dis - tress re-move; O bear me safe a-bove, A ran - som'd soul.

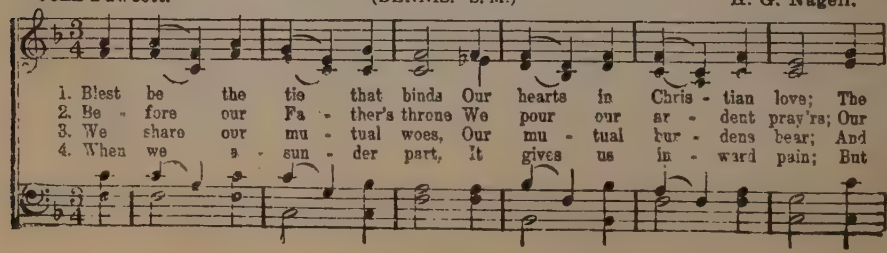
No. 52 Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. (EVENTIDE. 10s.) W. H. Monk.

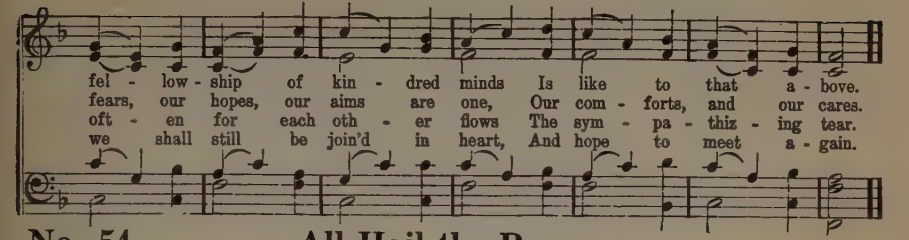

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness deep-ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth- er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit- tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev - 'ry passing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy-self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O a - bide with me!
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 53 Blest Be the Tie That Binds.

John Fawcett. (DENNIS. S. M.) H. G. Nageli.

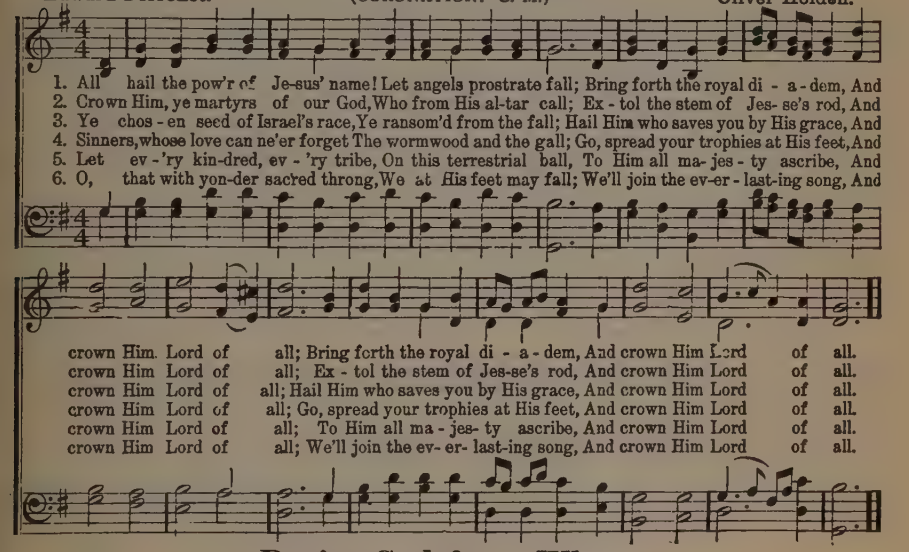

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love; The
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But

Blest Be the Tie That Binds.—Concluded.


fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts, and our cares.
oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

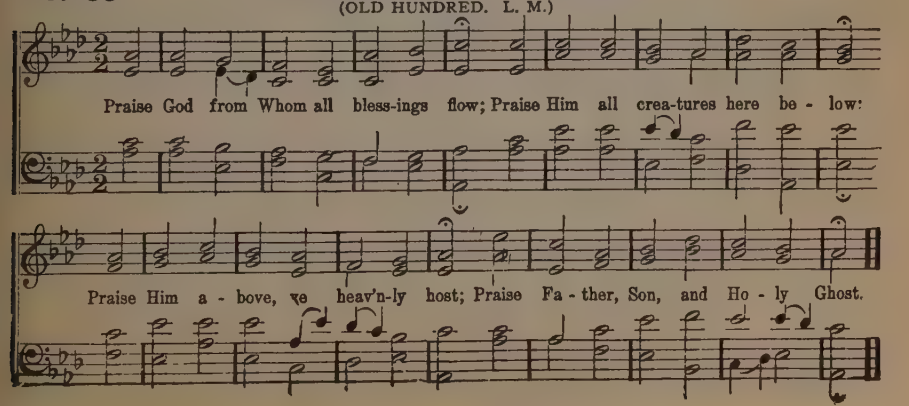
No. 54 All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet. (CORONATION. C. M.) Oliver Holden.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And
2. Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from His al-tar call; Ex - tol the stem of Jes- se's rod, And
3. Ye chos - en seed of Israel's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And
4. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall; Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And
5. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To Him all ma- jes - ty ascribe, And
6. O, that with yon-der sacred throng, We at His feet may fall; We'll join the ev-er - last-ing song, And
crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
crown Him Lord of all; Ex - tol the stem of Jes-se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
crown Him Lord of all; Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
crown Him Lord of all; To Him all ma - jes- ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev- er- last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

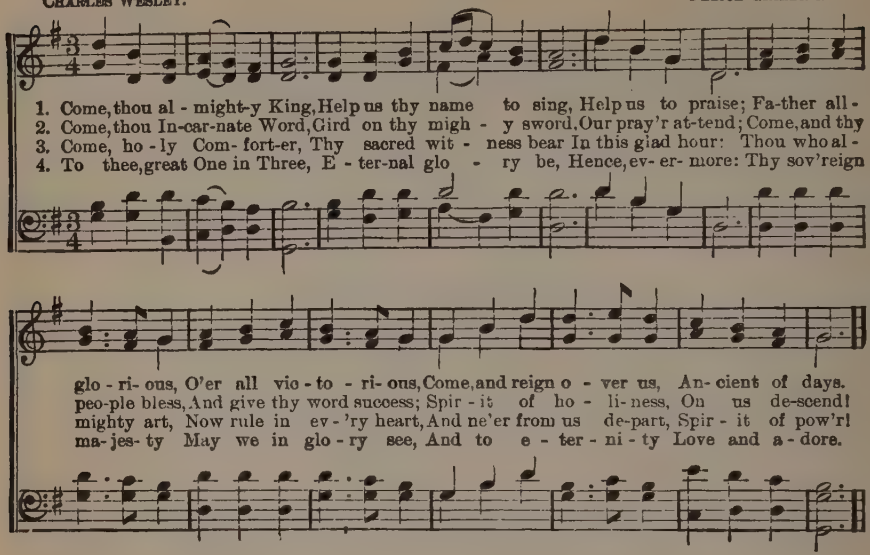
No. 55 Praise God from Whom.

(OLD HUNDRED. L. M.)


Praise God from Whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him all crea-tures here be - low:
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

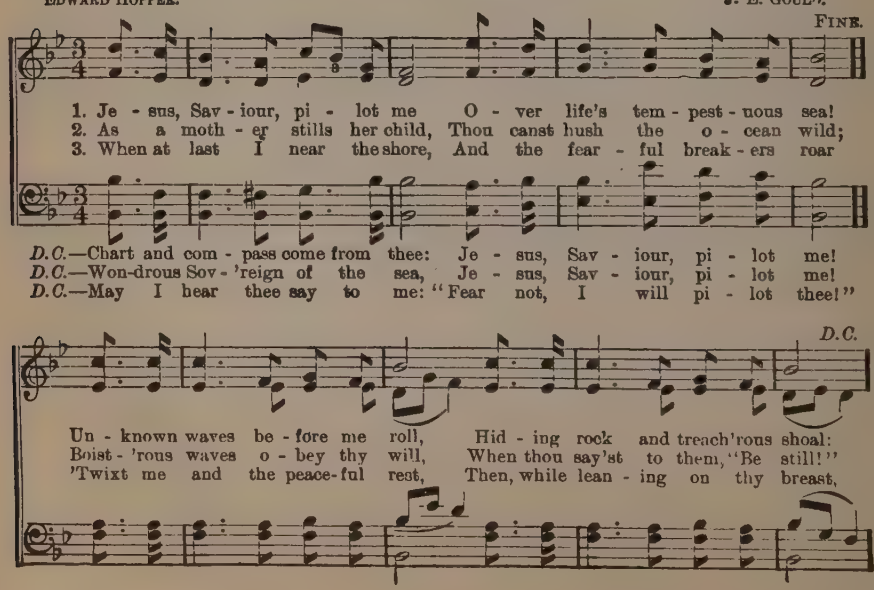
No. 56 Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. FELICE GIARDINI.


1. Come, thou al - might-y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Fa-ther all-
2. Come, thou In-car-nate Word, Gird on thy migh - y sword, Our pray'r at-tend; Come, and thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com-fort-er, Thy sacred wit - ness bear In this glad hour: Thou who al-
4. To thee, great One in Three, E - ter-nal glo - ry be, Hence, ev-er-more: Thy sov'reign
glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic-to - ri-ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days.
peo-ple bless, And give thy word success; Spir-it of ho - li-ness, On us de-scend!
mighty art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r!
ma-jes-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e - ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore.

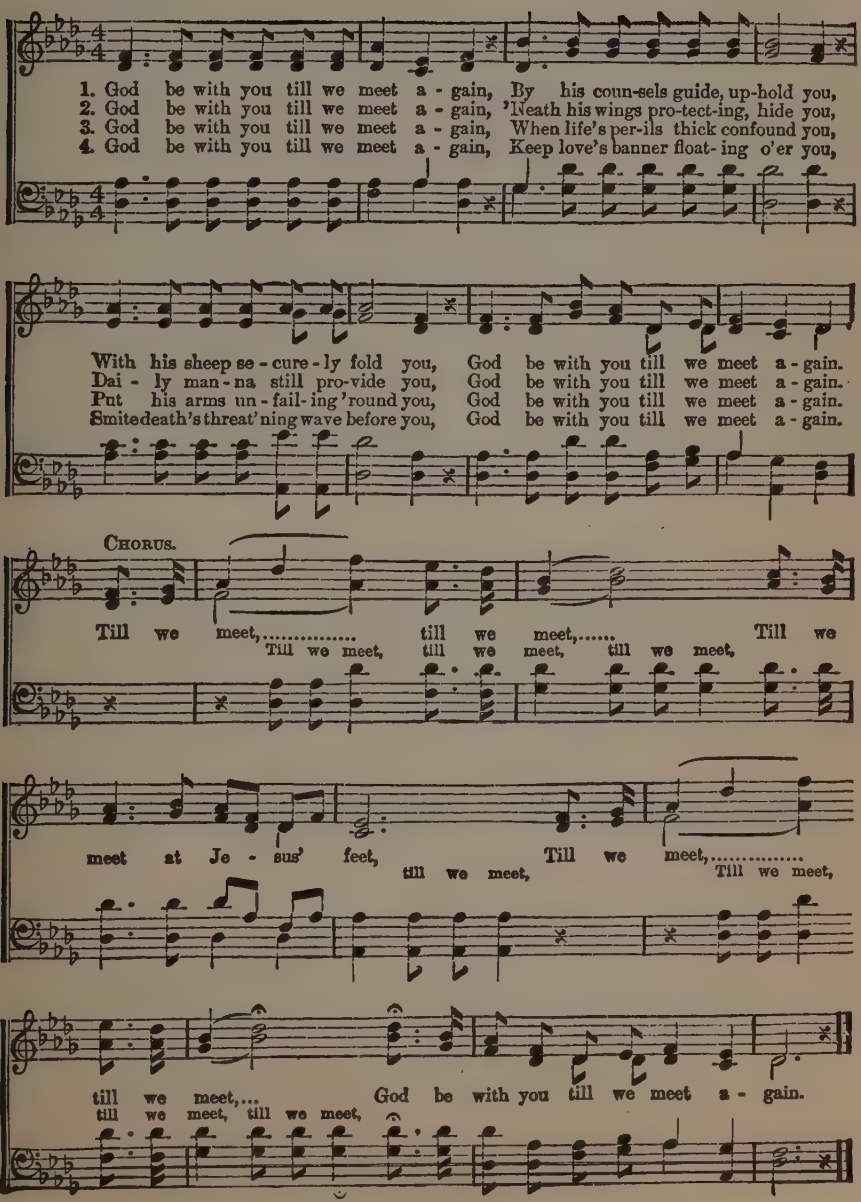
No. 57 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me!

EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.


FINE.
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea!
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar
D.C.—Chart and com - pass come from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
D.C.—Won-drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
D.C.—May I hear thee say to me: "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"
D.C.
Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal:
Boist - 'rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,

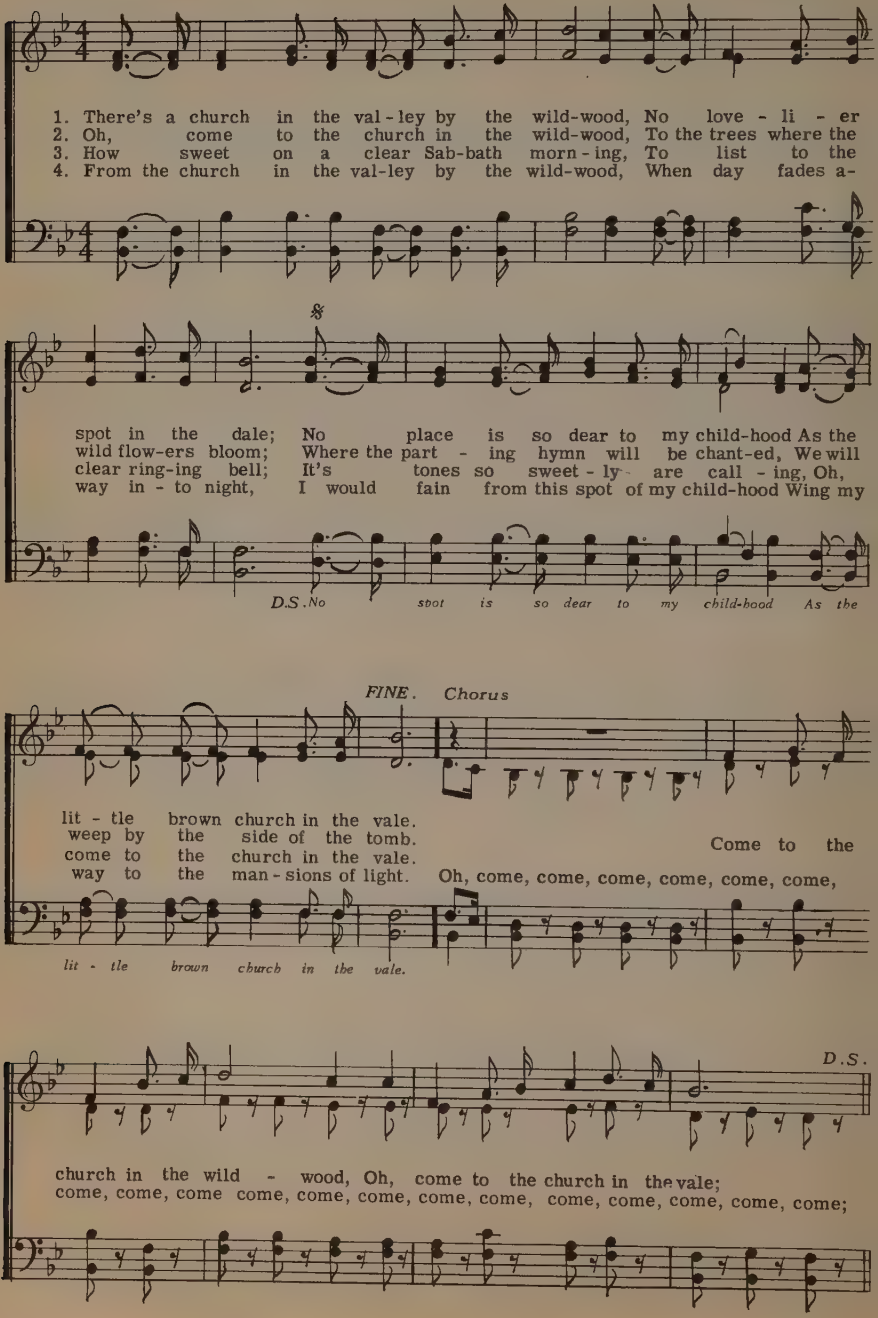
No. 58 God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin. W. G. Tomer.


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings pro-tect-ing, hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per-ils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float- ing o'er you,
With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly man - na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Put his arms un - fail- ing 'round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threat' ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Chorus.
Till we meet,..... till we meet,..... Till we
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,
meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet,.....
till we meet, Till we meet,
till we meet,... God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet, till we meet,

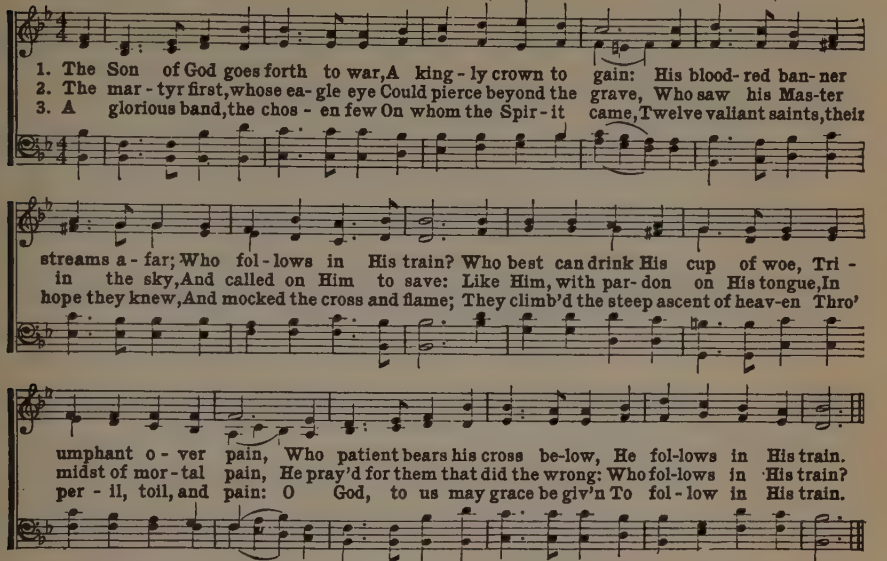
No. 59 The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P. Dr. Wm. S. Pitts


1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er
2. Oh, come to the church in the wild-wood, To the trees where the
3. How sweet on a clear Sab-bath morn-ing, To list to the
4. From the church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, When day fades a-
spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the
wild flow-ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will
clear ring-ing bell; It's tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh,
way in-to night, I would fain from this spot of my child-hood Wing my
D.S. No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
FINE. Chorus
lit-tle brown church in the vale.
weep by the side of the tomb.
come to the church in the vale.
way to the man-sions of light.
Come to the
Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
lit-tle brown church in the vale.
D.S.
church in the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;
come, come, come come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

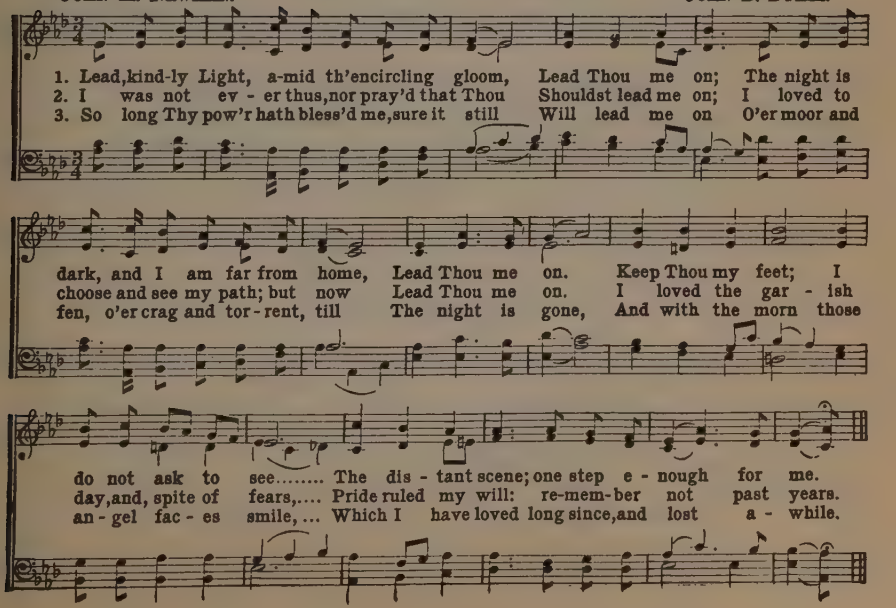
No. 60 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER. HENRY S. CUTLER.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain: His blood- red ban- ner
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea- gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who saw his Mas-ter
3. A glorious band, the chos - en few On whom the Spir - it came, Twelve valiant saints, their
streams a - far; Who fol - lows in His train? Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri -
in the sky, And called on Him to save: Like Him, with par- don on His tongue, In
hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame; They climb'd the steep ascent of heav-en Thro'
umphant o - ver pain, Who patient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.
midst of mor - tal pain, He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in His train?
per - il, toil, and pain: O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in His train.

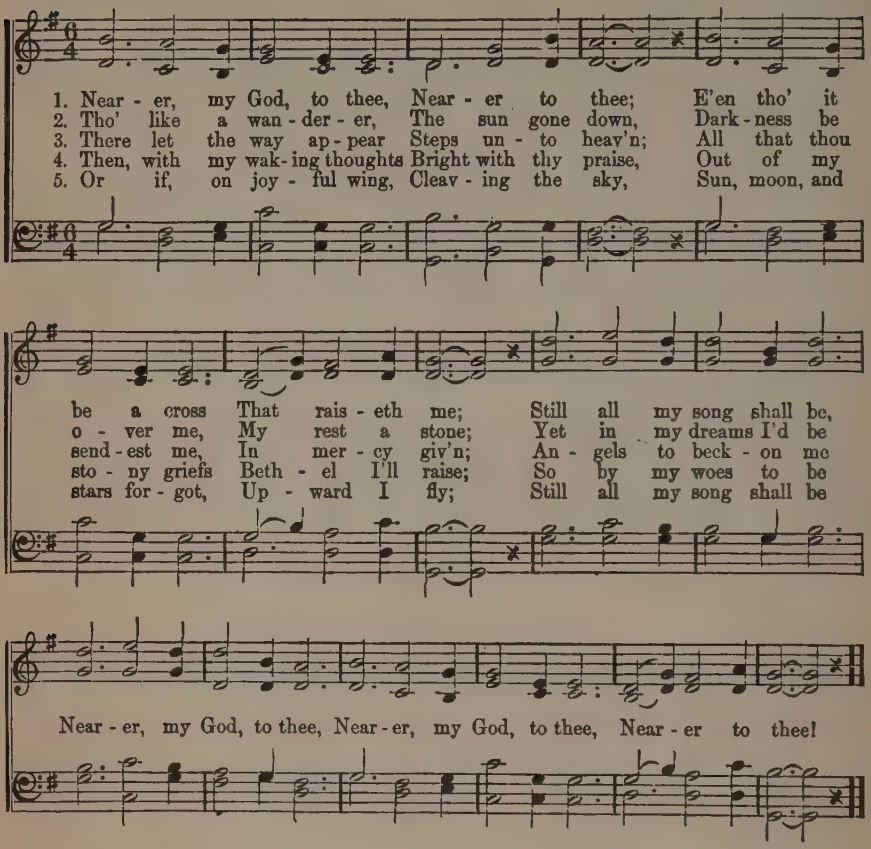
No. 61 Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.


1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those
do not ask to see..... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears,.... Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not past years.
an - gel fac - es smile, ... Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

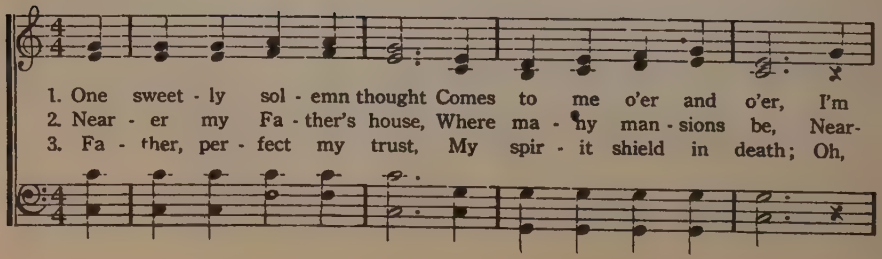
No. 62 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.

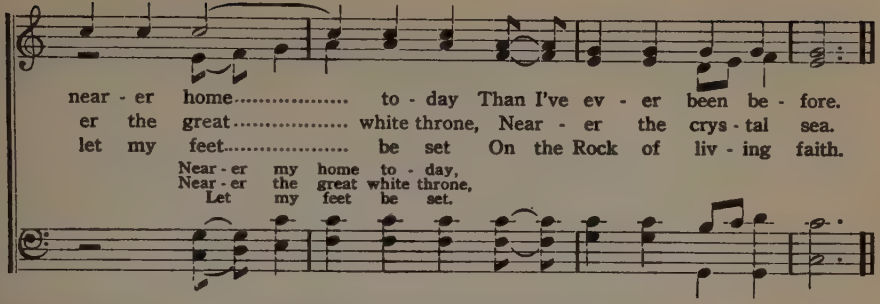

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en tho' it
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou
4. Then, with my wak - ing thoughts Bright with thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and
be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
stars for - got, Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be
Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee!

No. 63 Nearer Home.

CAREY. J. L. O.

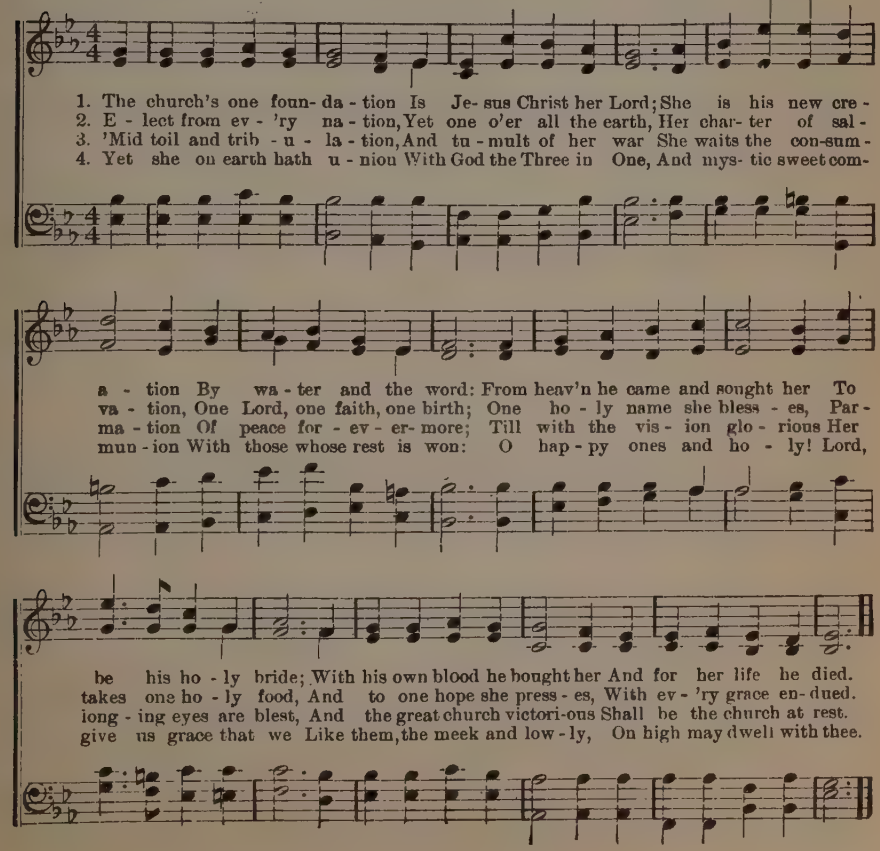

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er, I'm
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man - sions be, Near -
3. Fa - ther, per - fect my trust, My spir - it shield in death; Oh,

Nearer Home.—Concluded.


near - er home..... to - day Than I've ev - er been be - fore.
er the great..... white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea.
let my feet..... be set On the Rock of liv - ing faith.
Near - er my home to - day,
Near - er the great white throne,
Let my feet be set.

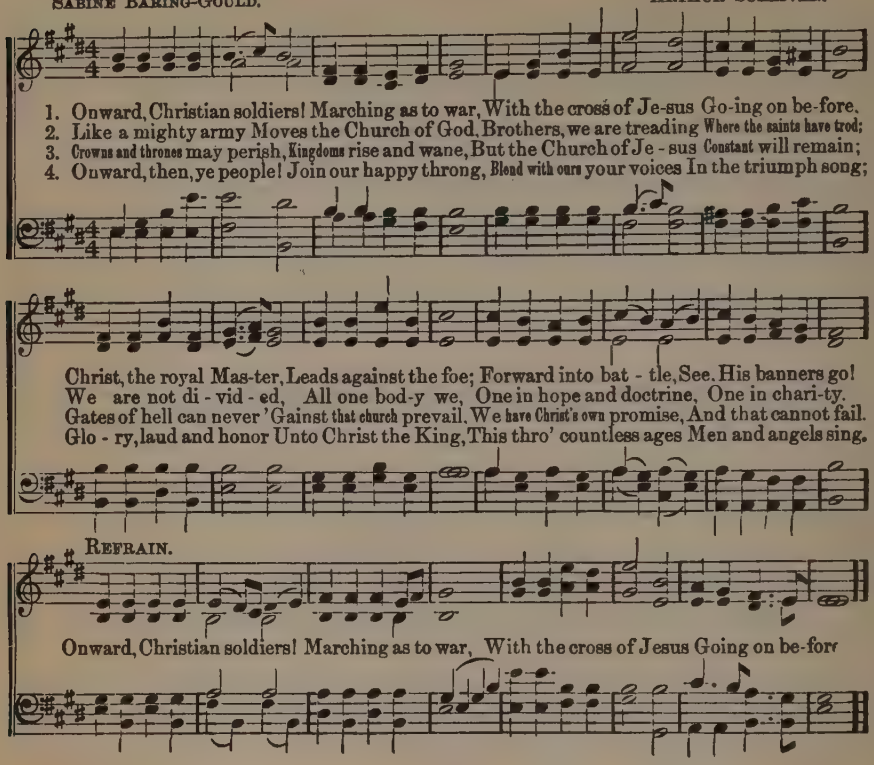
No. 64 The Church's One Foundation.

SAMUEL J. STONE. SAMUEL S. WESLEY.


1. The church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord; She is his new cre -
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth, Her char - ter of sal -
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war She waits the con-sum -
4. Yet she on earth hath u - nion With God the Three in One, And mys - tic sweet com -
a - tion By wa - ter and the word: From heav'n he came and sought her To
va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth; One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par -
ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more; Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her
mun - ion With those whose rest is won: O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord,
be his ho - ly bride; With his own blood he bought her And for her life he died.
takes one ho - ly food, And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
long - ing eyes are blest, And the great church victori - ous Shall be the church at rest.
give us grace that we Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with thee.

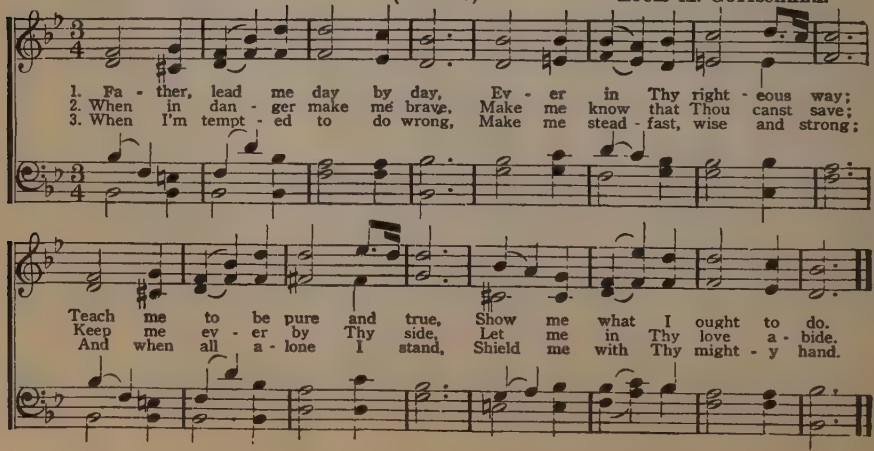
No. 65 Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.


1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.
2. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God, Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod;
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je-sus Constant will remain;
4. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;
Christ, the royal Mas-ter, Leads against the foe; Forward into bat-tle, See, His banners go!
We are not di-vid-ed, All one bod-y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in chari-ty.
Gates of hell can never 'Gainst that church prevail, We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
Glo-ry, laud and honor Unto Christ the King, This thro' countless ages Men and angels sing.
REFRAIN.
Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on be-fore

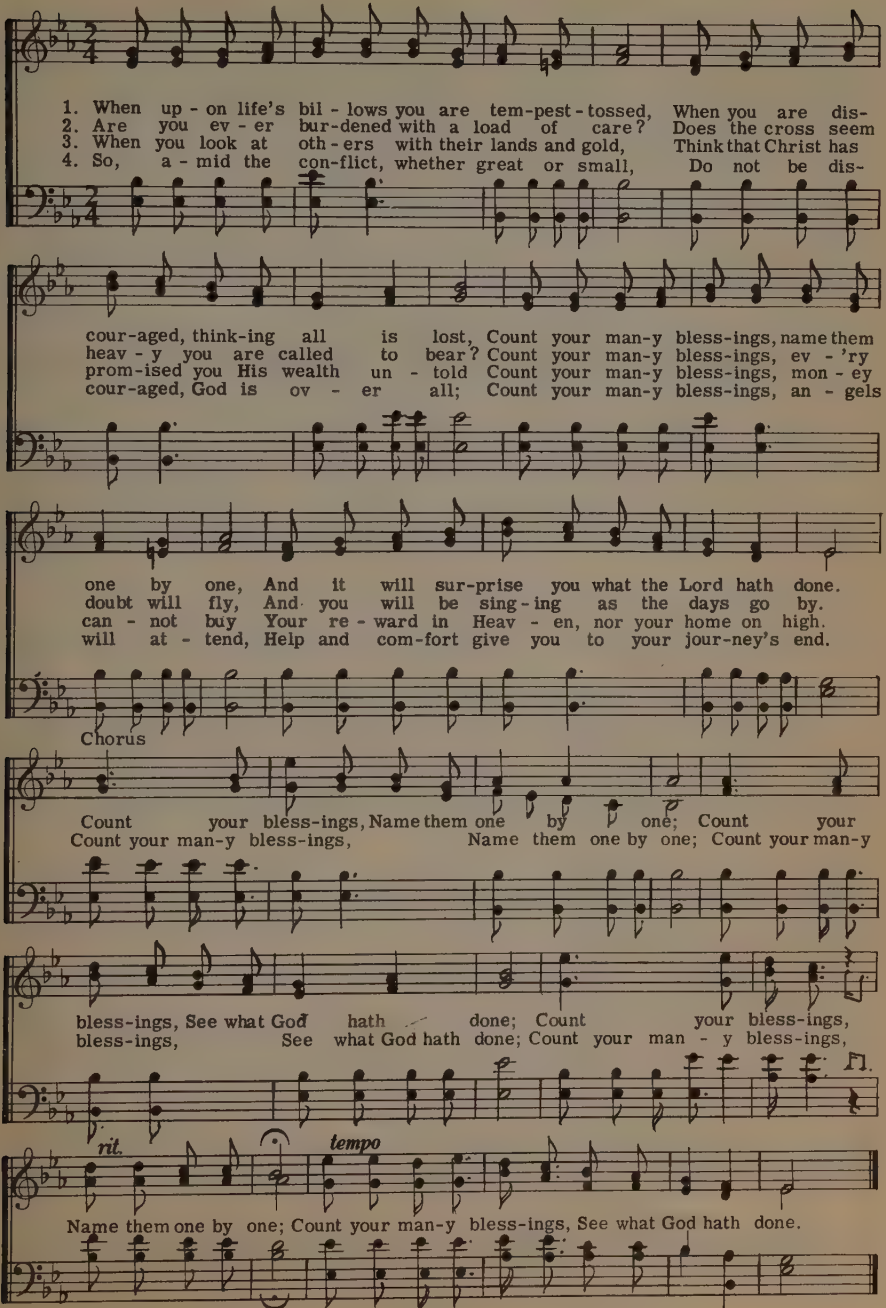
No. 66 Father, Lead Me.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS. (MERCY.) LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK.

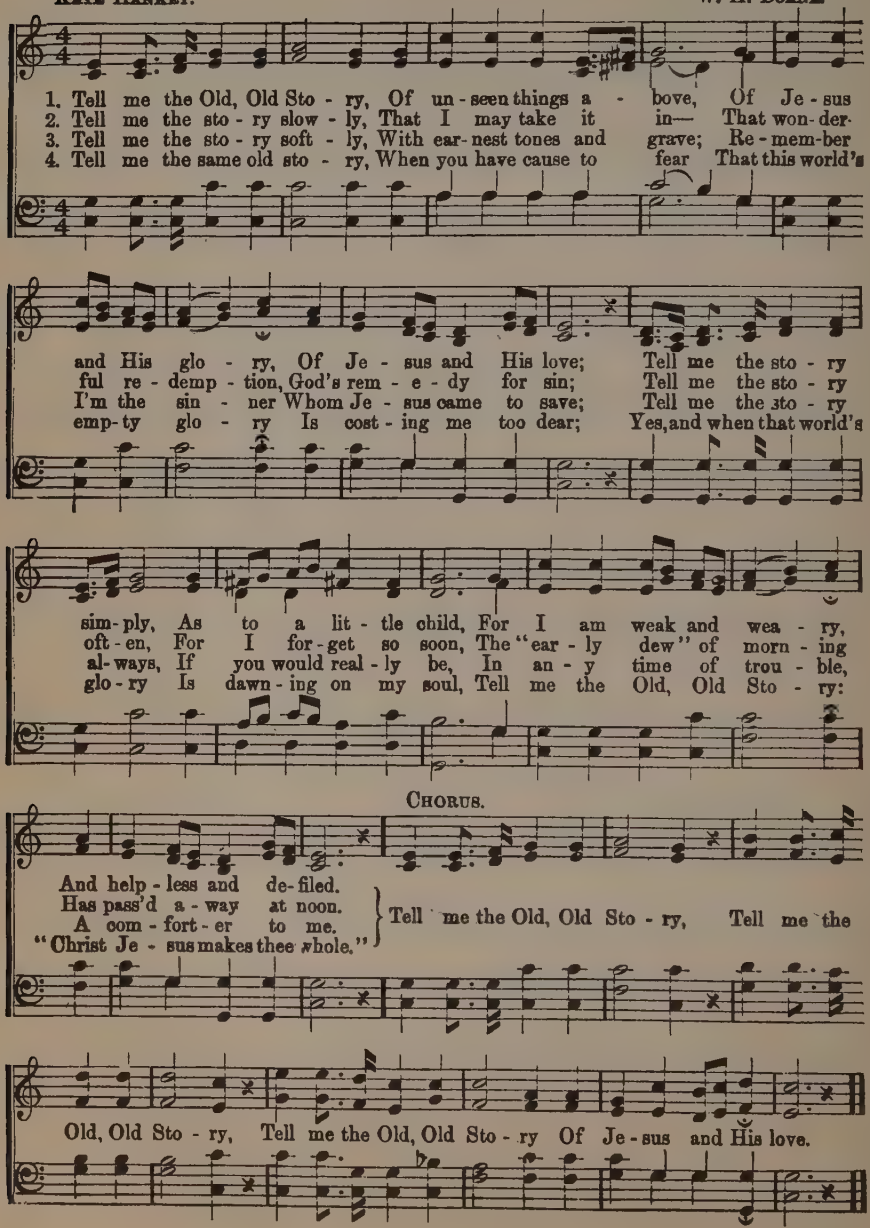

1. Fa-ther, lead me day by day, Ev-er in Thy right-eous way;
2. When in dan-ger make me brave, Make me know that Thou canst save;
3. When I'm tempt-ed to do wrong, Make me stead-fast, wise and strong;
Teach me to be pure and true, Show me what I ought to do.
Keep me ev-er by Thy side, Let me in Thy love a-bide.
And when all a-lone I stand, Shield me with Thy might-y hand.

No. 67 Count Your Blessings.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell


1. When up - on life's bil - lows you are tem-pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er bur-dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-
cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev - 'ry
prom-ised you His wealth un - told Count your man-y bless-ings, mon - ey
cour-aged, God is ov - er all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an - gels
one by one, And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re - ward in Heav - en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour-ney's end.
Chorus
Count your bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your
Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your man-y
bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,
bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your man - y bless-ings,
rit.
tempo
Name them one by one; Count your man-y bless-ings, See what God hath done.

No. 68 Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won - der-
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave; Re - mem - ber
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
emp-ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's
sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry,
oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing
al - ways, If you would real - ly be, In an - y time of trou - ble,
glo - ry Is dawn - ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry:
CHORUS.
And help - less and de - filed.
Has pass'd a - way at noon.
A com - fort - er to me.
"Christ Je - sus makes thee whole."
Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the
Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 69 A Song of Peace.

LLOYD STONE — JEAN SIBELIUS

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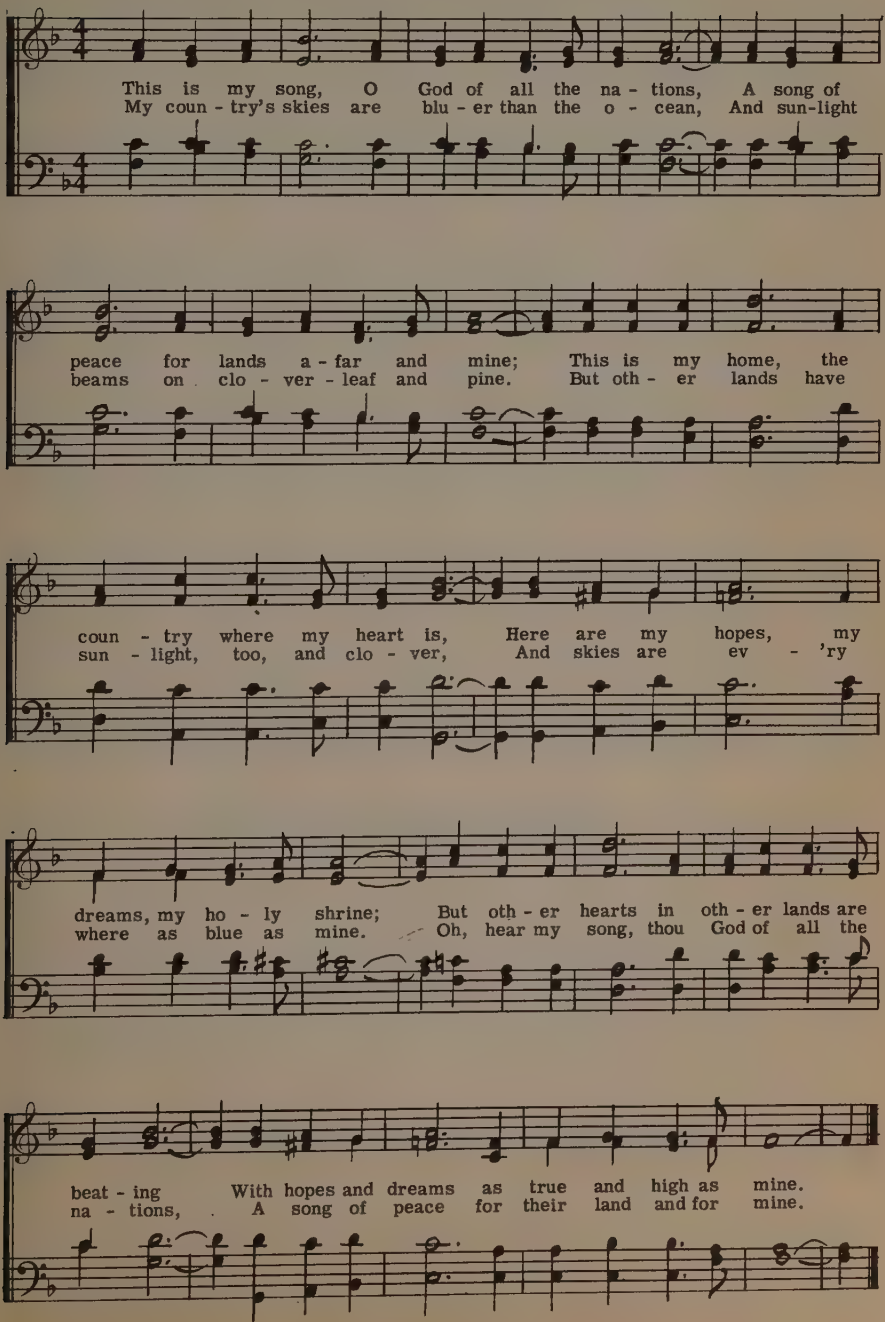
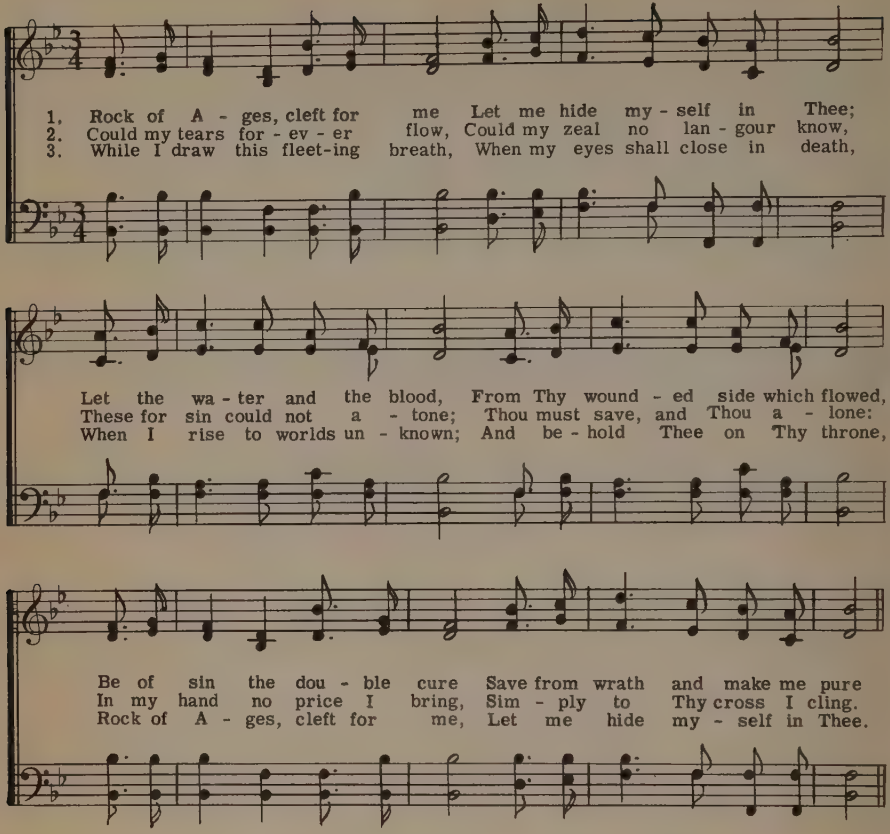

This is my song, O God of all the na - tions, A song of
My coun - try's skies are blu - er than the o - cean, And sun-light
peace for lands a - far and mine; This is my home, the
beams on clo - ver - leaf and pine. But oth - er lands have
coun - try where my heart is, Here are my hopes, my
sun - light, too, and clo - ver, And skies are ev - 'ry
dreams, my ho - ly shrine; But oth - er hearts in oth - er lands are
where as blue as mine. Oh, hear my song, thou God of all the
beat - ing With hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.
na - tions, A song of peace for their land and for mine.

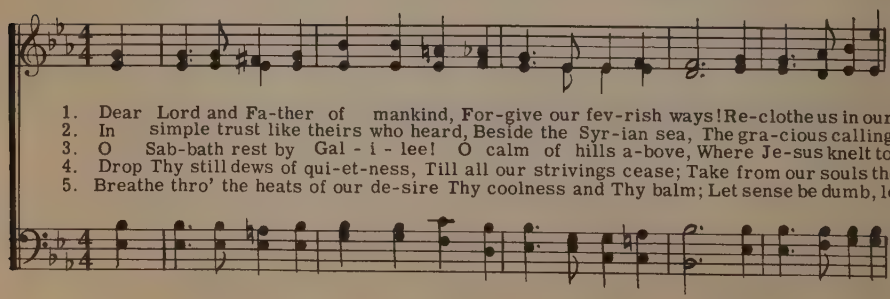
No. 70 Rock of Ages.

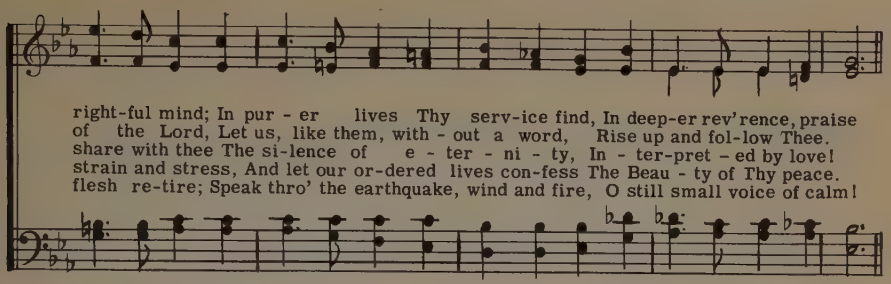
AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY — THOMAS HASTINGS


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - gour know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un - known; And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure Save from wrath and make me pure
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

No. 71 Dear Lord and Father of Mankind.

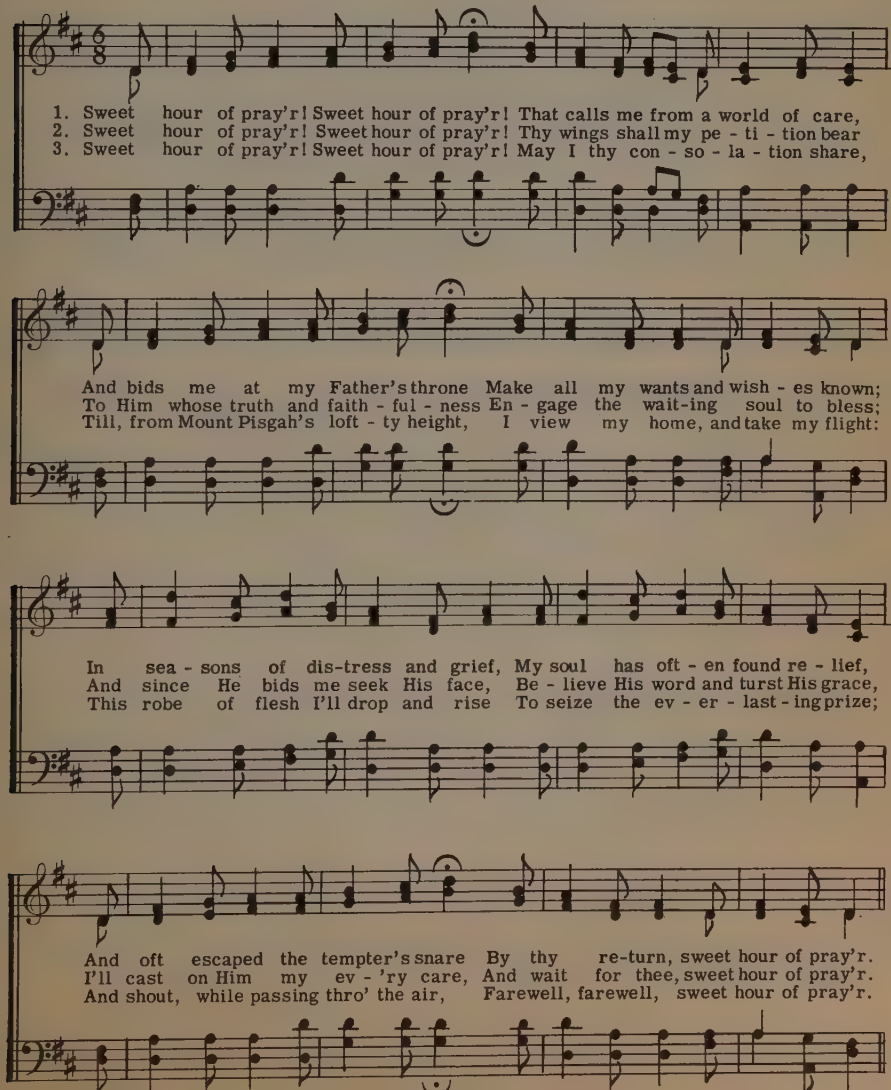
JOHN G. WHITTIER — FREDERICK G. MAKER


1. Dear Lord and Fa-ther of mankind, For-give our fev-rish ways! Re-clothe us in our
2. In simple trust like theirs who heard, Beside the Syr-ian sea, The gra-cious calling
3. O Sab-bath rest by Gal - i - lee! O calm of hills a-bove, Where Je-sus knelt to
4. Drop Thy still dews of qui-et-ness, Till all our strivings cease; Take from our souls the
5. Breathe thro' the heats of our de-sire Thy coolness and Thy balm; Let sense be dumb, let


right-ful mind; In pur - er lives Thy serv-ice find, In deep-er rev'rence, praise
of the Lord, Let us, like them, with - out a word, Rise up and fol-low Thee.
share with thee The si-lence of e - ter - ni - ty, In - ter-pret - ed by love!
strain and stress, And let our or-dered lives con-fess The Beau - ty of Thy peace.
flesh re-tire; Speak thro' the earthquake, wind and fire, O still small voice of calm!

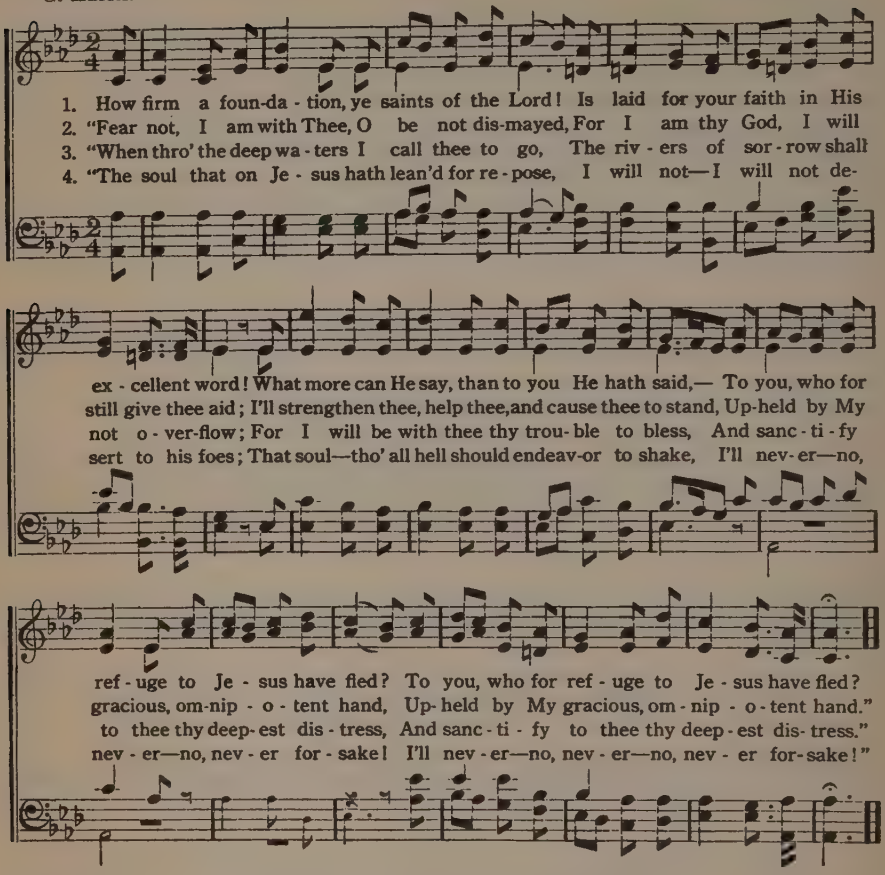
No. 72 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford — Wm. B. Bradbury


1. Sweet hour of pray'r! Sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! Sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! Sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con - so - la - tion share,
And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known;
To Him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait-ing soul to bless;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's loft - ty height, I view my home, and take my flight:
In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word and turst His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

No. 73 How Firm a Foundation.

G. KEITH. M. PORTOGALLO.


1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with Thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor - row shall
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath lean'd for re - pose, I will not—I will not de-
ex - cellent word! What more can He say, than to you He hath said,— To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by My
not o - ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy trou-ble to bless, And sanc - ti - fy
sert to his foes; That soul—tho' all hell should endeav-or to shake, I'll nev-er—no,
ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
gracious, om-nip - o - tent hand, Up-held by My gracious, om - nip - o - tent hand."
to thee thy deep-est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress."
nev - er—no, nev - er for - sake! I'll nev - er—no, nev - er—no, nev - er for-sake!"

No. 74 Onward, Worthy Grangers.

(Tune—"Onward, Christian Soldiers." No. 65)

1 Onward, worthy Grangers,
Keep the standard high.
Through there may be dangers,
Still on God rely.
Until every farmer
Shall a Granger be,
Onward, Grangers, ever
On to victory.

Chorus

Onward, Grangers, onward,
On to victory—
On, till every farmer
Shall a Granger be.

2 Onward, sisters, brothers,
In the glowing light,
Cheering, guiding others,
Making paths more bright.
Till we know that "Granger"
Is a precious word
To the lonely stranger
Wheresoever heard.

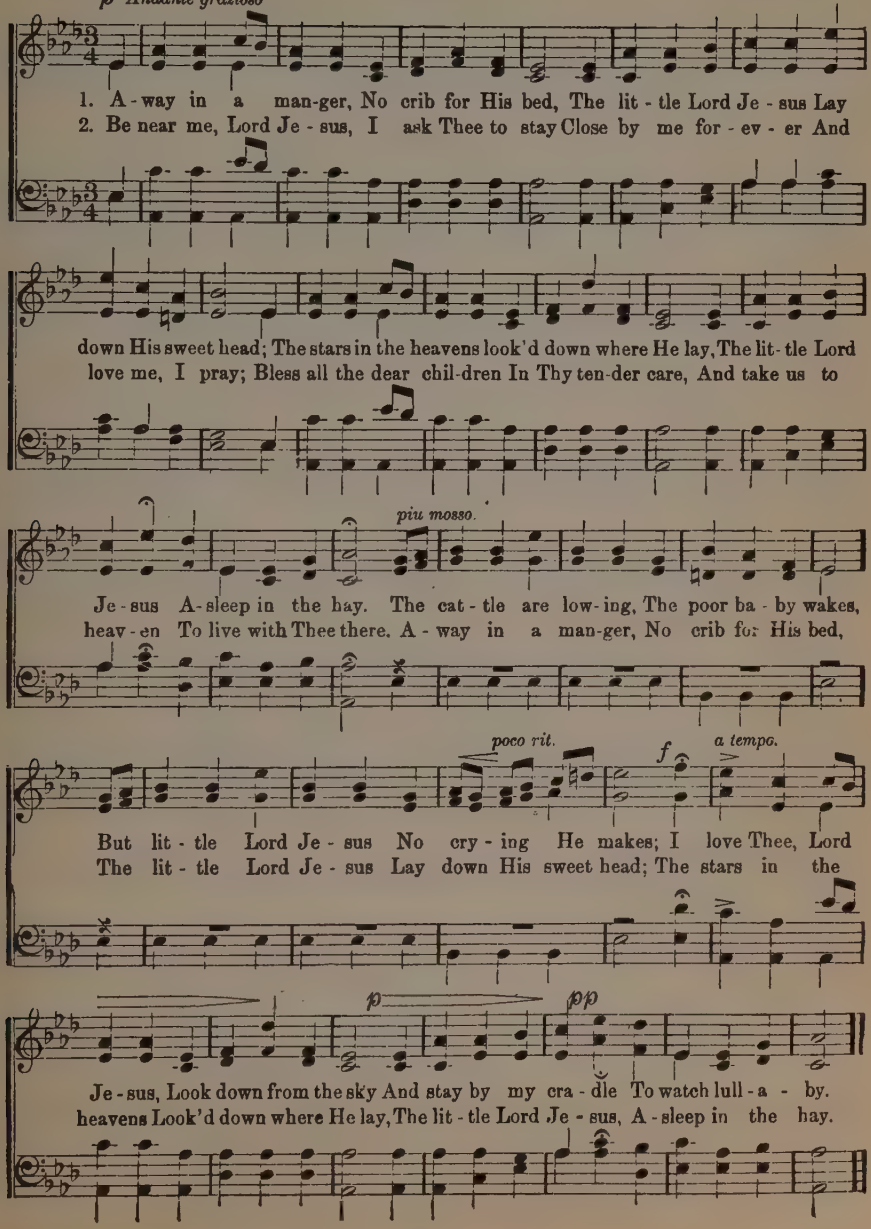
3 Onward, strangers greeting
With a friendly call,
Till each Grange be meeting
In its own Grange hall;
Keep our order growing
For our country's good,
Ever clearly showing
Light of brotherhood.

No. 75 Cradle Hymn.

MARTIN LUTHER.
(Written for his children.)

Christmas Song

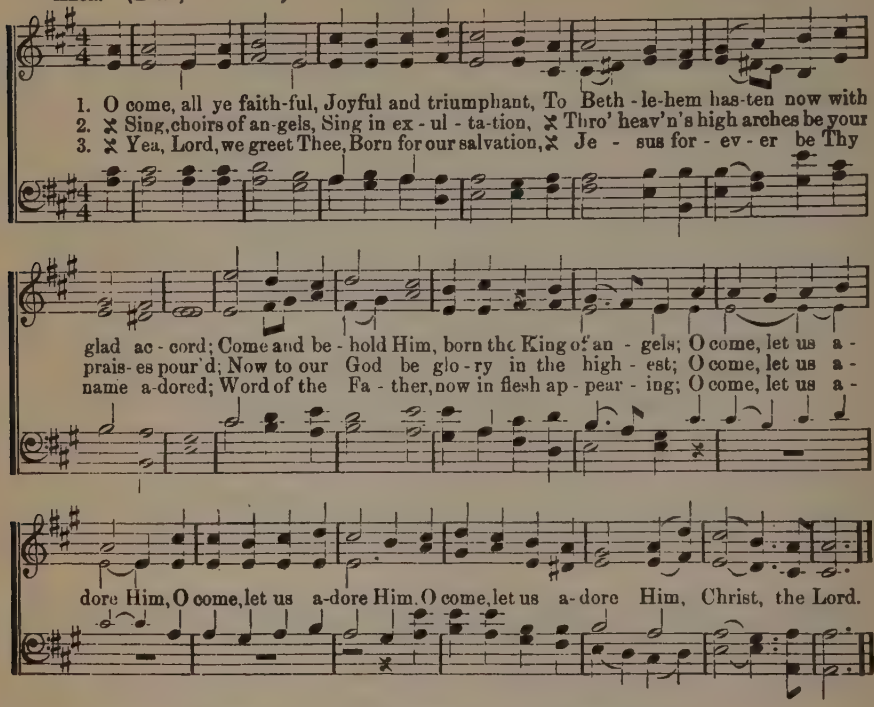
J. E. SPILMAN.


p Andante grazioso
1. A - way in a man-ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus Lay
2. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for - ev - er And
down His sweet head; The stars in the heavens look'd down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord
love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil-dren In Thy ten-der care, And take us to
più mosso.
Je - sus A - sleep in the hay. The cat - tle are low - ing, The poor ba - by wakes,
heav - en To live with Thee there. A - way in a man-ger, No crib for His bed,
poco rit.
f
a tempo.
But lit - tle Lord Je - sus No cry - ing He makes; I love Thee, Lord
The lit - tle Lord Je - sus Lay down His sweet head; The stars in the
p
pp
Je - sus, Look down from the sky And stay by my cra - dle To watch lull - a - by.
heavens Look'd down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep in the hay.

No. 76 O Come, All Ye Faithful.

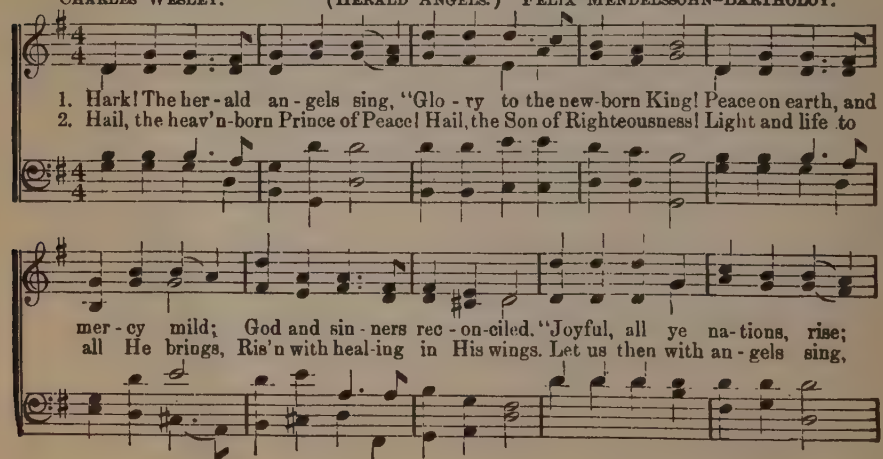
(ADESTE FIDELES.)

Anon. (Latin, 17th Cent.) Tr. F. OAKELEY. JOHN READING

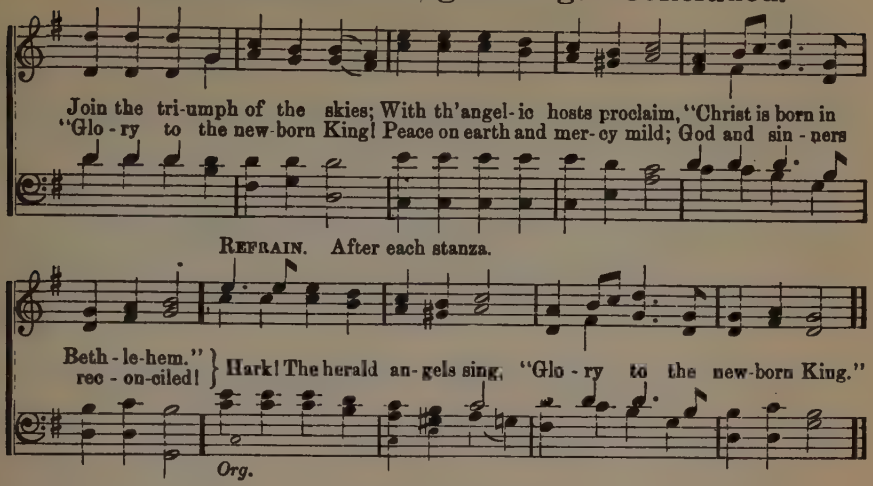

1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joyful and triumphant, To Beth-le-hem has-ten now with
2. Sing, choirs of an-gels, Sing in ex-ul-ta-tion, Thro' heav'n's high arches be your
3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born for our salvation, Je-sus for-ev-er be Thy
glad ac-cord; Come and be-hold Him, born the King of an-gels; O come, let us a-
prais-es pour'd; Now to our God be glo-ry in the high-est; O come, let us a-
name a-dored; Word of the Fa-ther, now in flesh ap-pear-ing; O come, let us a-
dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ, the Lord.

No. 77 Hark! The Herald Angels Sing.

CHARLES WESLEY. (HERALD ANGELS.) FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

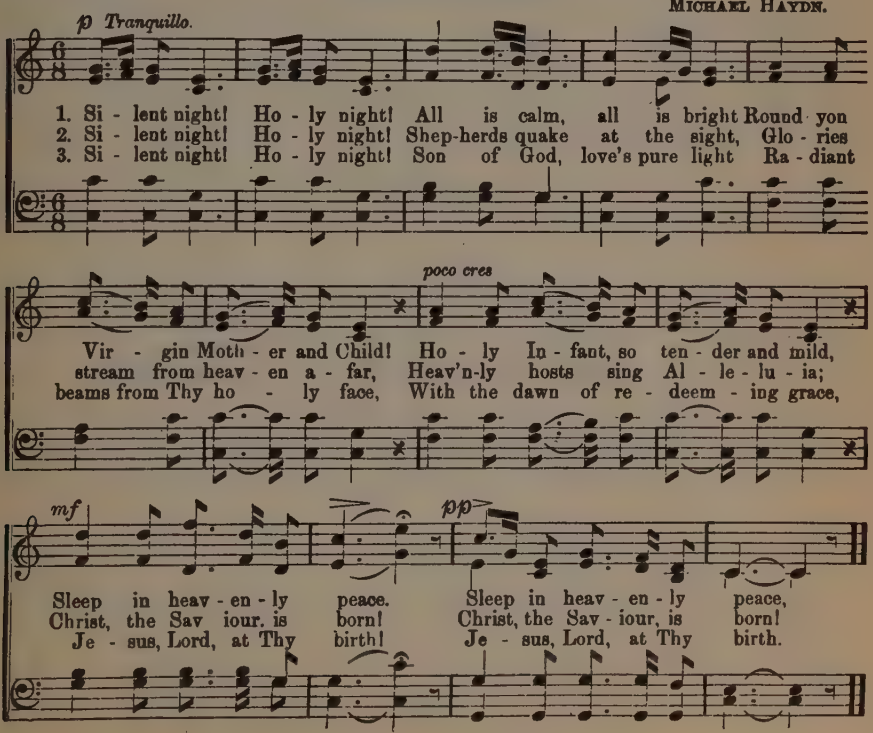

1. Hark! The her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and
2. Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Son of Righteousness! Light and life to
mer-cy mild; God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled. "Joyful, all ye na-tions, rise;
all He brings, Ris'n with heal-ing in His wings. Let us then with an-gels sing,

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing.—Concluded.


Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th'angel-ic hosts proclaim, "Christ is born in
"Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth and mer-cy mild; God and sin-ners
REFRAIN. After each stanza.
Beth-le-hem."
rec-on-ciled!
Hark! The herald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King."
Org.

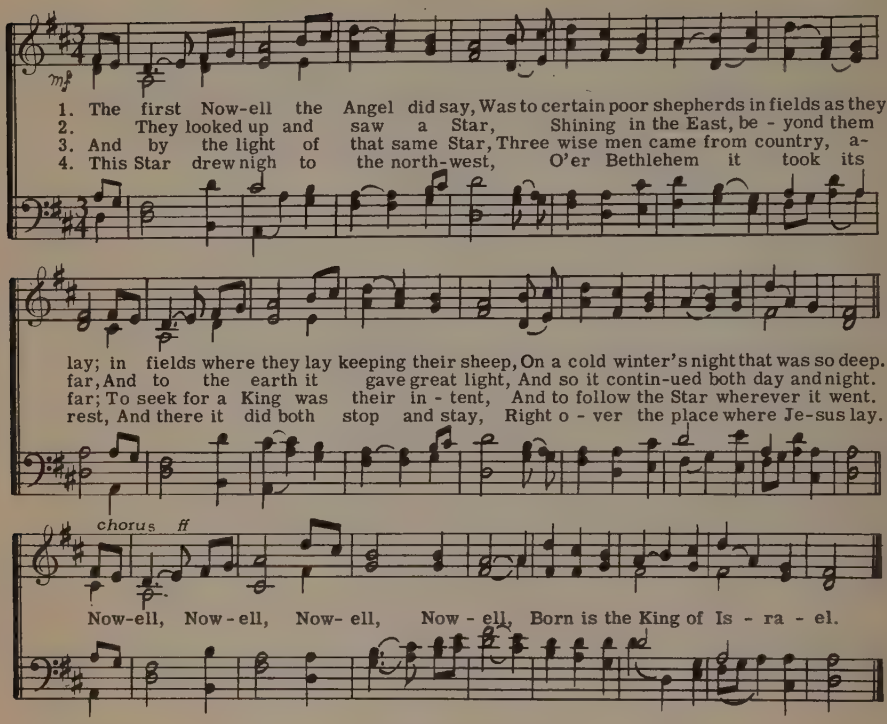
No. 78 Silent Night.

MICHAEL HAYDN.


p Tranquillo.
1. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! All is calm, all is bright Round yon
2. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! Shep-herds quake at the sight, Glo-ries
3. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Ra-diant
poco cres
Vir-gin Moth-er and Child! Ho-ly In-fant, so ten-der and mild,
stream from heav-en a-far, Heav'n-ly hosts sing Al-le-lu-ia;
beams from Thy ho-ly face, With the dawn of re-deem-ing grace,
mf
pp
Sleep in heav-en-ly peace. Sleep in heav-en-ly peace,
Christ, the Sav iour, is born! Christ, the Sav-iour, is born!
Je-sus, Lord, at Thy birth! Je-sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

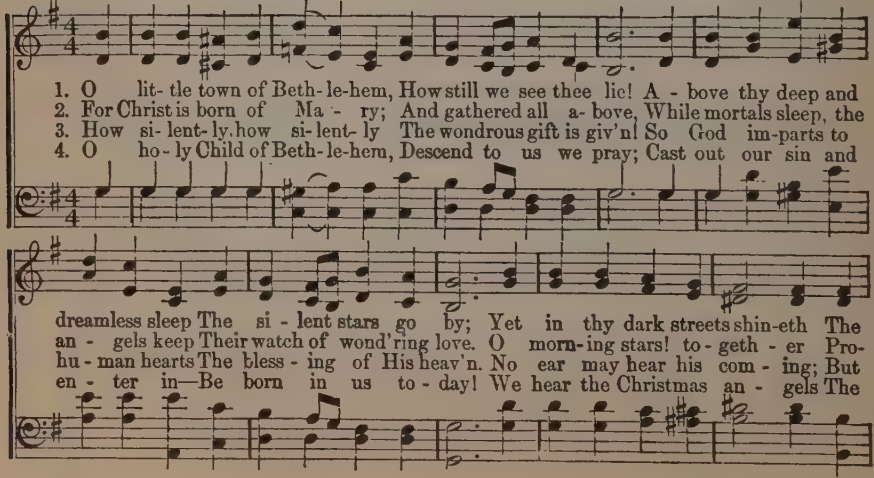
No. 79 The First Nowell.

Traditional

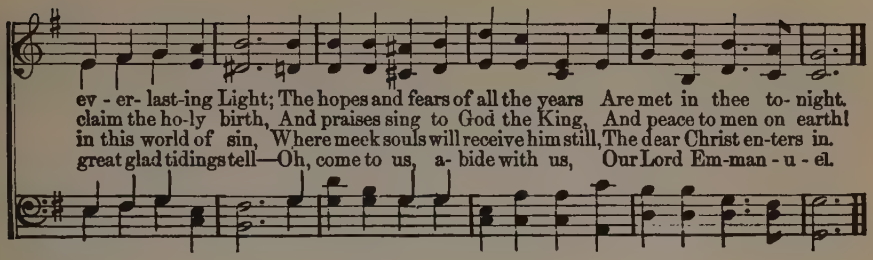

mf
1. The first Now-ell the Angel did say, Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they
2. They looked up and saw a Star, Shining in the East, be - yond them
3. And by the light of that same Star, Three wise men came from country, a-
4. This Star drew nigh to the north-west, O'er Bethlehem it took its
lay; in fields where they lay keeping their sheep, On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
far, And to the earth it gave great light, And so it contin-ued both day and night.
far; To seek for a King was their in - tent, And to follow the Star wherever it went.
rest, And there it did both stop and stay, Right o - ver the place where Je-sus lay.
chorus ff
Now-ell, Now - ell, Now- ell, Now - ell, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

No. 80 O Little Town.

PHILLIPS BROOKS. LEWIS H. REDNER.

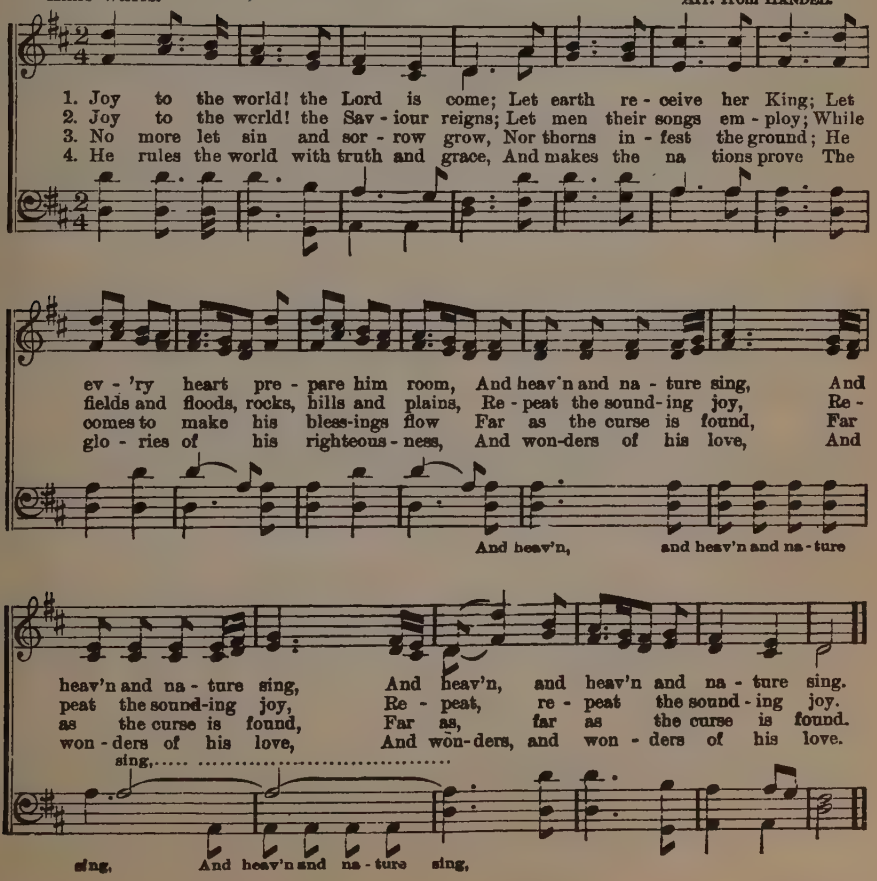

1. O lit- tle town of Beth- le-hem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gathered all a- bove, While mortals sleep, the
3. How si- lent- ly, how si- lent- ly The wondrous gift is giv'n! So God im-parts to
4. O ho- ly Child of Beth- le-hem, Descend to us we pray; Cast out our sin and
dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin-eth The
an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love. O morn-ing stars! to - geth - er Pro-
hu - man hearts The bless - ing of His heav'n. No ear may hear his com - ing; But
en - ter in—Be born in us to - day! We hear the Christmas an - gels The

O Little Town.—Concluded.


ev - er- last-ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to- night.
claim the ho-ly birth, And praises sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth!
in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive him still, The dear Christ en-ters in.
great glad tidings tell—Oh, come to us, a- bide with us, Our Lord Em-man - u - el.

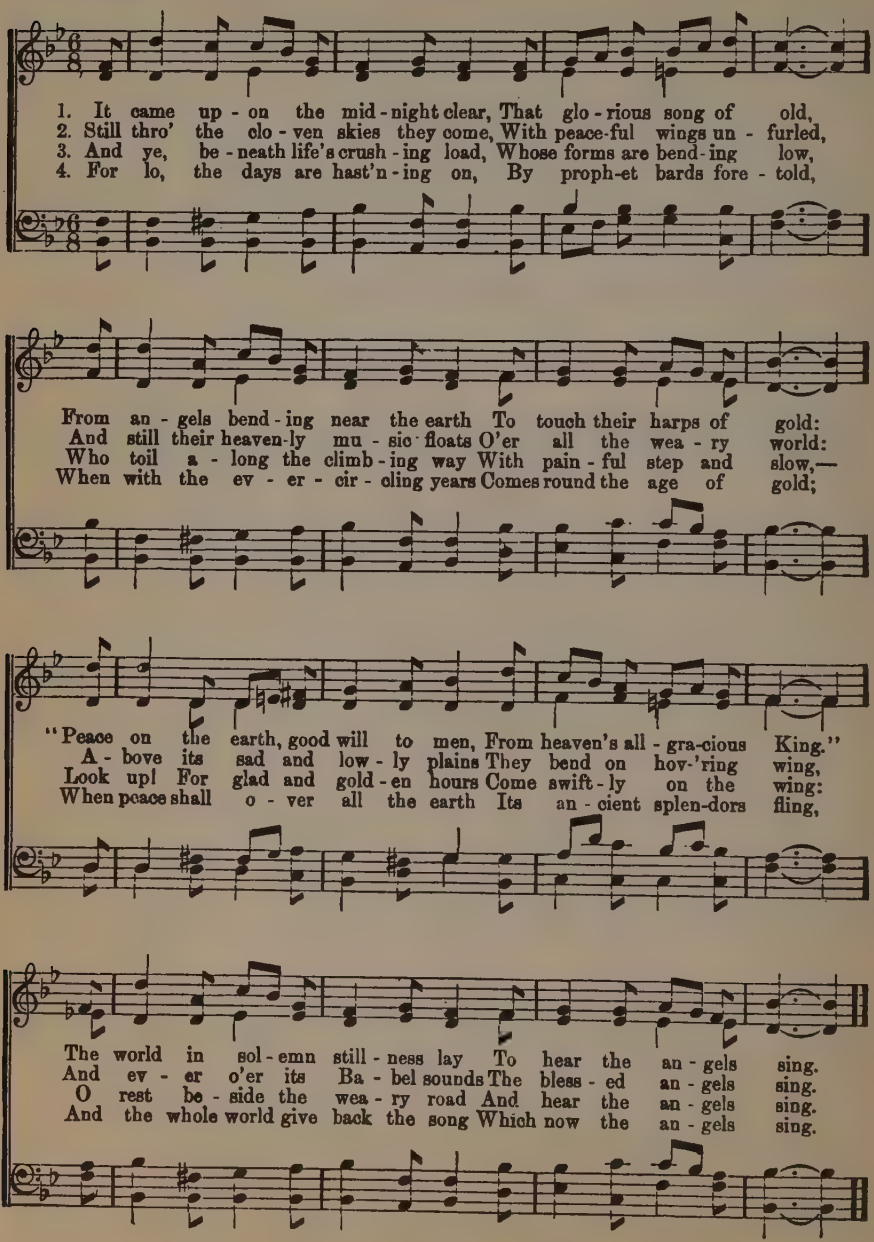
No. 81 Joy to the World!

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. from HANDEL.


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - iour reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy; While
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na tions prove The
ev - 'ry heart pre - pare him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re -
comes to make his bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
glo - ries of his righteous - ness, And won-ders of his love, And
And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture
heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
won - ders of his love, And won-ders, and won - ders of his love.
sing,
sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing,

No. 82 It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

Rev. Edmund H. Sears (Carol.) Richard S. Willis.


1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled,
3. And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,
4. For lo, the days are hast'n - ing on, By proph-et bards fore - told,
From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heaven-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world:
Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful step and slow,—
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heaven's all - gra-cious King."
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov-'ring wing,
Look up! For glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing:
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen-dors fling,
The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
O rest be - side the wea - ry road And hear the an - gels sing.
And the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

No. 83 Gimme Dat Ol' Time Religion.

Negro Spiritual

Arr. by J. Rosamond Johnson

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FERVENTLY

Gim - me dat ol' - time re - lig - ion, gim - me dat ol' - time re-

lig - ion, gim-me dat ol' - time re - lig - ion, It's good e-nough for

1. It was good for de He - brew
2. It will do when de world's on

me. O gim - me dat me

Humming

chil-dren, It was good for de He - brew chil-dren It was good for de He - brew
fi - ah, It will do when de world's on fi - ah, It will do when de world's on

chil-dren, *Humming* chil-dren, Good for de He-brew
fi - ah, fi - ah, do when de world's on

chil-dren, An' it's good e - nough for me.
fi - ah, An' it's good e - nough for me.

D.S. al fine ad lib

chil - dren, An' it's good e - nough for me. O gim - me dat
fi - ah,

No. 84 It's Me O Lord.

Negro Spiritual

Arr. by J. Rosamond Johnson

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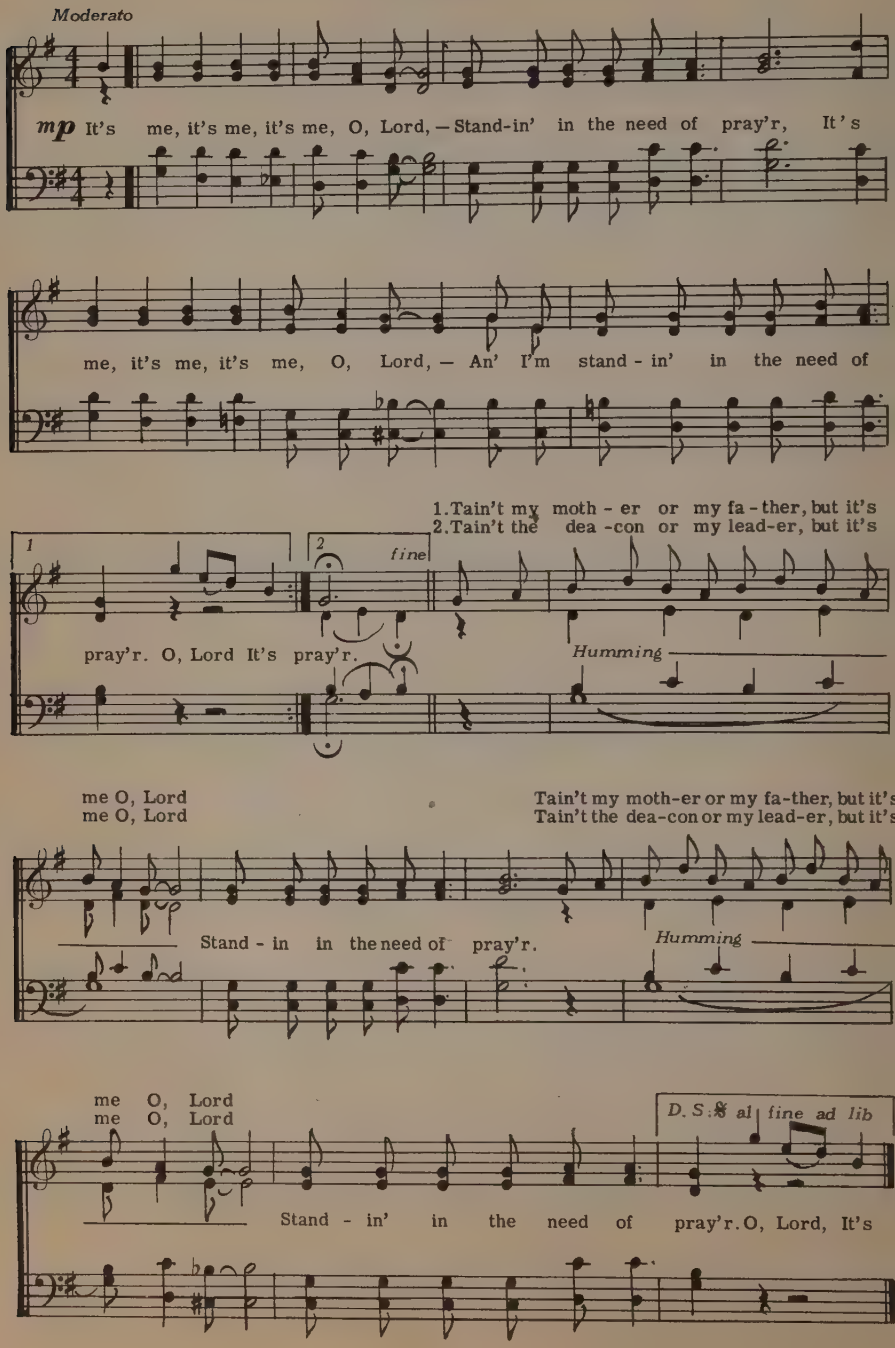
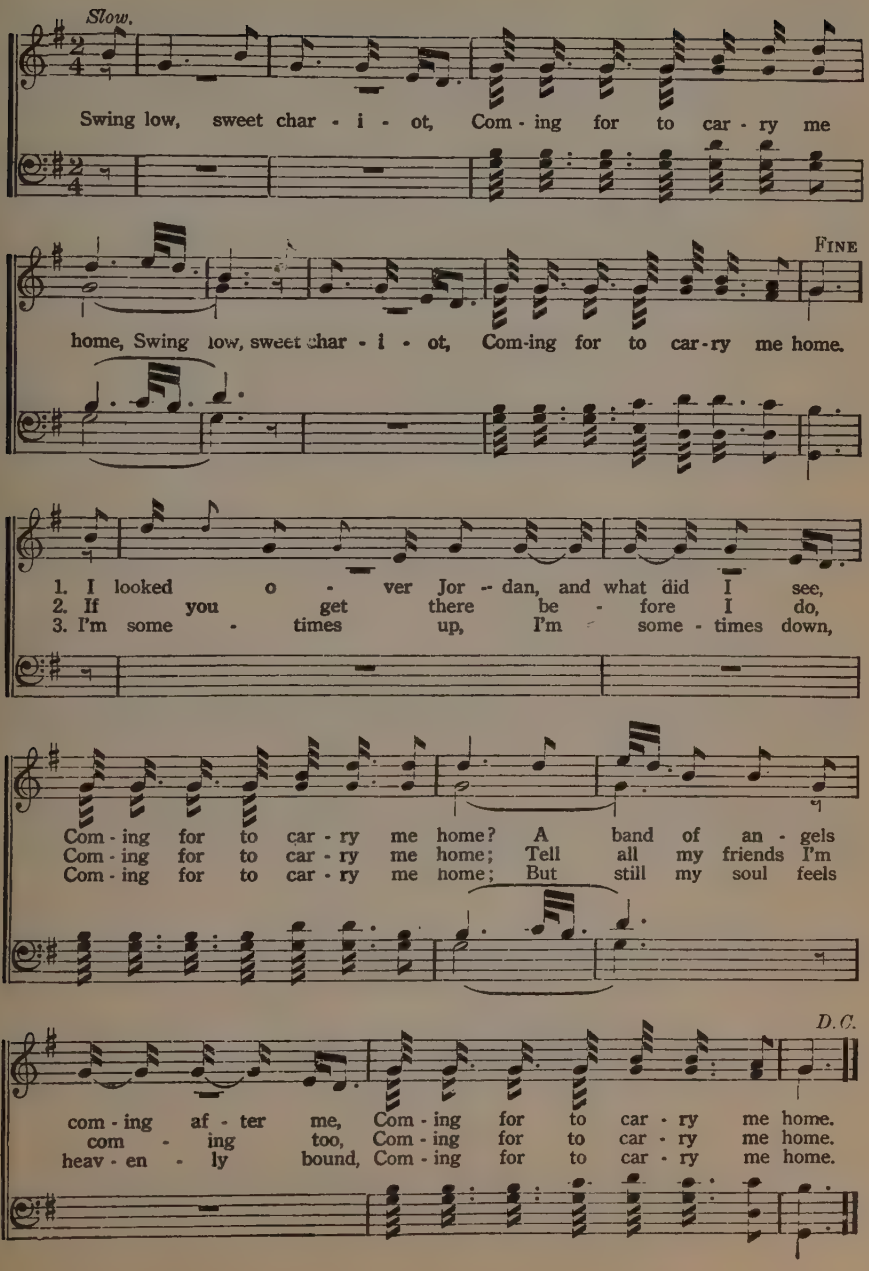
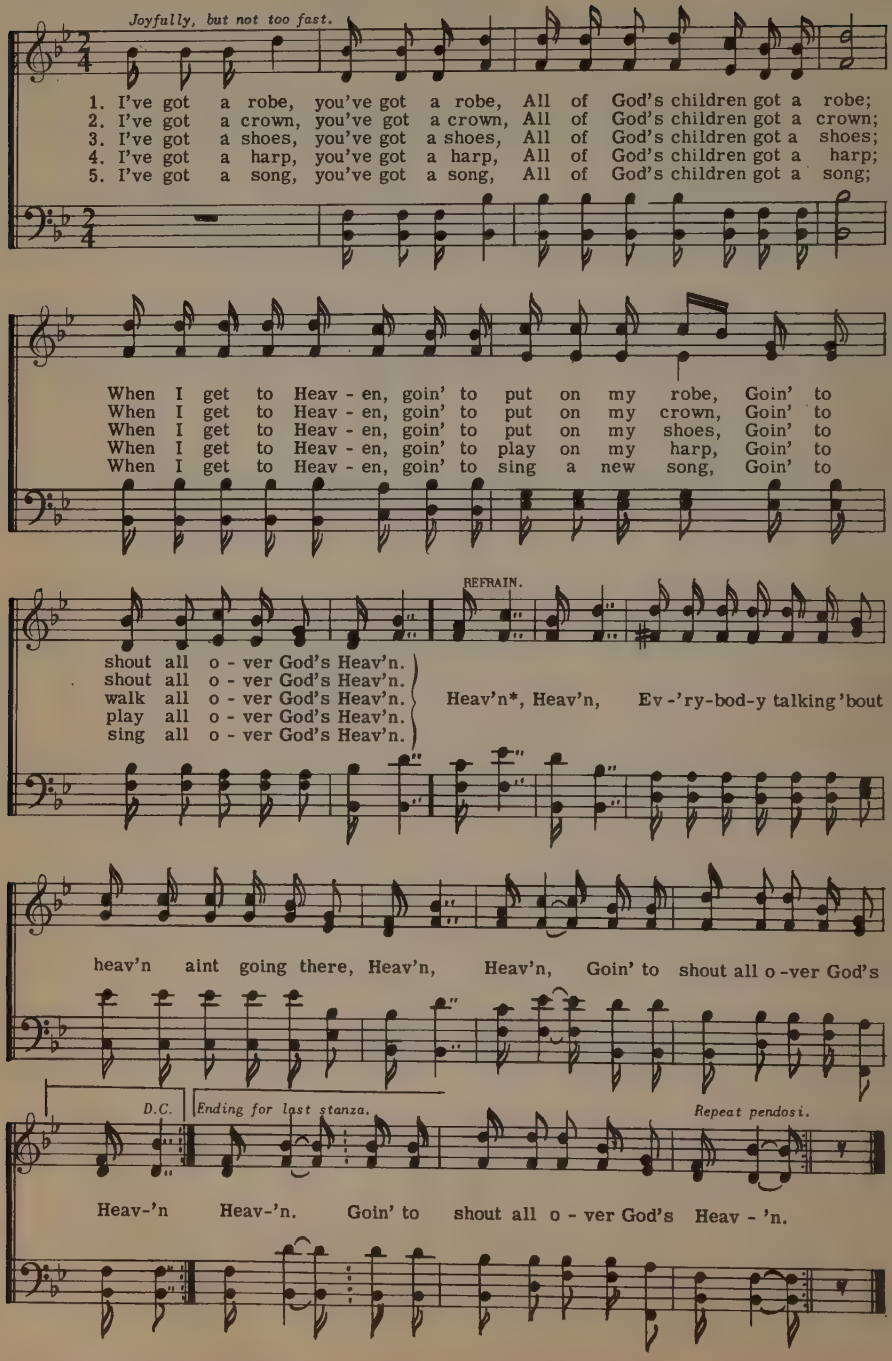

Moderato
mp It's me, it's me, it's me, O, Lord, — Stand-in' in the need of pray'r, It's
me, it's me, it's me, O, Lord, — An' I'm stand - in' in the need of
1. Tain't my moth - er or my fa - ther, but it's
2. Tain't the dea - con or my lead-er, but it's
1
2
fine
pray'r. O, Lord It's pray'r.
Humming
me O, Lord
me O, Lord
Tain't my moth-er or my fa-ther, but it's
Tain't the dea-con or my lead-er, but it's
Stand - in in the need of pray'r.
Humming
me O, Lord
me O, Lord
D. S. % al fine ad lib
Stand - in' in the need of pray'r. O, Lord, It's

No. 85 Swing Low.

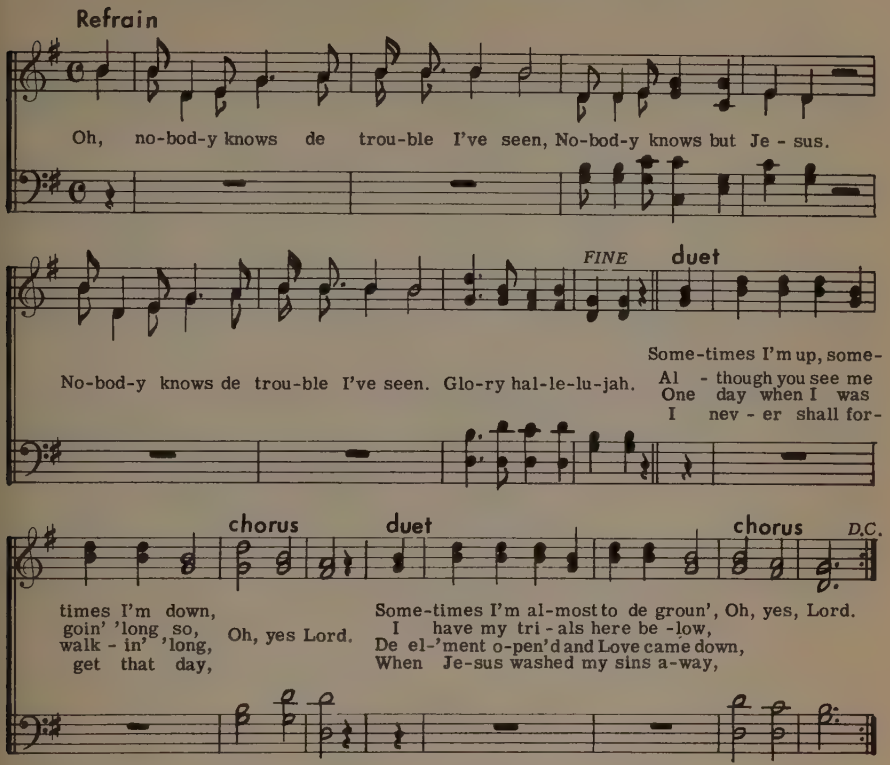

Slow.
Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me
FINE
home, Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.
1. I looked o - ver Jor -- dan, and what did I see,
2. If you get there be - fore I do,
3. I'm some - times up, I'm some - times down,
Com - ing for to car - ry me home? A band of an - gels
Com - ing for to car - ry me home; Tell all my friends I'm
Com - ing for to car - ry me home; But still my soul feels
D.C.
com - ing af - ter me, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
com - ing too, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
heav - en - ly bound, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

No. 86 Heav'n, Heav'n.


Joyfully, but not too fast.
1. I've got a robe, you've got a robe, All of God's children got a robe;
2. I've got a crown, you've got a crown, All of God's children got a crown;
3. I've got a shoes, you've got a shoes, All of God's children got a shoes;
4. I've got a harp, you've got a harp, All of God's children got a harp;
5. I've got a song, you've got a song, All of God's children got a song;
When I get to Heav - en, goin' to put on my robe, Goin' to
When I get to Heav - en, goin' to put on my crown, Goin' to
When I get to Heav - en, goin' to put on my shoes, Goin' to
When I get to Heav - en, goin' to play on my harp, Goin' to
When I get to Heav - en, goin' to sing a new song, Goin' to
REFRAIN.
shout all o - ver God's Heav'n.
shout all o - ver God's Heav'n.
walk all o - ver God's Heav'n.
play all o - ver God's Heav'n.
sing all o - ver God's Heav'n.
Heav'n*, Heav'n, Ev -'ry-bod-y talking 'bout
heav'n aint going there, Heav'n, Heav'n, Goin' to shout all o -ver God's
D.C.
Ending for last stanza.
Repeat pendosi.
Heav-'n Heav-'n. Goin' to shout all o - ver God's Heav - 'n.

*Let the last syllable of heav'n be a hum.

No. 87 Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen.


Refrain
Oh, no-bod-y knows de trou-ble I've seen, No-bod-y knows but Je - sus.
FINE
duet
No-bod-y knows de trou-ble I've seen. Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah.
Some-times I'm up, some-
Al - though you see me
One day when I was
I nev - er shall for-
chorus
duet
chorus
D.C.
times I'm down,
goin' 'long so,
walk - in' 'long,
get that day,
Oh, yes Lord.
Some-times I'm al-most to de groun', Oh, yes, Lord.
I have my tri - als here be - low,
De el-'ment o-pen'd and Love came down,
When Je-sus washed my sins a-way,

No. 88 God Bless America.

God Bless America
Land that I love
Stand beside her and guide her
Thru the night with a light from above
From the mountains to the prairies
To the oceans white with foam
God Bless America
My home sweet home
God Bless America
My Home Sweet Home

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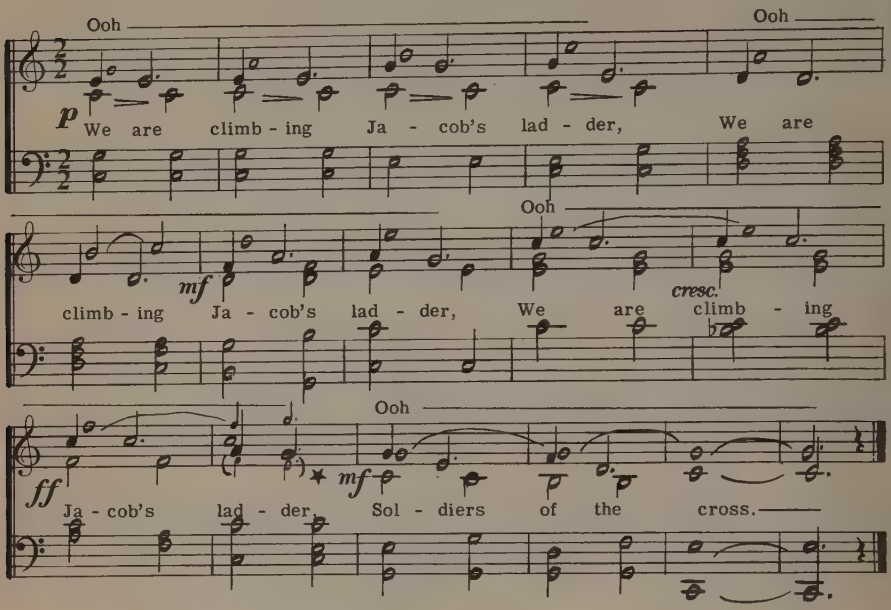
No. 89 Jacob's Ladder.

Spiritual

Arr. by A. D. Z.

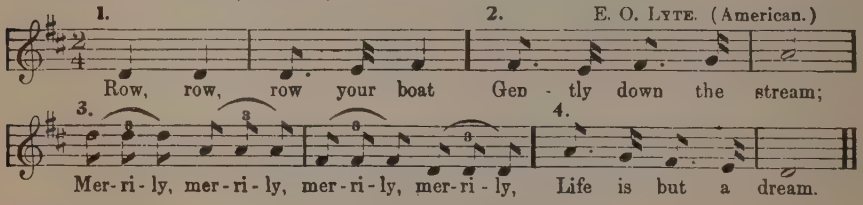
Copyright, 1949, by Augustus D. Zanzig



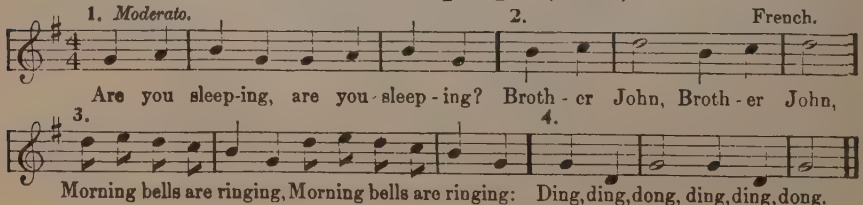
2. Ev'ry round goes higher, higher, . . .
3. Sinner, do you love your Jesus? . . .
4. If you love him, why not serve him? . . .

NOTE: The added vocal part should be used only in the 2nd and 4th stanzas. Accompaniment for other stanzas should not include it.
★ In 1st and 3rd stanzas only.

No. 90 Row, Row, Row Your Boat (Round)



No. 91 Are You Sleeping? (Round.)


1. Moderato.
2.
French.
Are you sleep-ing, are you sleep-ing? Broth - er John, Broth - er John,
3.
4.
Morning bells are ringing, Morning bells are ringing: Ding, ding, dong, ding, ding, dong.

No. 92

Tenting To-night.

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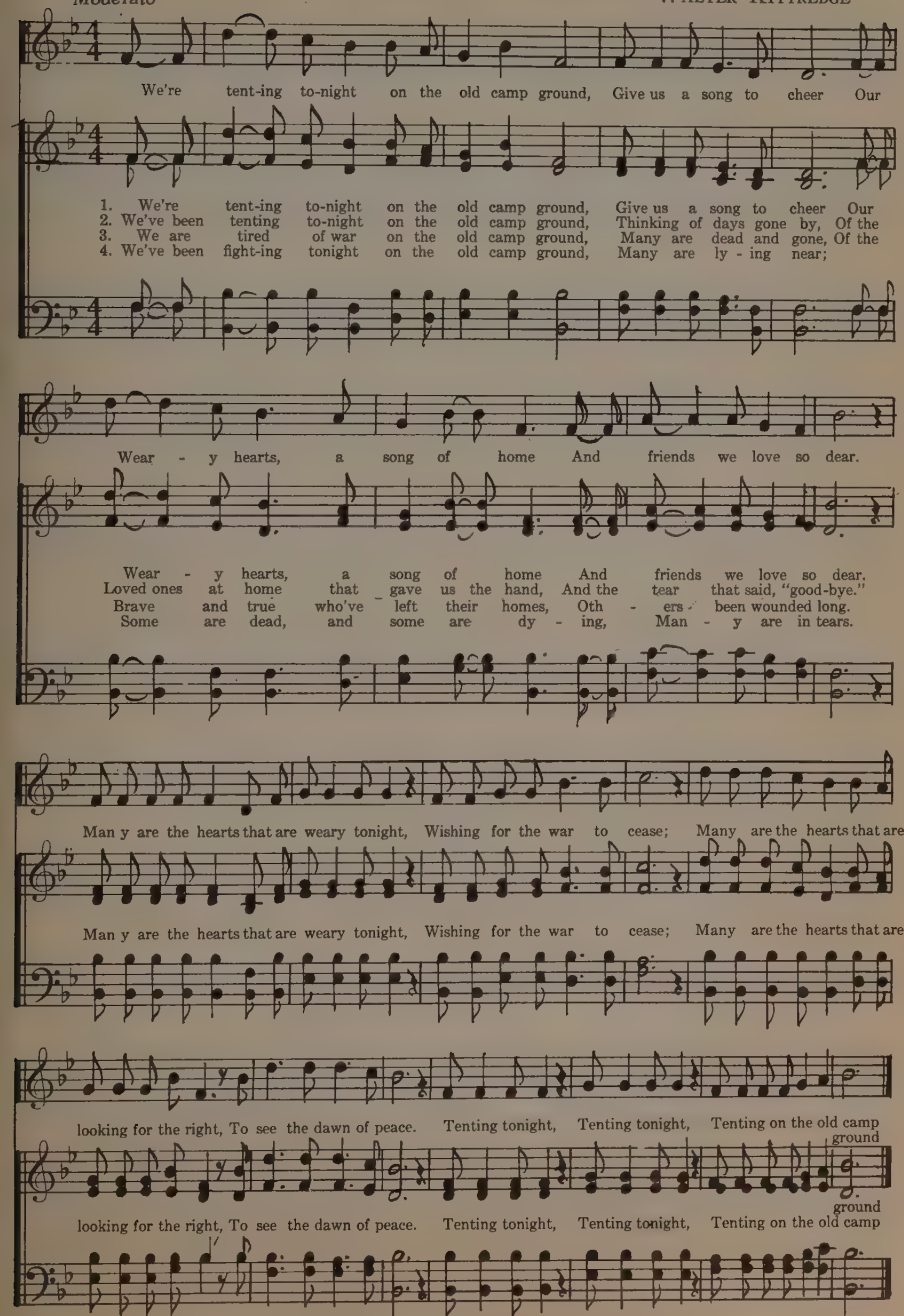
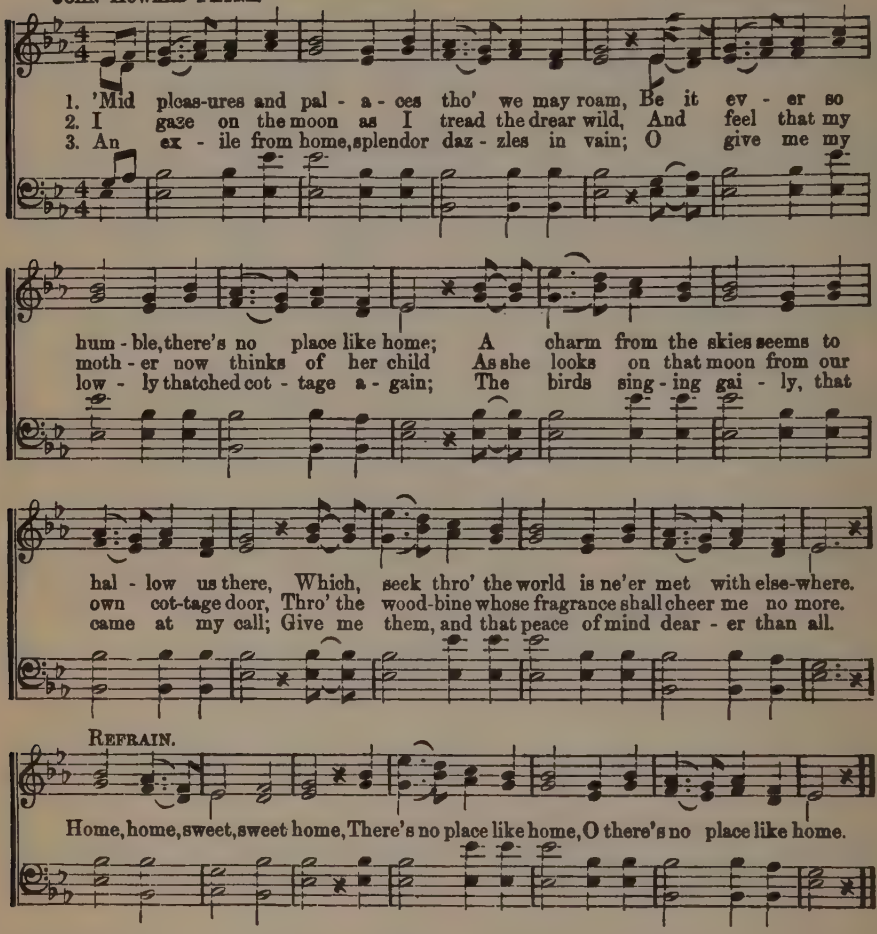
Moderato

WALTER KITTREDGE


We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our
1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our
2. We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the
3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Many are dead and gone, Of the
4. We've been fight-ing tonight on the old camp ground, Many are ly - ing near;
Wear - y hearts, a song of home And friends we love so dear.
Wear - y hearts, a song of home And friends we love so dear,
Loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said, "good-bye."
Brave and true who've left their homes, Oth - ers been wounded long.
Some are dead, and some are dy - ing, Man - y are in tears.
Man y are the hearts that are weary tonight, Wishing for the war to cease; Many are the hearts that are
Man y are the hearts that are weary tonight, Wishing for the war to cease; Many are the hearts that are
looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tenting tonight, Tenting tonight, Tenting on the old camp ground
looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tenting tonight, Tenting tonight, Tenting on the old camp

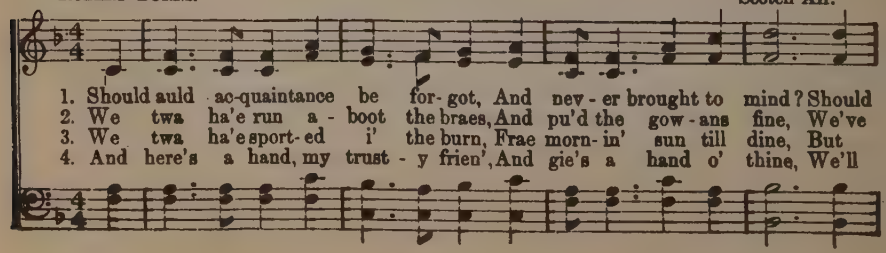
No. 93 Home, Sweet Home.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. Sir HENRY BISHOP.

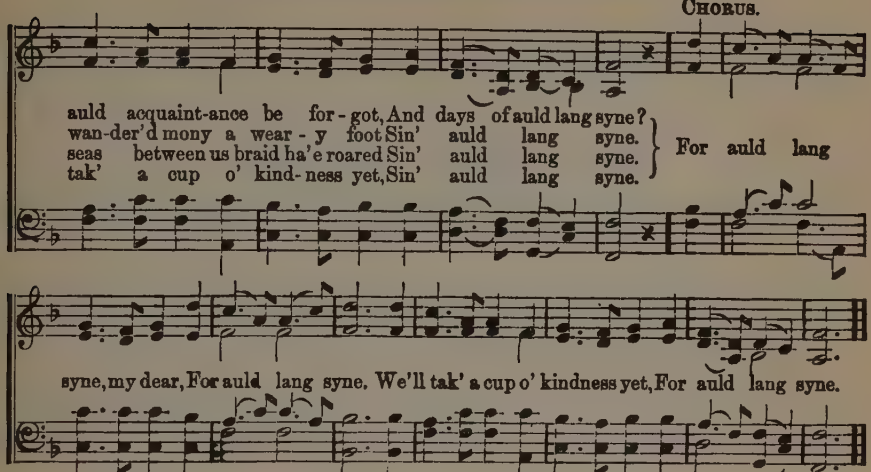

1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
3. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; O give me my
hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to
moth - er now thinks of her child As she looks on that moon from our
low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that
hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world is ne'er met with else-where.
own cot-tage door, Thro' the wood-bine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.
came at my call; Give me them, and that peace of mind dear - er than all.
REFRAIN.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, O there's no place like home.

No. 94 Auld Lang Syne.

ROBERT BURNS. Scotch Air.

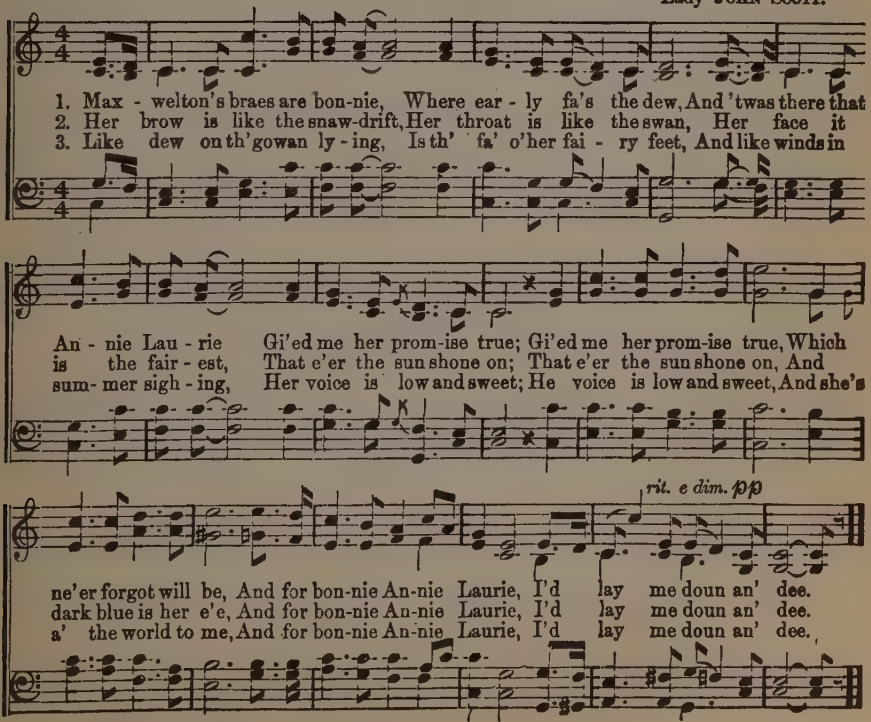

1. Should auld ac-quaintance be for- got, And nev - er brought to mind? Should
2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans fine, We've
3. We twa ha'e sport- ed i' the burn, Frae morn- in' sun till dine, But
4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine, We'll

Auld Lang Syne.—Concluded.


Chorus.
auld acquaint-ance be for - got, And days of auld lang syne?
wan-der'd mony a wear - y foot Sin' auld lang syne.
seas between us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang
syne, my dear, For auld lang syne. We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

No. 95 Annie Laurie.

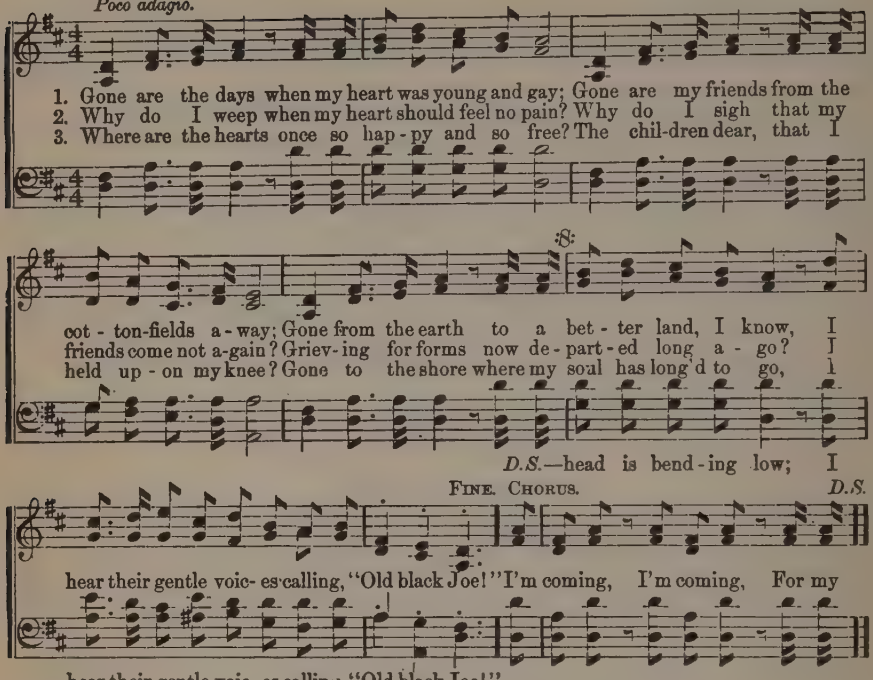
Lady John Scott.


1. Max - welton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan, Her face it
3. Like dew on th' gowan ly - ing, Is th' fa' o' her fai - ry feet, And like winds in
An - nie Lau - rie Gi'ed me her prom-ise true; Gi'ed me her prom-ise true, Which
is the fair - est, That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And
sum- mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet; He voice is low and sweet, And she's
rit. e dim. pp
ne'er forgot will be, And for bon-nie An-nie Laurie, I'd lay me doun an' dee.
dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An-nie Laurie, I'd lay me doun an' dee.
a' the world to me, And for bon-nie An-nie Laurie, I'd lay me doun an' dee.

No. 96 Old Black Joe.

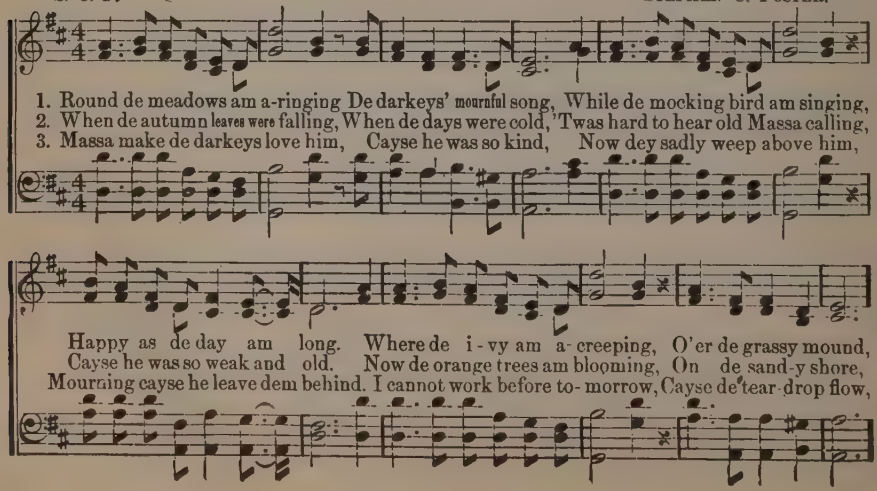
S. C. F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Poco adagio.

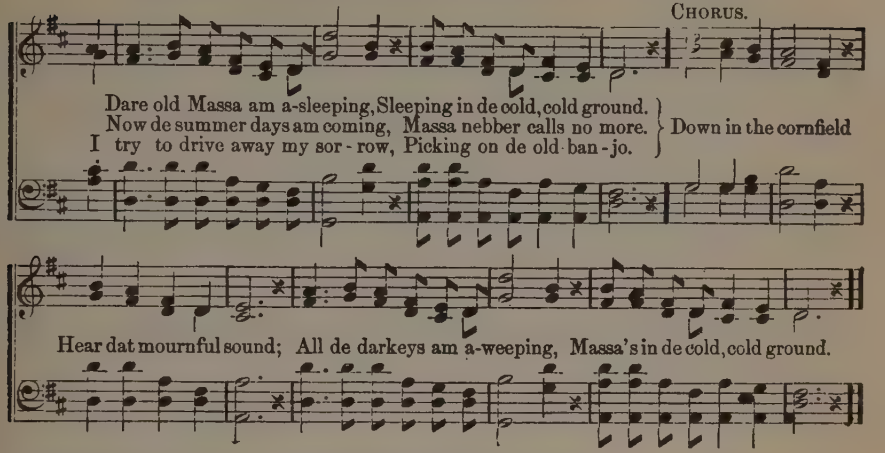

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
3. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free? The chil-dren dear, that I
:S:
cot-ton-fields a-way; Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land, I know, I
friends come not a-gain? Griev-ing for forms now de-part-ed long a-go? I
held up-on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I
D.S.—head is bend-ing low; I
FINE. CHORUS.
D.S.
hear their gentle voic-es calling, "Old black Joe!" I'm coming, I'm coming, For my
hear their gentle voic-es calling, "Old black Joe!"

No. 97 Massa's in the Cold Ground.

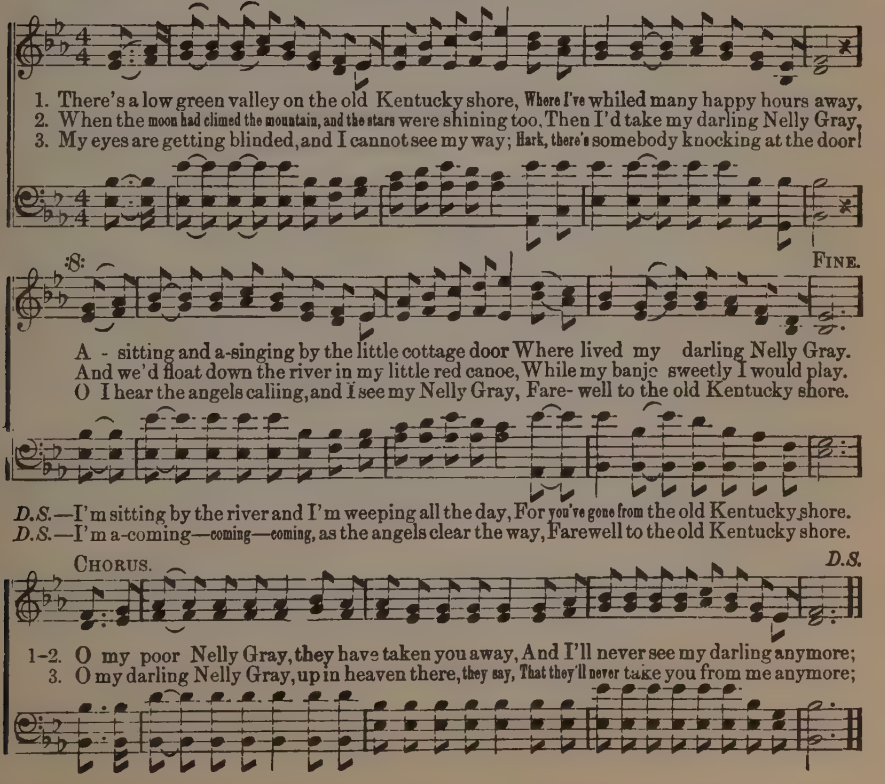
S. C. F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.


1. Round de meadows am a-ringing De darkeys' mournful song, While de mocking bird am singing,
2. When de autumn leaves were falling, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to hear old Massa calling,
3. Massa make de darkeys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now dey sadly weep above him,
Happy as de day am long. Where de i-vy am a-creeping, O'er de grassy mound,
Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de orange trees am blooming, On de sand-y shore,
Mourning cayse he leave dem behind. I cannot work before to-morrow, Cayse de tear-drop flow,

Massas's In the Cold Ground.—Concluded.

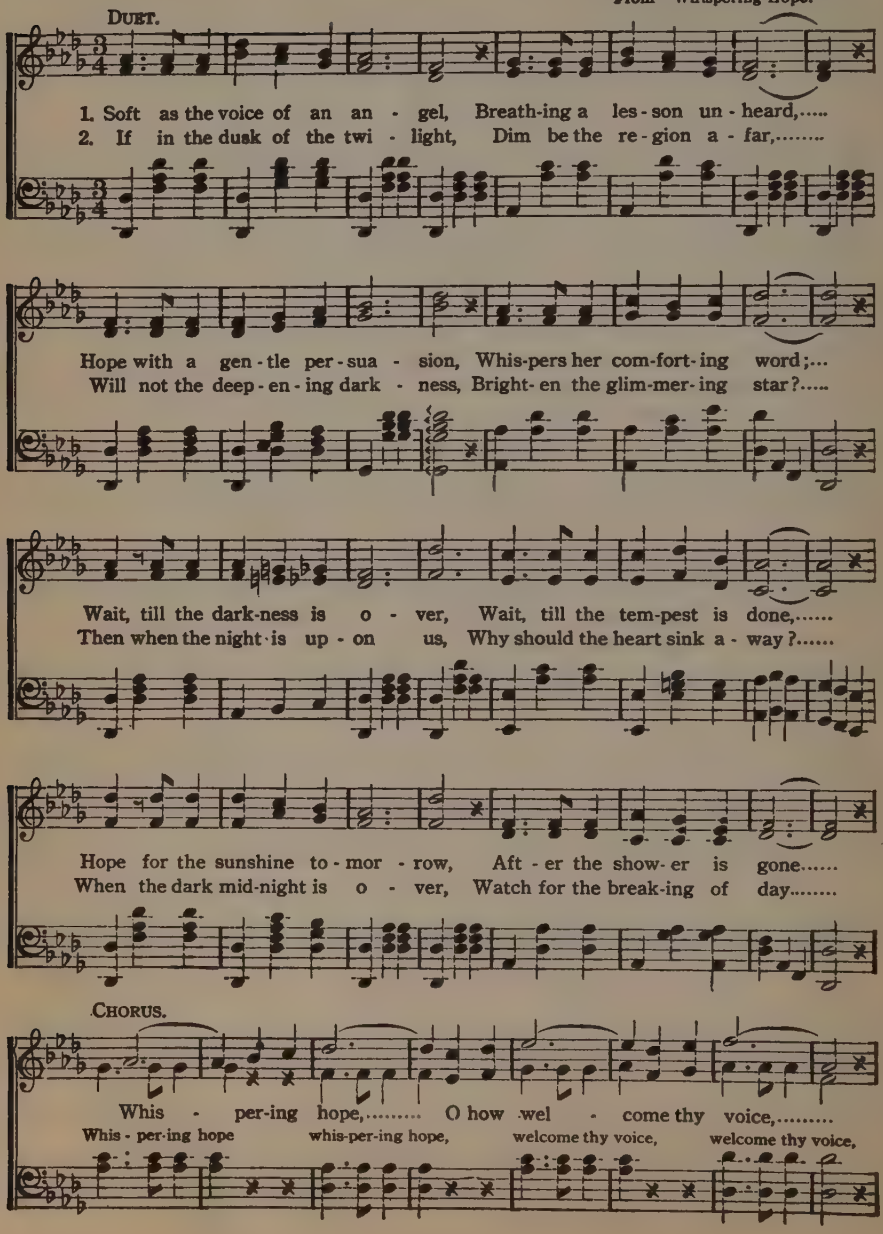

CHORUS.
Dare old Massa am a-sleeping, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.
Now de summer days am coming, Massa nebber calls no more.
I try to drive away my sor - row, Picking on de old ban - jo.
Down in the cornfield
Hear dat mournful sound; All de darkeys am a-weeping, Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

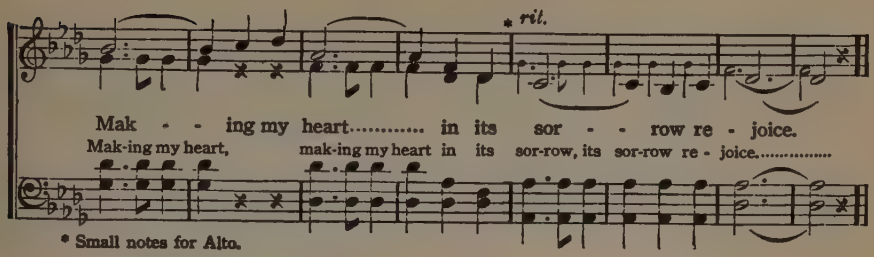
No. 98 Darling Nelly Gray.


1. There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore, Where I've whiled many happy hours away,
2. When the moon had climed the mountain, and the stars were shining too, Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,
3. My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way; Hark, there's somebody knocking at the door!
FINE.
A - sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.
And we'd float down the river in my little red canoe, While my banjo sweetly I would play.
O I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray, Fare- well to the old Kentucky shore.
D.S.—I'm sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day, For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.
D.S.—I'm a-coming—coming—coming, as the angels clear the way, Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.
CHORUS.
D.S.
1-2. O my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away, And I'll never see my darling anymore;
3. O my darling Nelly Gray, up in heaven there, they say, That they'll never take you from me anymore;

No. 99 Whispering Hope.

Arr. by CLYDE WILLARD.
From "Whispering Hope."

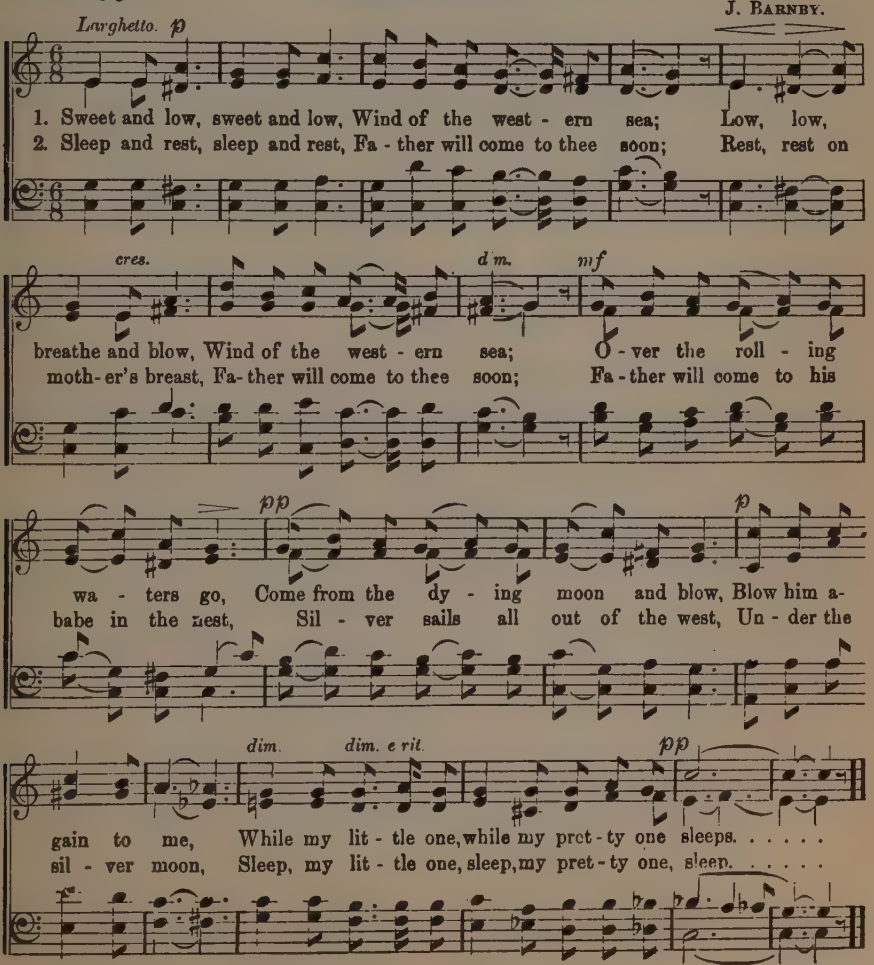

DUET.
1. Soft as the voice of an an - gel, Breath-ing a les - son un - heard,.....
2. If in the dusk of the twi - light, Dim be the re - gion a - far,.....
Hope with a gen - tle per - sua - sion, Whis-pers her com-fort - ing word;...
Will not the deep - en - ing dark - ness, Bright - en the glim-mer - ing star?.....
Wait, till the dark-ness is o - ver, Wait, till the tem-pest is done,.....
Then when the night is up - on us, Why should the heart sink a - way?.....
Hope for the sunshine to - mor - row, Aft - er the show - er is gone.....
When the dark mid-night is o - ver, Watch for the break-ing of day.....
CHORUS.
Whis - per-ing hope,..... O how wel - come thy voice,.....
Whis - per-ing hope whis-per-ing hope, welcome thy voice, welcome thy voice,



* Small notes for Alto.

No. 100 Sweet and Low.

J. Barnby.


Larghetto. p
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on
cres.
dim.
mf
breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - ver the roll - ing
moth-er's breast, Fa-ther will come to thee soon; Fa - ther will come to his
pp
p
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a-
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the
dim.
dim. e rit.
pp
gain to me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . . .
sil - ver moon, Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . . . .

No. 101 School Days.

Words by Will D. Cobb, Music by Gus Edwards
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School days, school days,
Dear old golden rule days
Readin and ritin and rithmetic,
Taught to the tune of a hick'ry stick,
You were my queen in calico,
I was your bashful bare foot beau,
And you wrote on my slate,
"I love you, Joe,"
When we were a couple of kids.

Nothing to do, Nellie Darling
Nothing to do you say,
Let's take a trip on memory's ship
Back to the by gone days
Sail to the old village school house,
Anchor outside the school door,
Look in and see, there's you and there's me,
A couple of kids once more.

No. 102 Beautiful Ohio.

Words by Ballard MacDonald, Music by Mary Earl.
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Drifting with the current down a moonlit stream
While above the Heavens in their glory gleam
And the stars on high
Twinkle in the sky
Seeming in a Paradise of love divine
Dreaming of a pair of eyes that looked in mine
Beautiful Ohio, in dreams again I see
Visions of what used to be.

Long, long ago, Someone I know
Had a little red canoe
In it room for only two
Love found its start,
Then in my heart
And like a flower grew.

No. 103 I'm Glad We Belong to the Grange, Maggie.

(Tune—"When You and I Were Young, Maggie." No. 104)

1

I'm glad we belong to the Grange, Maggie,
For life it is helping us through.
Though hardships our fortune may change, Maggie,
Our Grange friends will always be true.
They meet us with smiles in the hall, Maggie,
Their friendship we clearly may see.
No matter what trials befall, Maggie,
Our Grange friends true will be.

Chorus

The seasons bring change after change, Maggie,
Yet bravely the years we go through,
With faith in the dear old Grange, Maggie,
Assured that friends are true.

2

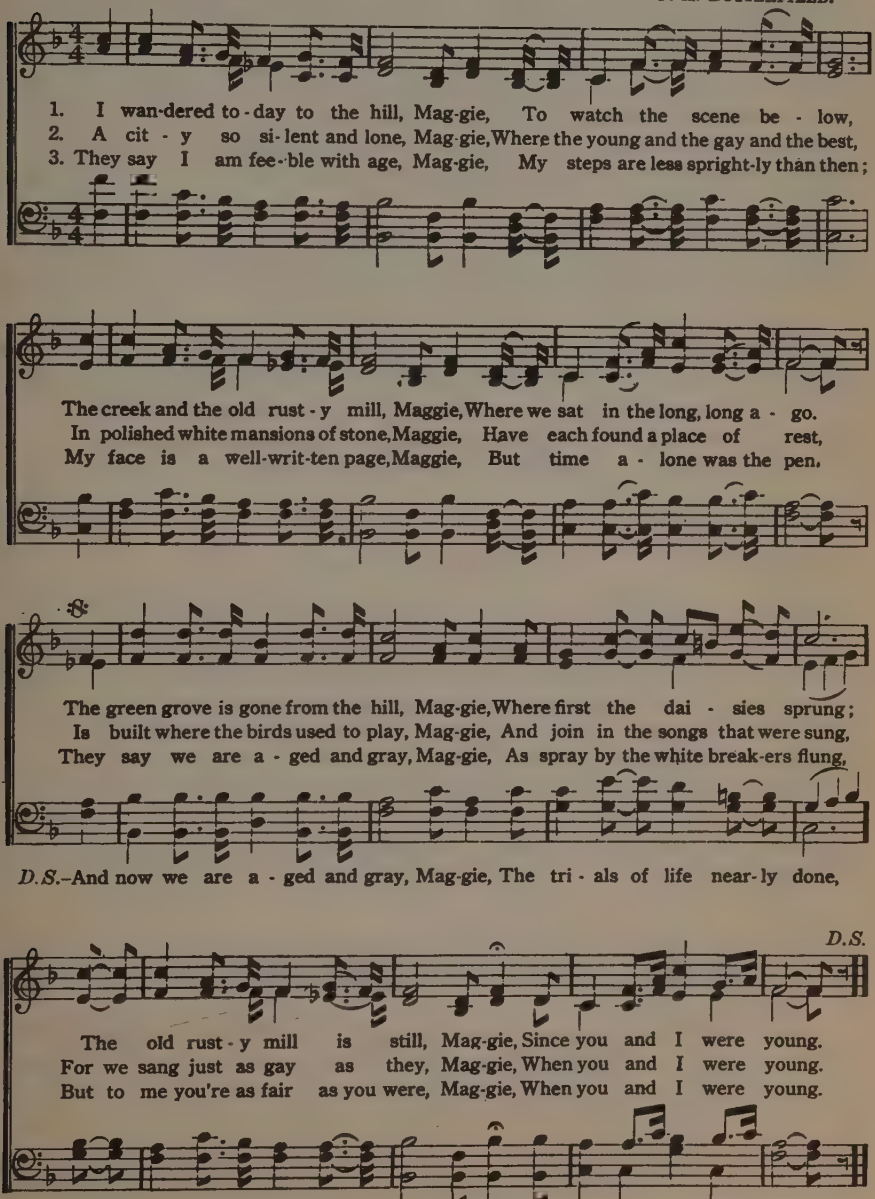
I'm glad we've been Grangers so long, Maggie,
For richly the years it has blessed.
Our hearts still have many a song, Maggi
Refreshing and sweet is our rest.
And O it is comfort to know, Maggie,
That when the dark shadows shall fall,
Our Grange friends affection will show, Maggie,
And let the teardrops fall.

3

No matter what waits us ahead, Magg
Whatever the last miles may be,
The Grange still its brightness will she
Maggie,
Its comforting light we shall see.
I'm glad to belong to the Grange, Magg
For life it is helping us through.
Though hardships our fortune may chang
Maggie,
Our Grange friends will be true.

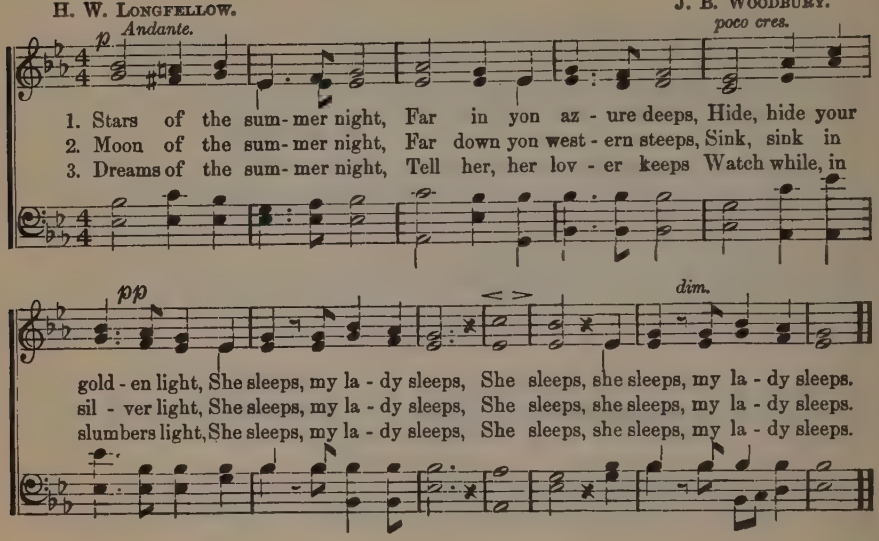
No. 104 When You and I Were Young, Maggie.

GEORGE W. JOHNSON. J. A. BUTTERFIELD.


1. I wan-dered to-day to the hill, Mag-gie, To watch the scene be - low,
2. A cit - y so si-lent and lone, Mag-gie, Where the young and the gay and the best,
3. They say I am fee-ble with age, Mag-gie, My steps are less spright-ly than then;
The creek and the old rust - y mill, Maggie, Where we sat in the long, long a - go.
In polished white mansions of stone, Maggie, Have each found a place of rest,
My face is a well-writ-ten page, Maggie, But time a - lone was the pen.
The green grove is gone from the hill, Mag-gie, Where first the dai - sies sprung;
Is built where the birds used to play, Mag-gie, And join in the songs that were sung,
They say we are a - ged and gray, Mag-gie, As spray by the white break-ers flung,
D.S.–And now we are a - ged and gray, Mag-gie, The tri - als of life near-ly done,
D.S.
The old rust - y mill is still, Mag-gie, Since you and I were young.
For we sang just as gay as they, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
But to me you're as fair as you were, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

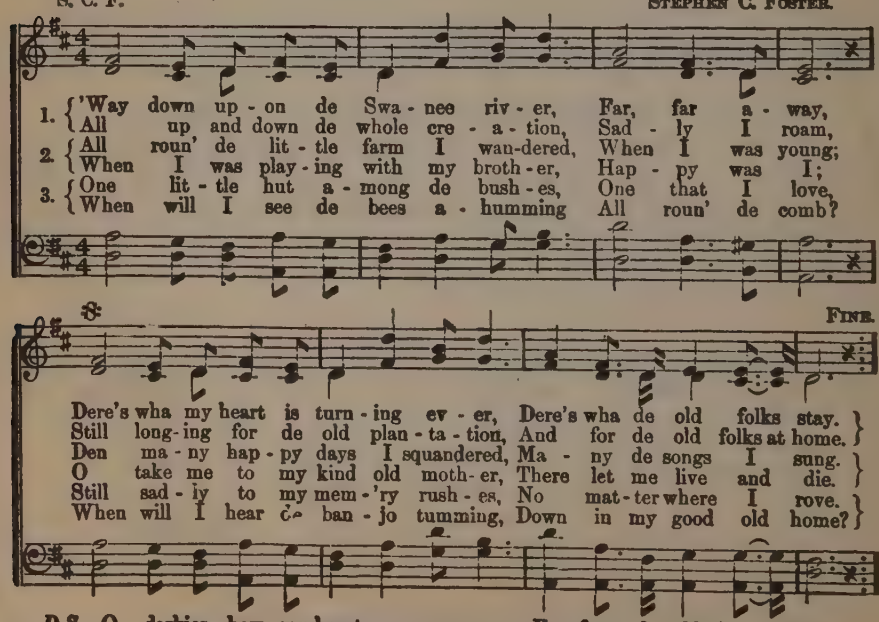
No. 105 Stars of the Summer Night.

H. W. LONGFELLOW. J. B. WOODBURY.

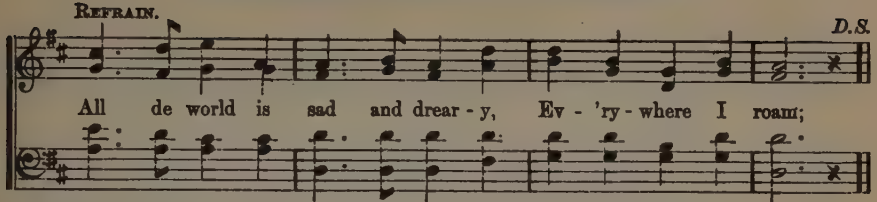

p Andante.
poco cres.
1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in yon az-ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down yon west-ern steeps, Sink, sink in
3. Dreams of the sum-mer night, Tell her, her lov-er keeps Watch while, in
pp
dim.
gold-en light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
sil-ver light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
slumbers light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.

No. 106 Old Folks at Home.

S. C. F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

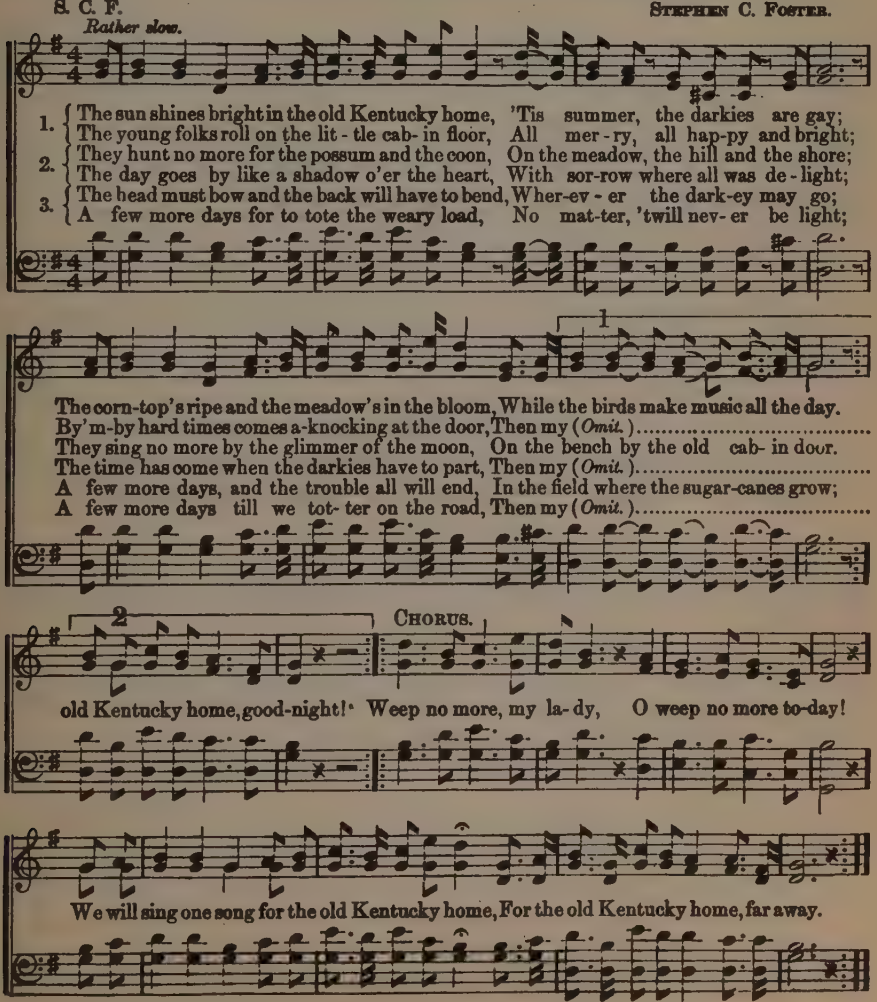

1. 'Way down up-on de Swa-nee riv-er, Far, far a-way,
All up and down de whole cre-a-tion, Sad-ly I roam,
2. All roun' de lit-tle farm I wan-dered, When I was young;
When I was play-ing with my broth-er, Hap-py was I;
3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bush-es, One that I love,
When will I see de bees a-humming All roun' de comb?
S
Fine.
Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing ev-er, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
Still long-ing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
Den ma-ny hap-py days I squandered, Ma-ny de songs I sung.
O take me to my kind old moth-er, There let me live and die.
Still sad-ly to my mem-'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove.
When will I hear de ban-jo tumming, Down in my good old home?
D.S.—O darkies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home.

Old Folks at Home.—Concluded.



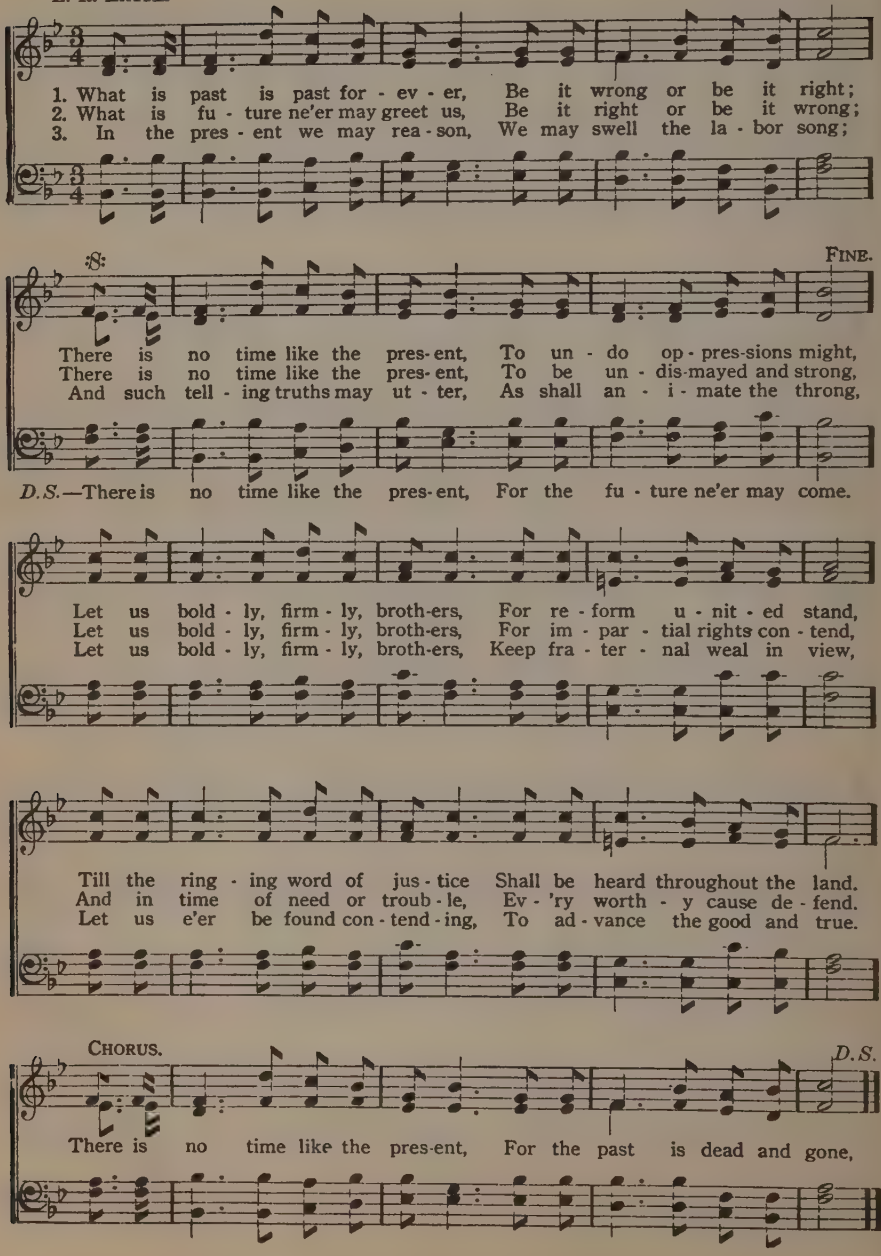
No. 107 My Old Kentucky Home.

S. C. F. Stephen C. Foster.


Rather slow.
1. The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home, 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab- in floor, All mer - ry, all hap-py and bright;
2. They hunt no more for the possum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de - light;
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev - er the dark-ey may go;
A few more days for to tote the weary load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev- er be light;
1
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the day.
By 'm-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door, Then my (Omit.).....
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab- in door.
The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my (Omit.).....
A few more days, and the trouble all will end, In the field where the sugar-canes grow;
A few more days till we tot- ter on the road, Then my (Omit.).....
2
Chorus.
old Kentucky home, good-night! Weep no more, my la- dy, O weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home, For the old Kentucky home, far away.

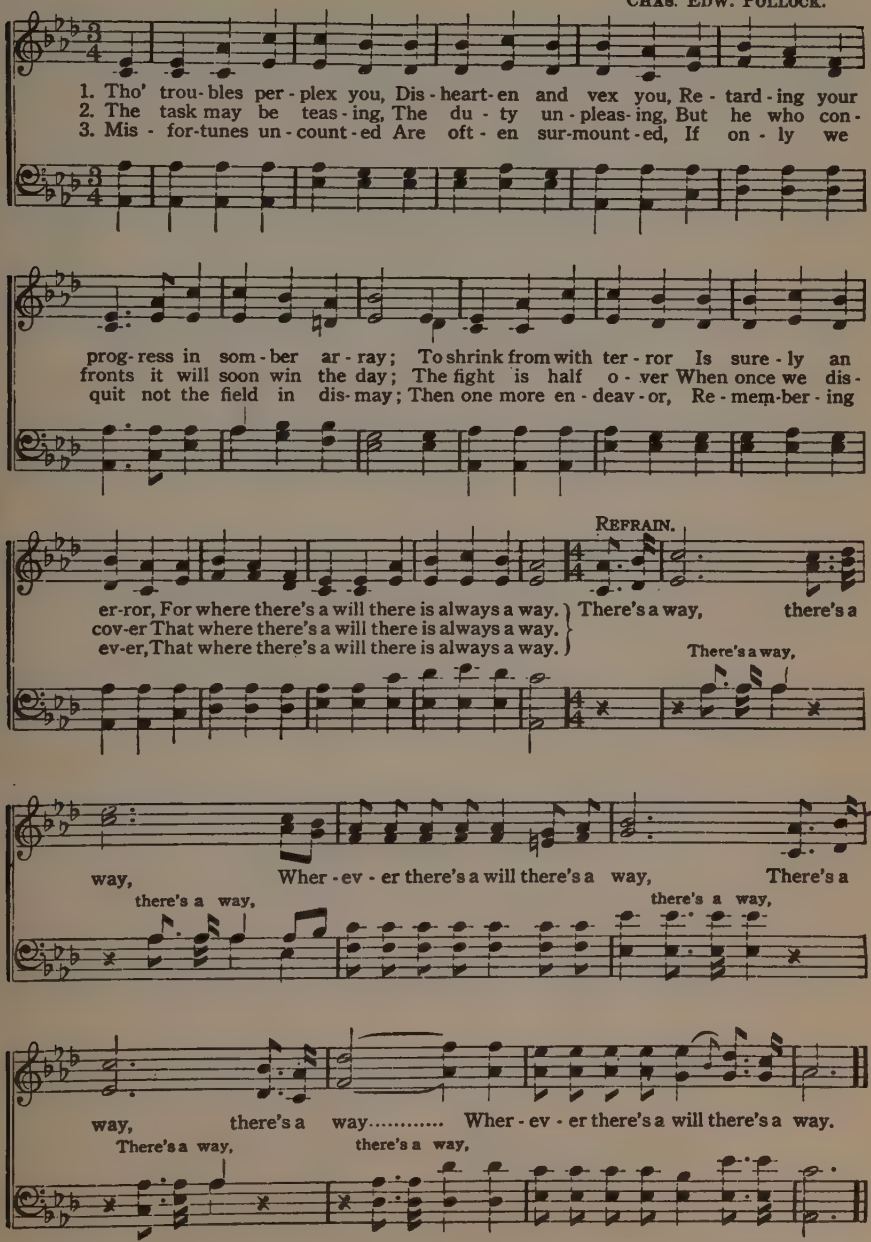
No. 108 No Time Like the Present.

E. R. LATTA. JAS. L. ORR.


1. What is past is past for - ev - er, Be it wrong or be it right;
2. What is fu - ture ne'er may greet us, Be it right or be it wrong;
3. In the pres - ent we may rea - son, We may swell the la - bor song;
FINE.
There is no time like the pres-ent, To un - do op - pres-sions might,
There is no time like the pres-ent, To be un - dis-mayed and strong,
And such tell - ing truths may ut - ter, As shall an - i - mate the throng,
D.S.—There is no time like the pres-ent, For the fu - ture ne'er may come.
Let us bold - ly, firm - ly, broth-ers, For re - form u - nit - ed stand,
Let us bold - ly, firm - ly, broth-ers, For im - par - tial rights con - tend,
Let us bold - ly, firm - ly, broth-ers, Keep fra - ter - nal weal in view,
Till the ring - ing word of jus - tice Shall be heard throughout the land.
And in time of need or troub - le, Ev - 'ry worth - y cause de - fend.
Let us e'er be found con - tend - ing, To ad - vance the good and true.
CHORUS.
D.S.
There is no time like the pres-ent, For the past is dead and gone,

No. 109 Where There's a Will there's a Way.

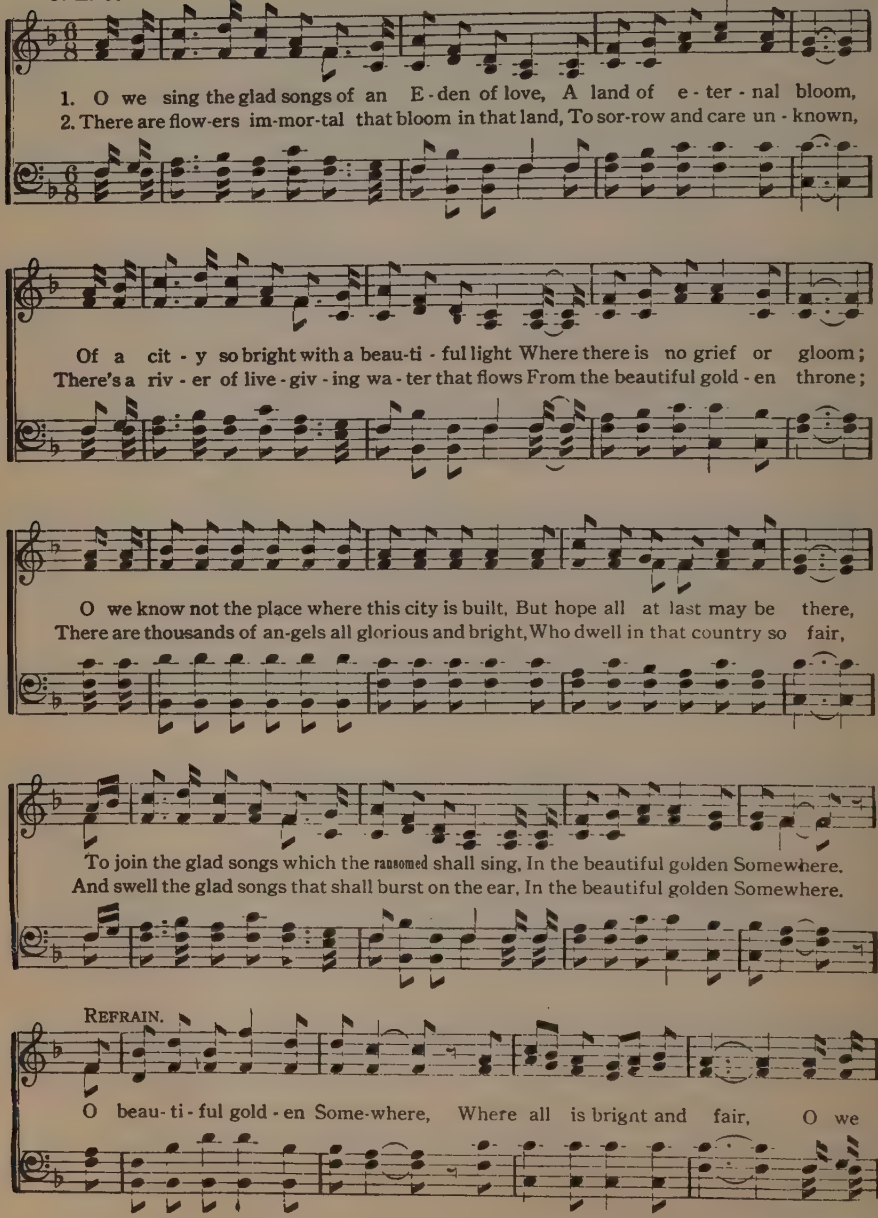
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.


1. Tho' trou-bles per-plex you, Dis-heart-en and vex you, Re-tard-ing your
2. The task may be teas-ing, The du-ty un-pleas-ing, But he who con-
3. Mis-for-tunes un-count-ed Are oft-en sur-mount-ed, If on-ly we
prog-ress in som-ber ar-ray; To shrink from with ter-ror Is sure-ly an
fronts it will soon win the day; The fight is half o-ver When once we dis-
quit not the field in dis-may; Then one more en-deav-or, Re-mem-ber-ing
REFRAIN.
er-ror, For where there's a will there is always a way.
cov-er That where there's a will there is always a way.
ev-er, That where there's a will there is always a way.
There's a way, there's a
There's a way,
way, Wher-ev-er there's a will there's a way, There's a
there's a way,
there's a way,
way, there's a way..... Wher-ev-er there's a will there's a way.
There's a way,
there's a way,

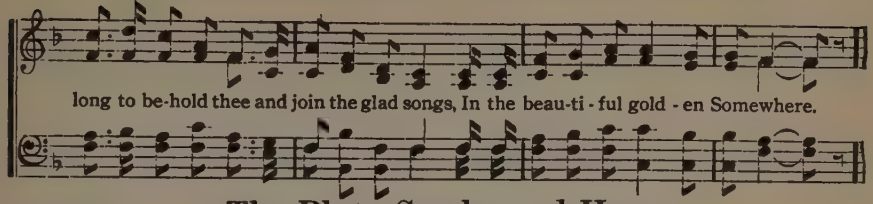
No. 110 Beautiful Golden Somewhere.

From "Silvery Chimes."

J. L. O. JAS. L. ORR.

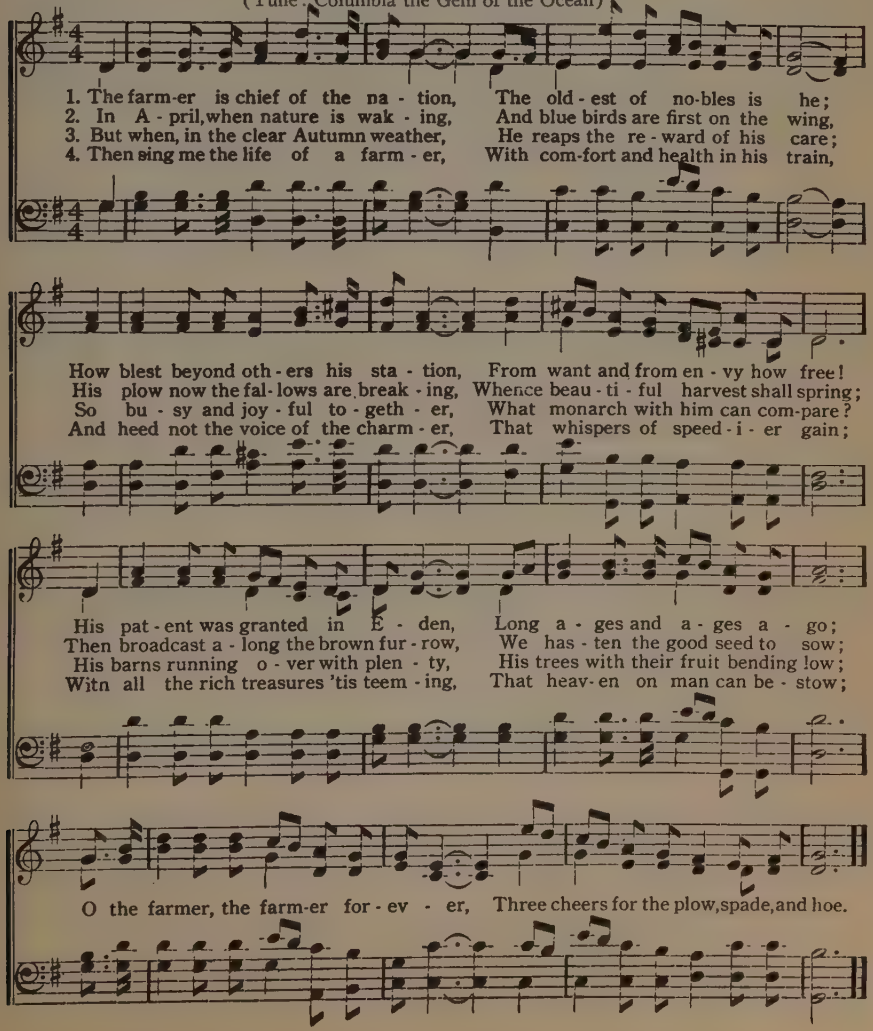

1. O we sing the glad songs of an E - den of love, A land of e - ter - nal bloom,
2. There are flow-ers im-mor-tal that bloom in that land, To sor-row and care un - known,
Of a cit - y so bright with a beau-ti - ful light Where there is no grief or gloom;
There's a riv - er of live - giv - ing wa - ter that flows From the beautiful gold - en throne;
O we know not the place where this city is built, But hope all at last may be there,
There are thousands of an-gels all glorious and bright, Who dwell in that country so fair,
To join the glad songs which the ransomed shall sing, In the beautiful golden Somewhere.
And swell the glad songs that shall burst on the ear, In the beautiful golden Somewhere.
REFRAIN.
O beau - ti - ful gold - en Some-where, Where all is bright and fair, O we

Beautiful Golden Somewhere.—Concluded.



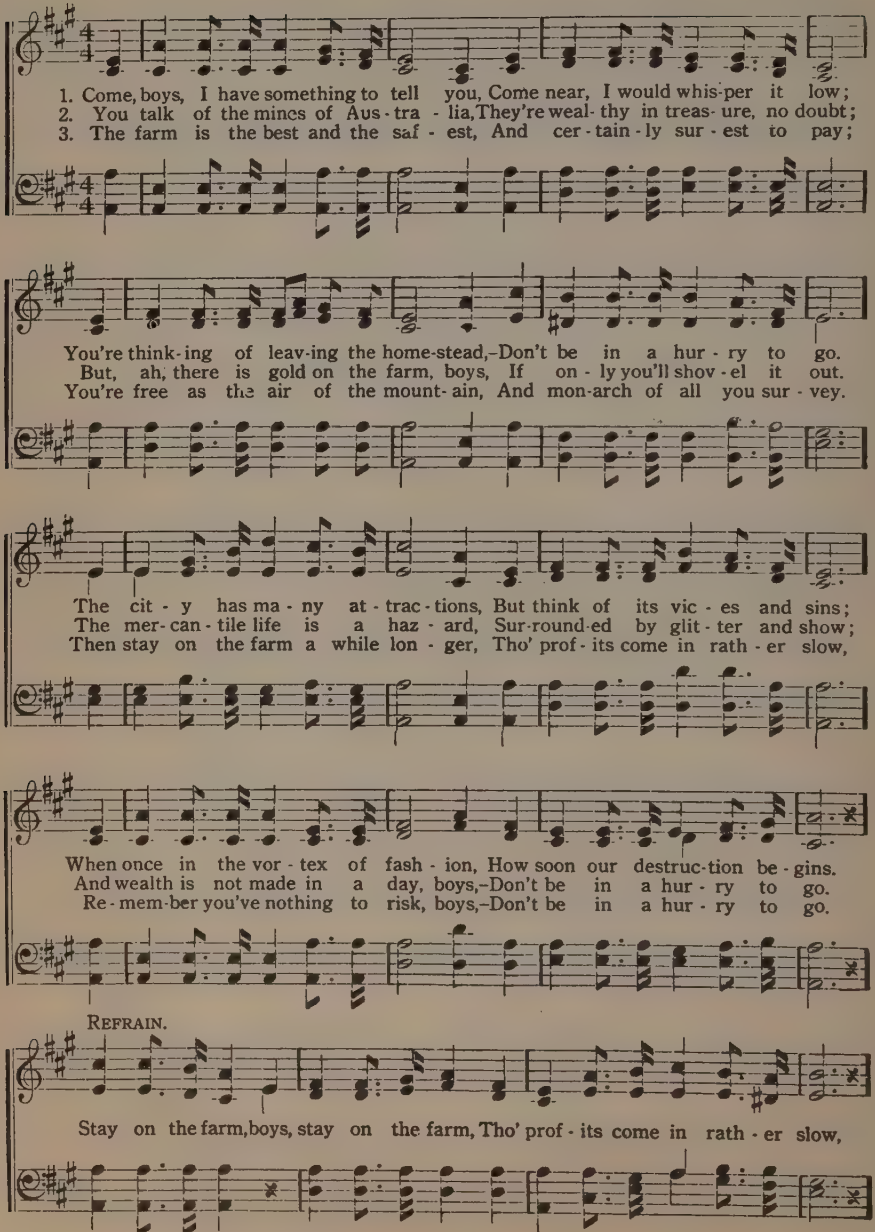
No. 111 The Plow, Spade, and Hoe

(Tune: Columbia the Gem of the Ocean)

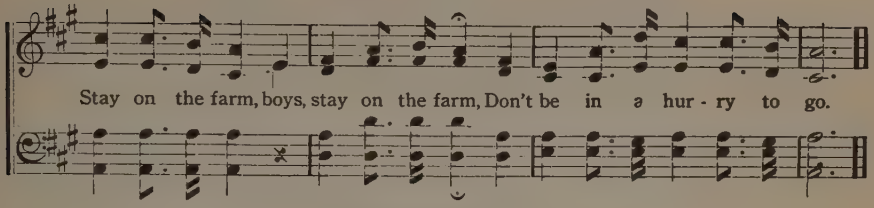

1. The farm-er is chief of the na - tion, The old - est of no-bles is he;
2. In A - pril, when nature is wak - ing, And blue birds are first on the wing,
3. But when, in the clear Autumn weather, He reaps the re - ward of his care;
4. Then sing me the life of a farm - er, With com-fort and health in his train,
How blest beyond oth - ers his sta - tion, From want and from en - vy how free!
His plow now the fal - lows are break - ing, Whence beau - ti - ful harvest shall spring;
So bu - sy and joy - ful to - geth - er, What monarch with him can com-pare?
And heed not the voice of the charm - er, That whispers of speed - i - er gain;
His pat - ent was granted in E - den, Long a - ges and a - ges a - go;
Then broadcast a - long the brown fur - row, We has - ten the good seed to sow;
His barns running o - ver with plen - ty, His trees with their fruit bending low;
Witn all the rich treasures 'tis teem - ing, That heav - en on man can be - stow;
O the farmer, the farm-er for - ev - er, Three cheers for the plow, spade, and hoe.

No. 112 Stay On the Farm.

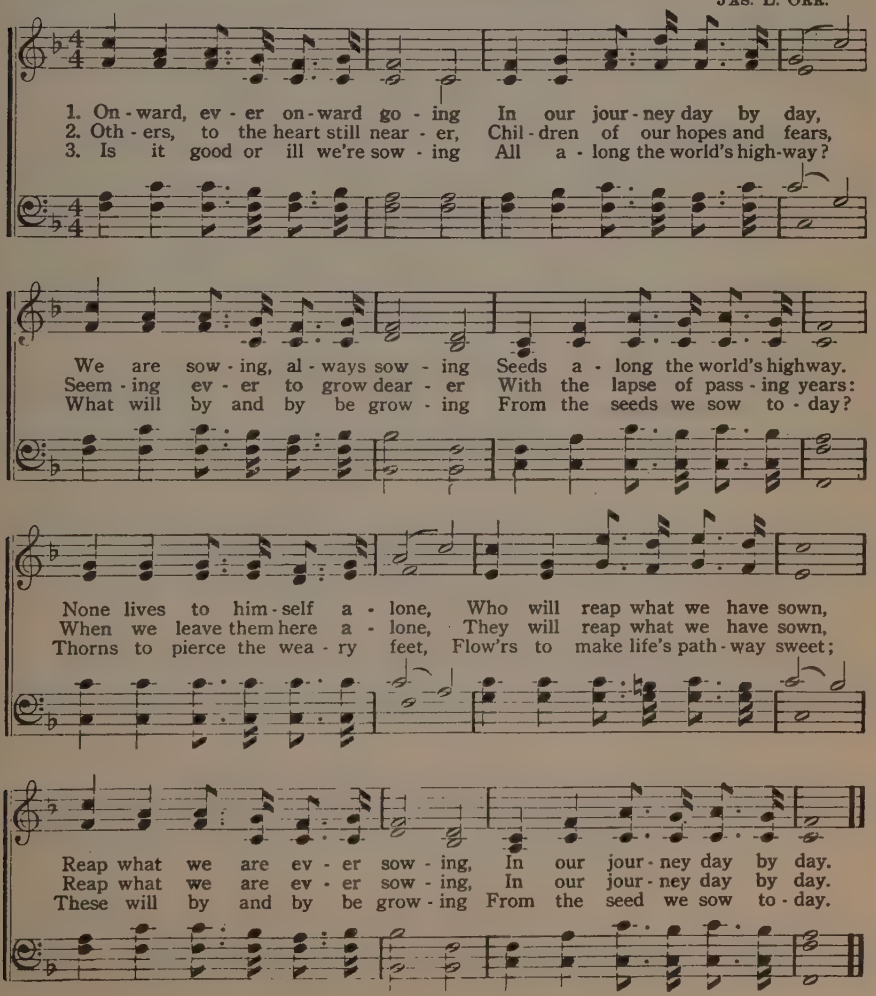
JAS. L. ORR


1. Come, boys, I have something to tell you, Come near, I would whis-per it low;
2. You talk of the mines of Aus-tra - lia, They're weal- thy in treas- ure, no doubt;
3. The farm is the best and the saf - est, And cer - tain - ly sur - est to pay;
You're think-ing of leav-ing the home-stead,–Don't be in a hur - ry to go.
But, ah, there is gold on the farm, boys, If on - ly you'll shov - el it out.
You're free as the air of the mount- ain, And mon-arch of all you sur - vey.
The cit - y has ma - ny at - trac - tions, But think of its vic - es and sins;
The mer-can - tile life is a haz - ard, Sur-round-ed by glit - ter and show;
Then stay on the farm a while lon - ger, Tho' prof - its come in rath - er slow,
When once in the vor - tex of fash - ion, How soon our destruc-tion be - gins.
And wealth is not made in a day, boys,–Don't be in a hur - ry to go.
Re - mem-ber you've nothing to risk, boys,–Don't be in a hur - ry to go.
REFRAIN.
Stay on the farm, boys, stay on the farm, Tho' prof - its come in rath - er slow,

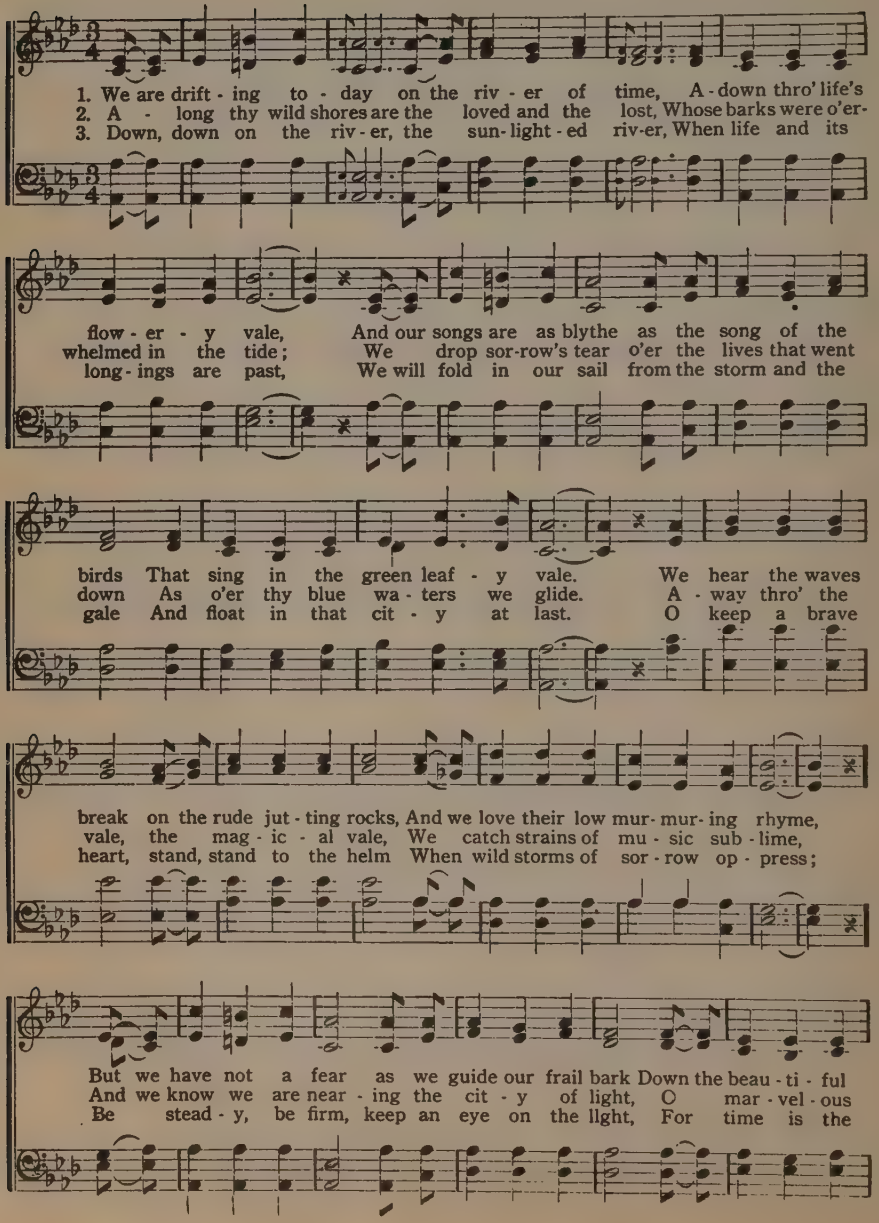
Stay On the Farm.—Concluded.



No. 113 Who Will Reap?

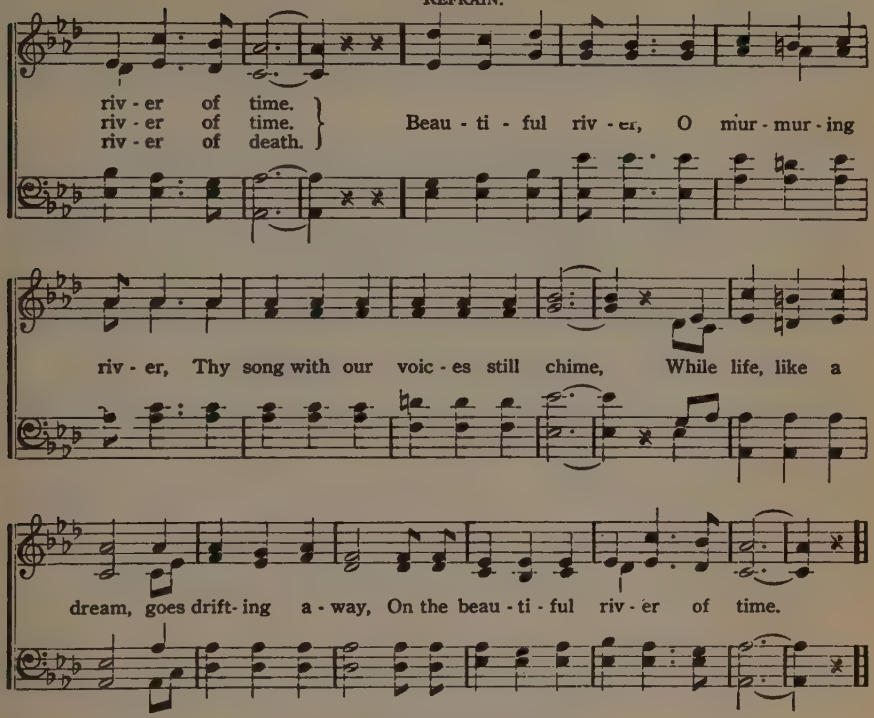
JAS. L. ORR.

1. On - ward, ev - er on - ward go - ing In our jour - ney day by day,
2. Oth - ers, to the heart still near - er, Chil - dren of our hopes and fears,
3. Is it good or ill we're sow - ing All a - long the world's high-way?
We are sow - ing, al - ways sow - ing Seeds a - long the world's highway.
Seem - ing ev - er to grow dear - er With the lapse of pass - ing years:
What will by and by be grow - ing From the seeds we sow to - day?
None lives to him - self a - lone, Who will reap what we have sown,
When we leave them here a - lone, They will reap what we have sown,
Thorns to pierce the wea - ry feet, Flow'rs to make life's path - way sweet;
Reap what we are ev - er sow - ing, In our jour - ney day by day.
Reap what we are ev - er sow - ing, In our jour - ney day by day.
These will by and by be grow - ing From the seed we sow to - day.

No. 114 The River of Time.

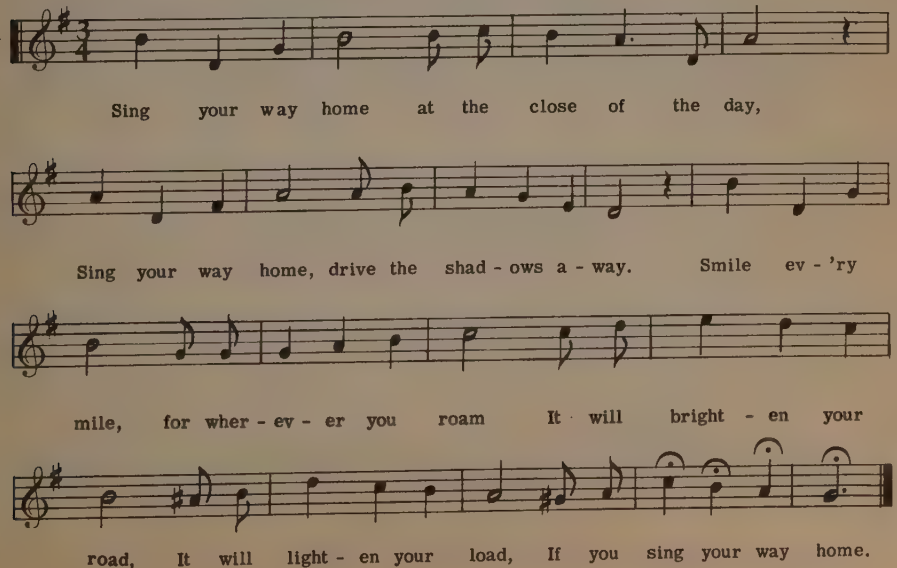
Melody by PETER SCHMITZ. Arr. by J. L. O.

1. We are drift - ing to - day on the riv - er of time, A - down thro' life's flow - er - y vale, And our songs are as blythe as the song of the birds That sing in the green leaf - y vale. We hear the waves break on the rude jut - ting rocks, And we love their low mur - mur - ing rhyme, But we have not a fear as we guide our frail bark Down the beau - ti - ful
2. A - long thy wild shores are the loved and the lost, Whose barks were o'er- whelmed in the tide; We drop sor-row's tear o'er the lives that went down As o'er thy blue wa - ters we glide. A - way thro' the vale, the mag - ic - al vale, We catch strains of mu - sic sub - lime, And we know we are near - ing the cit - y of light, O mar - vel - ous
3. Down, down on the riv - er, the sun - light - ed riv-er, When life and its long - ings are past, We will fold in our sail from the storm and the gale And float in that cit - y at last. O keep a brave heart, stand, stand to the helm When wild storms of sor - row op - press; Be stead - y, be firm, keep an eye on the llght, For time is the

The River of Time.—Concluded.

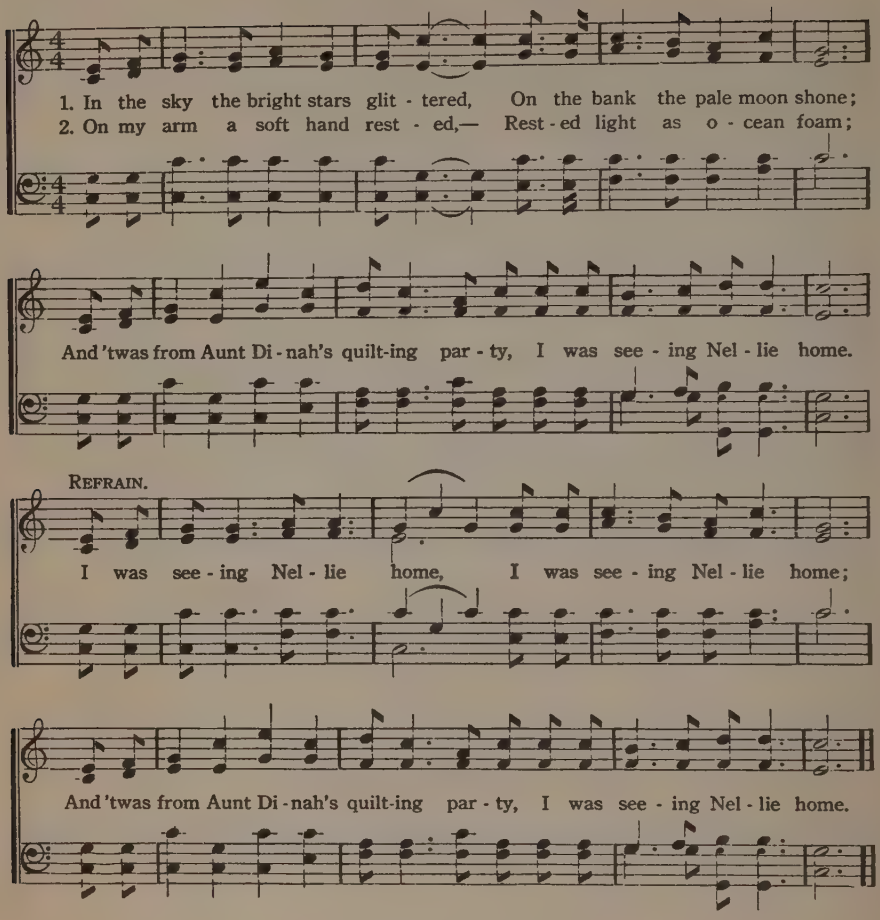
REFRAIN.


riv - er of time.
riv - er of time.
riv - er of death.
Beau - ti - ful riv - er, O mur - mur - ing
riv - er, Thy song with our voic - es still chime, While life, like a
dream, goes drift - ing a - way, On the beau - ti - ful riv - er of time.

No. 115 Sing Your Way Home.

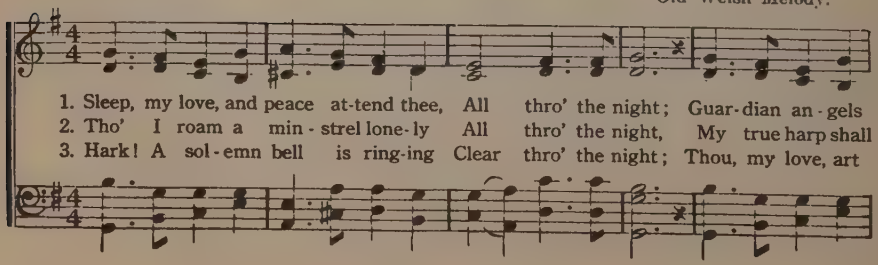

Sing your way home at the close of the day,
Sing your way home, drive the shad - ows a - way. Smile ev - 'ry
mile, for wher - ev - er you roam It will bright - en your
road, It will light - en your load, If you sing your way home.

No. 116 The Quilting Party.

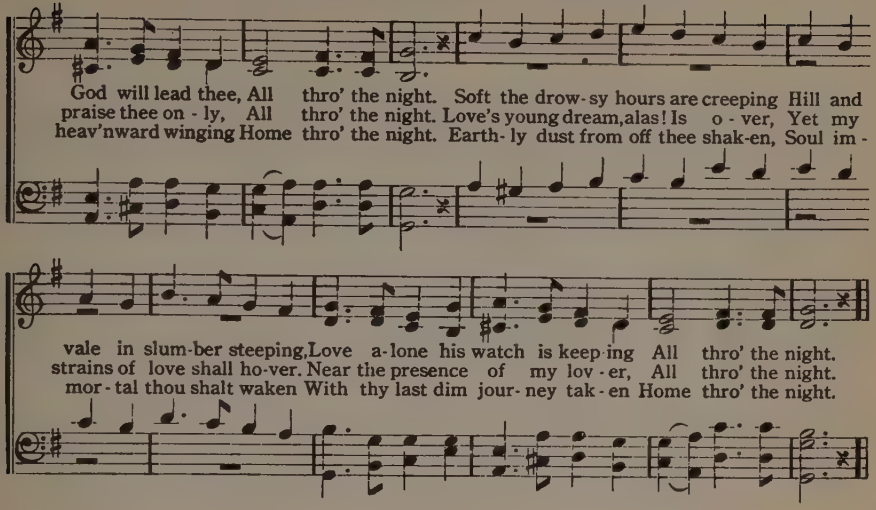

1. In the sky the bright stars glit - tered, On the bank the pale moon shone;
2. On my arm a soft hand rest - ed,— Rest - ed light as o - cean foam;
And 'twas from Aunt Di - nah's quilt-ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel - lie home.
REFRAIN.
I was see - ing Nel - lie home, I was see - ing Nel - lie home;
And 'twas from Aunt Di - nah's quilt-ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel - lie home.

No. 117 All Through the Night.

HARRY BURTON. Old Welsh Melody.

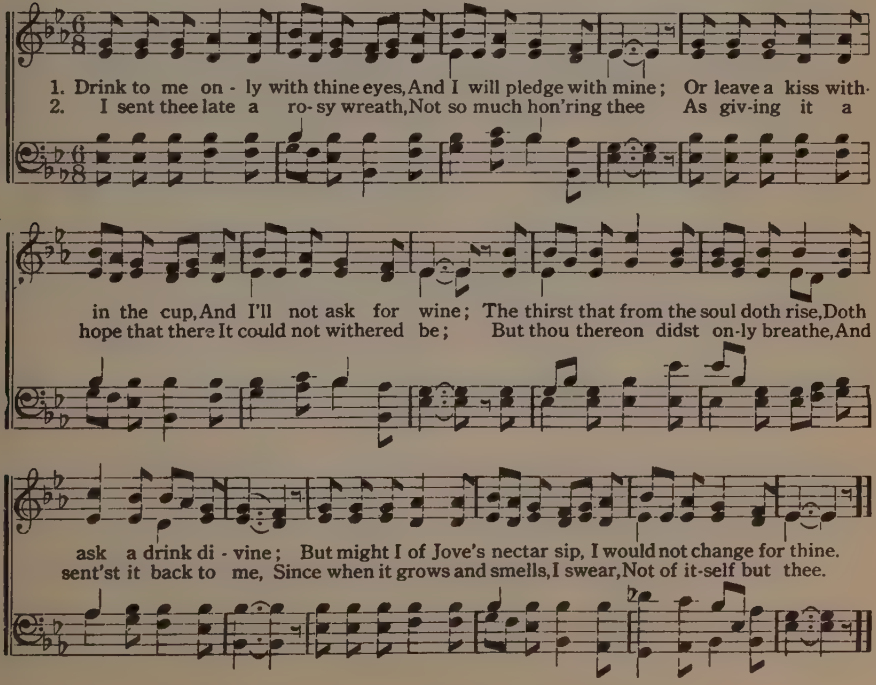

1. Sleep, my love, and peace at-tend thee, All thro' the night; Guar-dian an - gels
2. Tho' I roam a min - strel lone - ly All thro' the night, My true harp shall
3. Hark! A sol - emn bell is ring-ing Clear thro' the night; Thou, my love, art

All Through the Night.—Concluded.


God will lead thee, All thro' the night. Soft the drow-sy hours are creeping Hill and
praise thee on - ly, All thro' the night. Love's young dream, alas! Is o - ver, Yet my
heav'nward winging Home thro' the night. Earth- ly dust from off thee shak-en, Soul im -
vale in slum-ber steeping, Love a-lone his watch is keep-ing All thro' the night.
strains of love shall ho-ver. Near the presence of my lov-er, All thro' the night.
mor-tal thou shalt waken With thy last dim jour-ney tak-en Home thro' the night.

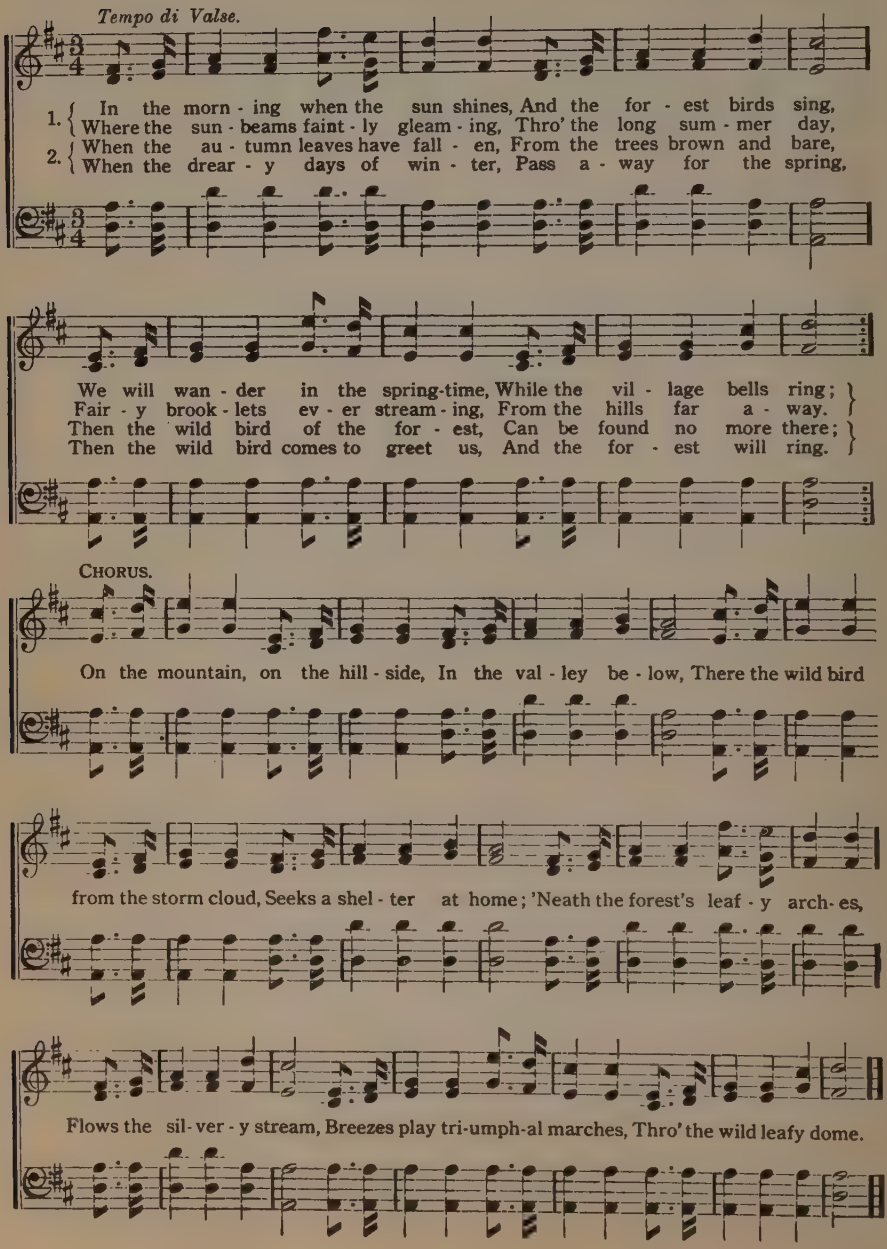
No. 118 Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes.

BEN JOHNSON. Old English Air.


1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine; Or leave a kiss with-
2. I sent thee late a ro- sy wreath, Not so much hon'ring thee As giv-ing it a
in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; The thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth
hope that there It could not withered be; But thou thereon didst on-ly breathe, And
ask a drink di - vine; But might I of Jove's nectar sip, I would not change for thine.
sent'st it back to me, Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it-self but thee.

No. 119 The Wild Bird.

Dr. G. Miesse.


Tempo di Valse.
1. In the morn - ing when the sun shines, And the for - est birds sing,
Where the sun - beams faint - ly gleam - ing, Thro' the long sum - mer day,
2. When the au - tumn leaves have fall - en, From the trees brown and bare,
When the drear - y days of win - ter, Pass a - way for the spring,
We will wan - der in the spring-time, While the vil - lage bells ring;
Fair - y brook - lets ev - er stream - ing, From the hills far a - way.
Then the wild bird of the for - est, Can be found no more there;
Then the wild bird comes to greet us, And the for - est will ring.
Chorus.
On the mountain, on the hill - side, In the val - ley be - low, There the wild bird
from the storm cloud, Seeks a shel - ter at home; 'Neath the forest's leaf - y arch- es,
Flows the sil- ver - y stream, Breezes play tri-umph-al marches, Thro' the wild leafy dome.

No. 120 Home On The Range.

Arr. by H. S. Krouse

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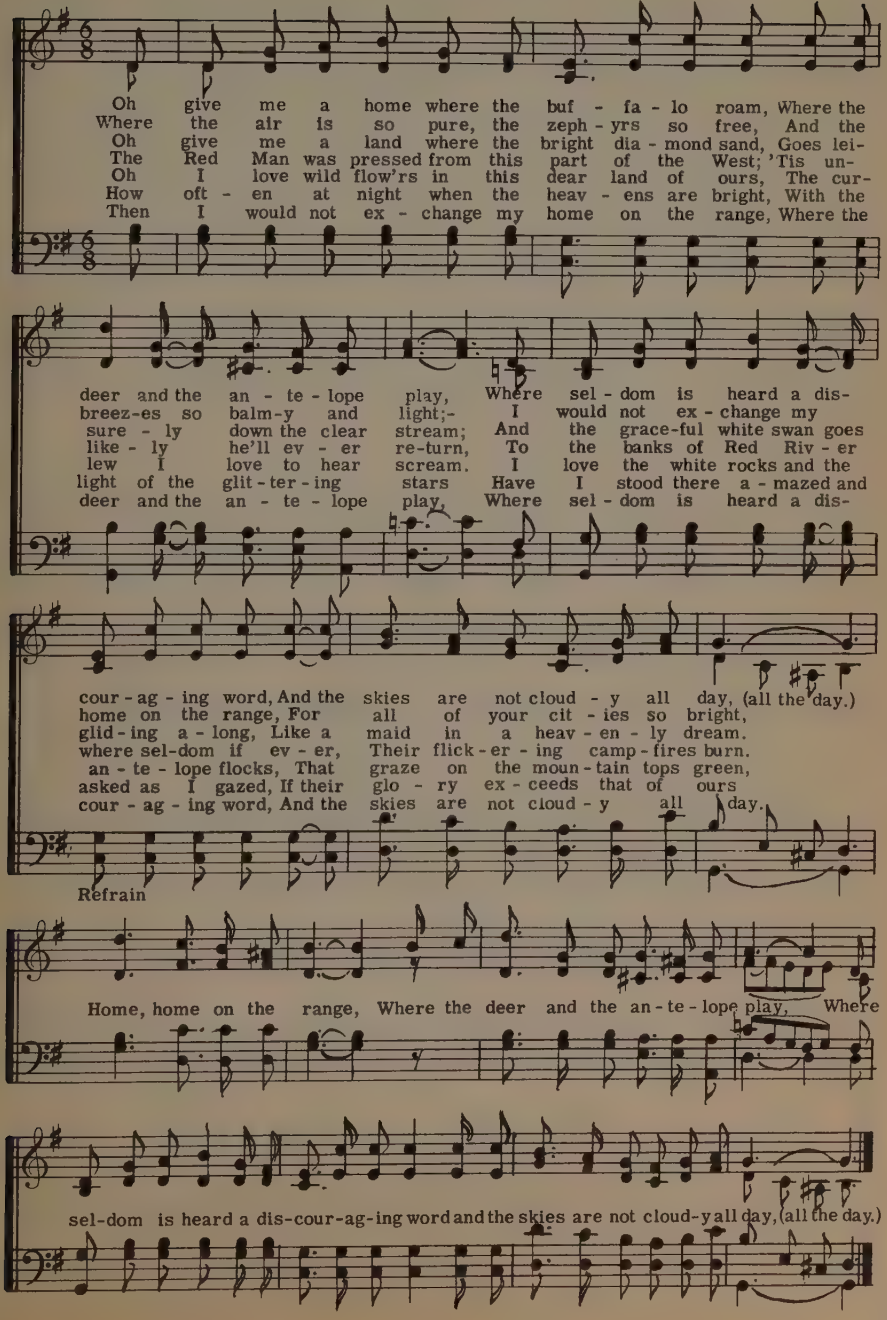

Oh give me a home where the buf - fa - lo roam, Where the
Where the air is so pure, the zeph - yrs so free, And the
Oh give me a land where the bright dia - mond sand, Goes lei-
The Red Man was pressed from this part of the West; 'Tis un-
Oh I love wild flow'rs in this dear land of ours, The cur-
How oft - en at night when the heav - ens are bright, With the
Then I would not ex - change my home on the range, Where the
deer and the an - te - lope play, Where sel - dom is heard a dis-
breez-es so balm-y and light;- I would not ex - change my
sure - ly down the clear stream; And the grace-ful white swan goes
like - ly he'll ev - er re-turn, To the banks of Red Riv - er
lew I love to hear scream. I love the white rocks and the
light of the glit - ter - ing stars Have I stood there a - mazed and
deer and the an - te - lope play, Where sel - dom is heard a dis-
cour - ag - ing word, And the skies are not cloud - y all day, (all the day.)
home on the range, For all of your cit - ies so bright,
glid - ing a - long, Like a maid in a heav - en - ly dream.
where sel-dom if ev - er, Their flick - er - ing camp - fires burn.
an - te - lope flocks, That graze on the moun - tain tops green,
asked as I gazed, If their glo - ry ex - ceeds that of ours
cour - ag - ing word, And the skies are not cloud - y all day.
Refrain
Home, home on the range, Where the deer and the an - te - lope play, Where
sel-dom is heard a dis-cour-ag-ing word and the skies are not cloud-y all day, (all the day.)

No. 121 The Grange Is Marching On.

Music, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." (See No. 123)

1 Have you heard the message true,
That is ringing, surging through,
It is echoing from the East to Western shore;
From the farthest Southern line
To the Northern waving pine
Hear us sing it with a glad triumphant score.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the Grange is marching,
Farmers join the mighty band,
Better crops and better boys,
Happier homes and purer joys,
Nature's noblemen—the Grangers of the land.

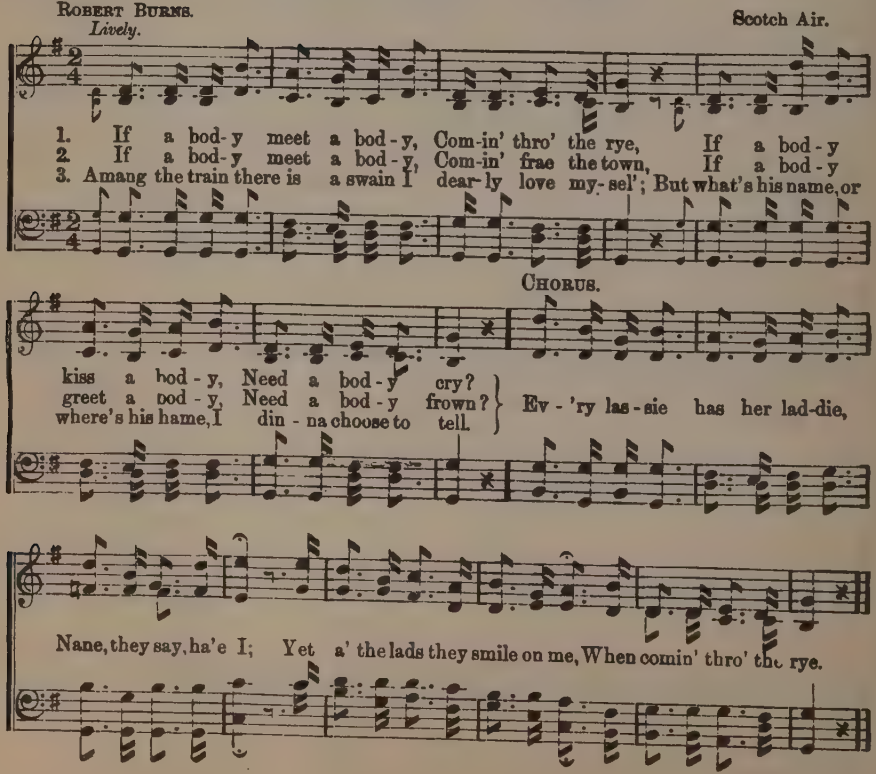
2 We are glad we're on the farm—
Wondrous miracles we charm [flowers,
With the Master Hand that models fruit and
Growing grain for daily bread
With the blue sky overhead,
In the fields we spend our busy, happy hours.

3 In the Grange we buy and sell,
And it is our school, as well, [men;
Farmers train for statesmen and for business
Though we're not averse to fun,
Nor to feasts where toasts are spun,
Pledged to Brotherhood we part to meet again.

—Dora H. Stockman.

No. 122 Coming' Thro' the Rye.

ROBERT BURNS. *Lively.* Scotch Air.

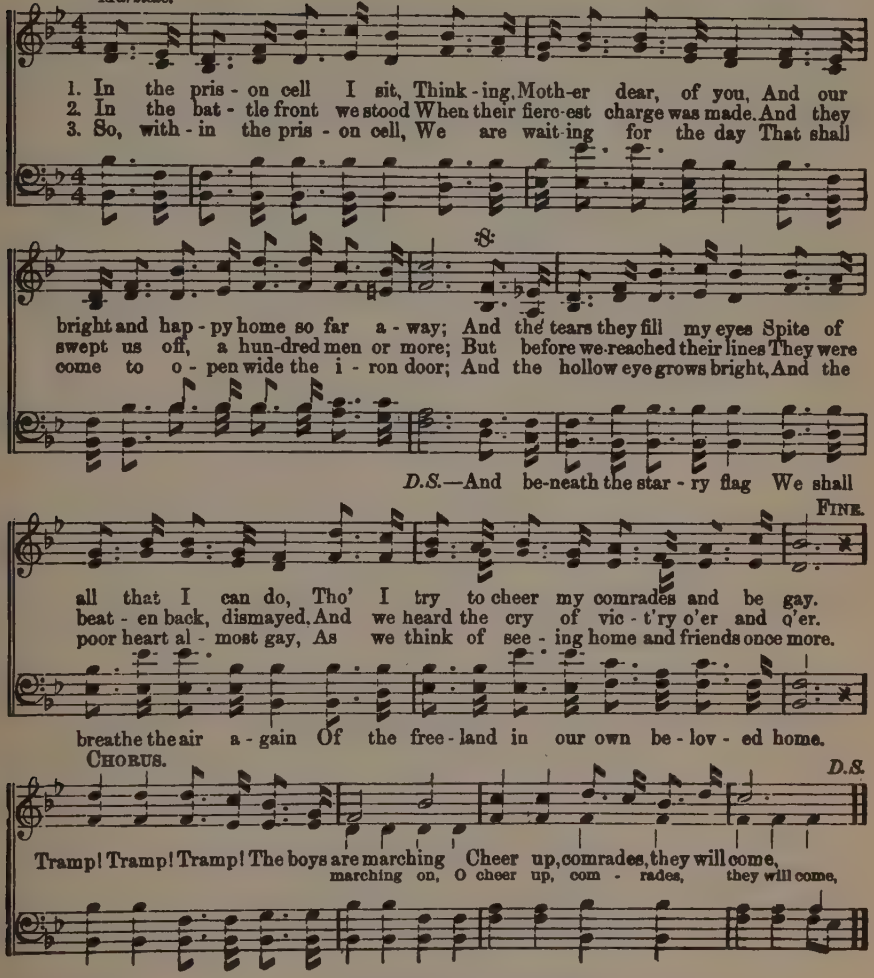

1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod-y
2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y
3. Amang the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my-sel'; But what's his name, or
CHORUS.
kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry?
greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown?
where's his name, I din-na choose to tell.
Ev-'ry las-sie has her lad-die,
Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When comin' thro' the rye.

No. 123 Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

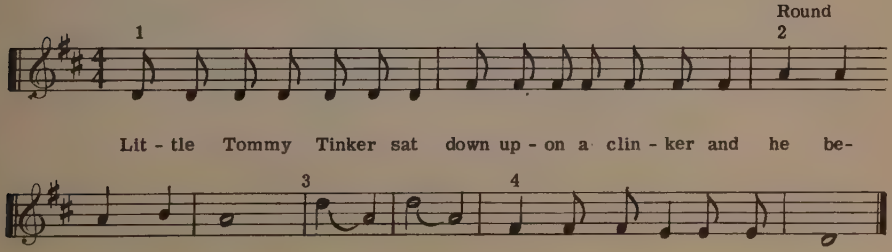
G F. R.

Geo. F. Root.

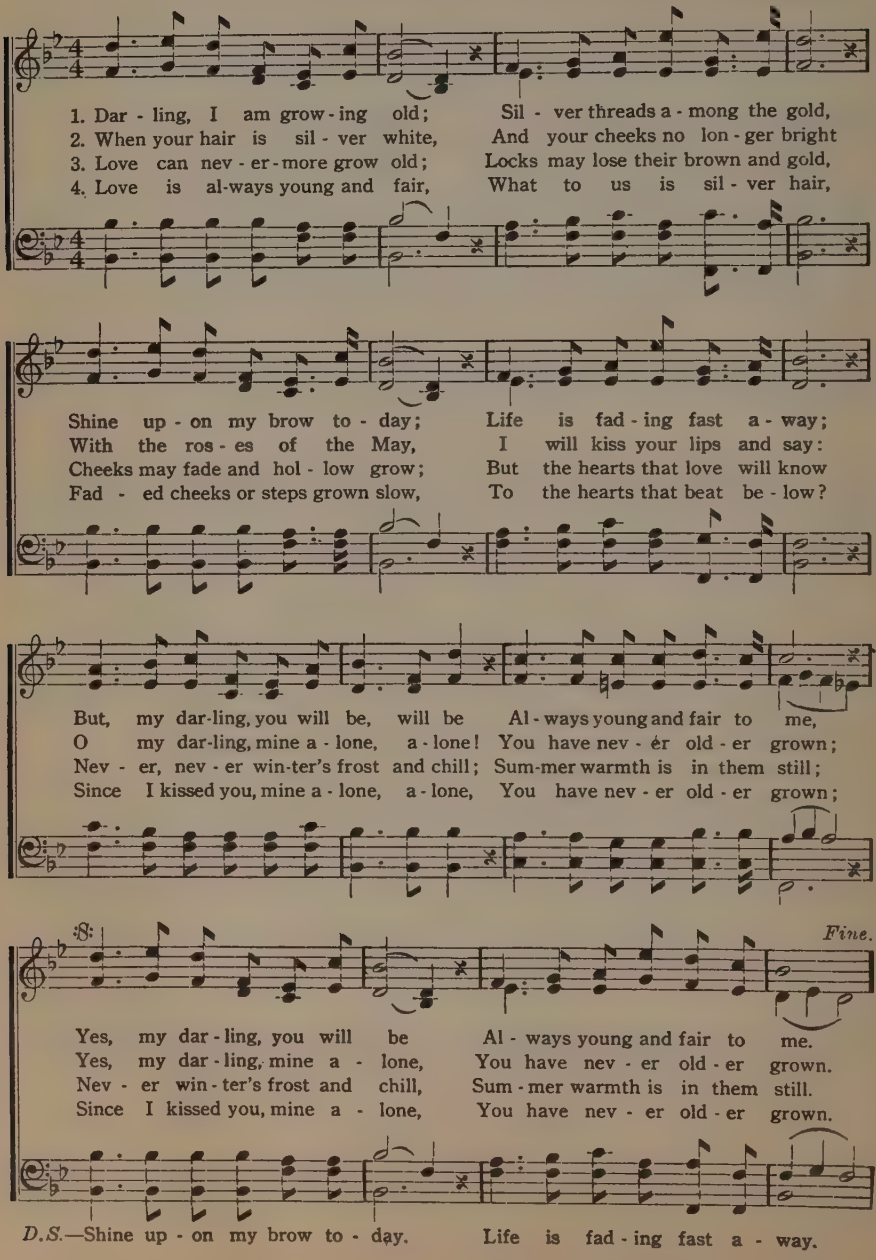
Marziale.


1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, Moth-er dear, of you, And our
2. In the bat - tle front we stood When their fierc-est charge was made. And they
3. So, with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait-ing for the day That shall
bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
swept us off, a hun-dred men or more; But before we reached their lines They were
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hollow eye grows bright, And the
D.S.—And be-neath the star - ry flag We shall
FINE.
all that I can do, Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.
beat - en back, dismayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.
breathe the air a - gain Of the free - land in our own be - lov - ed home.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! The boys are marching Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
marching on, O cheer up, com - rades, they will come,

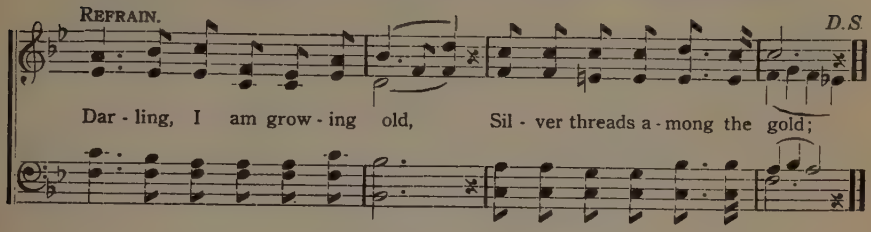
No. 124 Tommy Tinker.



No. 125 Silver Threads Among the Gold.

H. P. DANKS.

1. Dar - ling, I am grow - ing old; Sil - ver threads a - mong the gold,
2. When your hair is sil - ver white, And your cheeks no lon - ger bright
3. Love can nev - er - more grow old; Locks may lose their brown and gold,
4. Love is al-ways young and fair, What to us is sil - ver hair,
Shine up - on my brow to - day; Life is fad - ing fast a - way;
With the ros - es of the May, I will kiss your lips and say:
Cheeks may fade and hol - low grow; But the hearts that love will know
Fad - ed cheeks or steps grown slow, To the hearts that beat be - low?
But, my dar-ling, you will be, will be Al - ways young and fair to me,
O my dar-ling, mine a - lone, a - lone! You have nev - er old - er grown;
Nev - er, nev - er win-ter's frost and chill; Sum-mer warmth is in them still;
Since I kissed you, mine a - lone, a - lone, You have nev - er old - er grown;
Fine.
Yes, my dar - ling, you will be Al - ways young and fair to me.
Yes, my dar - ling, mine a - lone, You have nev - er old - er grown.
Nev - er win - ter's frost and chill, Sum - mer warmth is in them still.
Since I kissed you, mine a - lone, You have nev - er old - er grown.
D.S.—Shine up - on my brow to - day. Life is fad - ing fast a - way.

Silver Threads Among the Gold.—Concluded.



No. 126 I've Been Thinking.

Tune: "Reuben and Rachel"
Words by Mrs. Agnes E. Taylor, South Bay Grange.

Grangers, Grangers, I've been thinking
What a meeting this would be,
If the members all attended,
Taking part most joyfully.
O' My goodness gracious Patrons
Can't we quite a quorum get?
How're we going to rule the nation
If our Grange night we forget?

Master, Master, we're expecting
You to rap the Gavel at eight;
Start the meeting prompt and lively,
See the keeper's at the gate.
O! My goodness, what a circus,
Can't we give our signals right?
What's the password, Brother help me,
Or I'll stay outdoors tonight.

Brothers, Brothers, how appalling
Don't sit way back there and snore.
When the cake and coffee's ready
You're the first to take the floor.
Sisters, Sisters, we're just dreaming
Of the fun that lies in store,
When we tie your aprons 'round us
Marching through the kitchen door.

Patrons, Patrons, I've been thinking
That's cooperation true.
Now if all the farmers joined us,
What a lot the Grange could do.
Brothers, you get out and hustle.
Sisters serve the eats with charm;
Work for honest legislation,
And we'll have fun on the farm.

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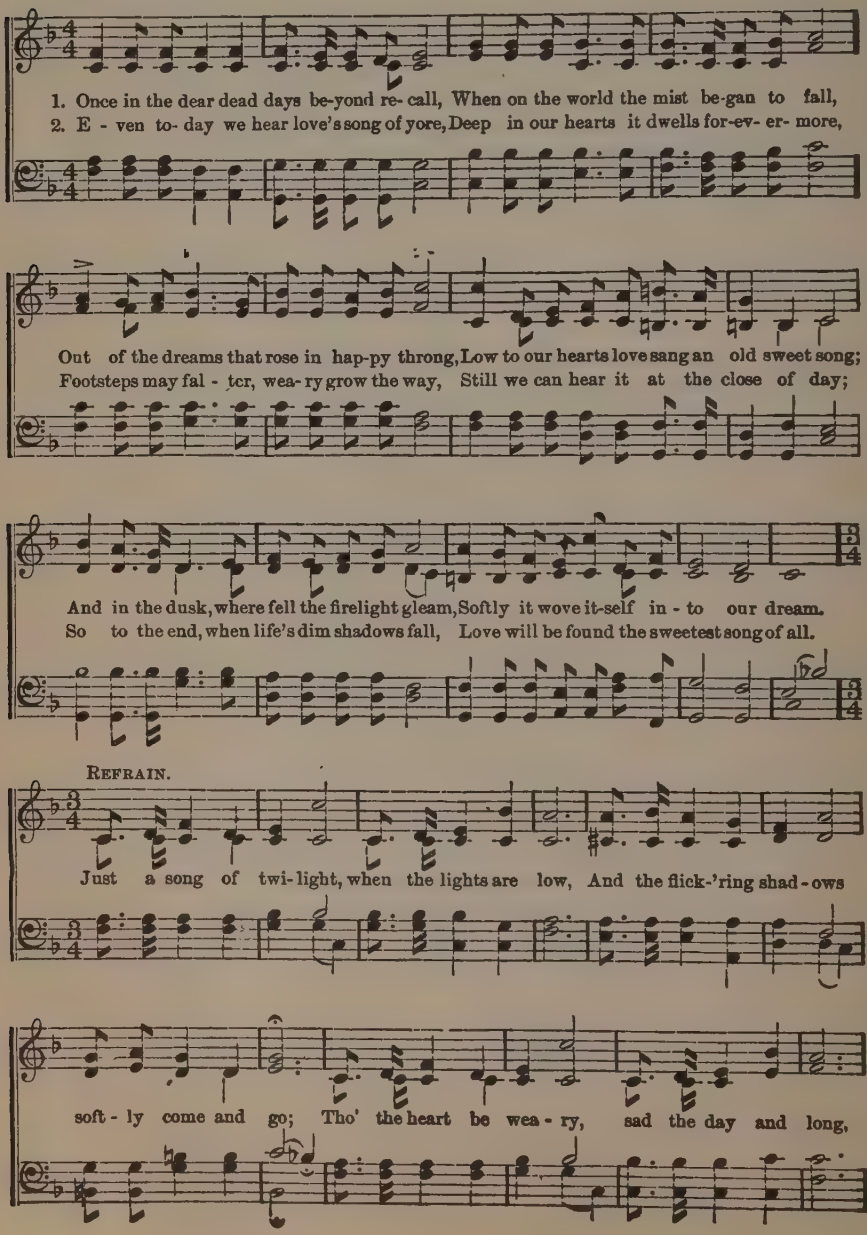
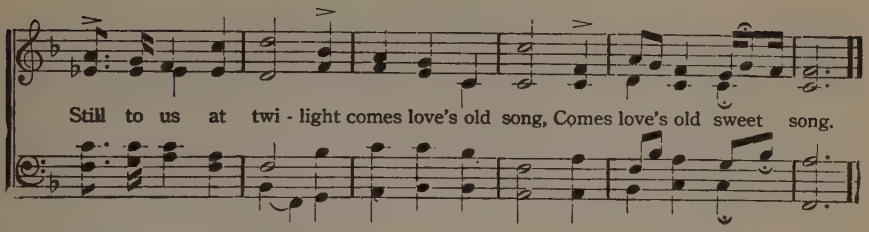
No. 127 Love's Old Sweet Song.

C. Clifton Bingham. J. L. Molloy.


1. Once in the dear dead days be-yond re- call, When on the world the mist be-gan to fall,
2. E - ven to- day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ev- er- more,
Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng, Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song;
Footsteps may fal - ter, wea- ry grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day;
And in the dusk, where fell the firelight gleam, Softly it wove it-self in - to our dream.
So to the end, when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.
Refrain.
Just a song of twi- light, when the lights are low, And the flick-'ring shad - ows
soft - ly come and go; Tho' the heart be wea - ry, sad the day and long,

Love's Old Sweet Song.—Concluded.



No. 128 Old Mac-Donald Had A Farm.

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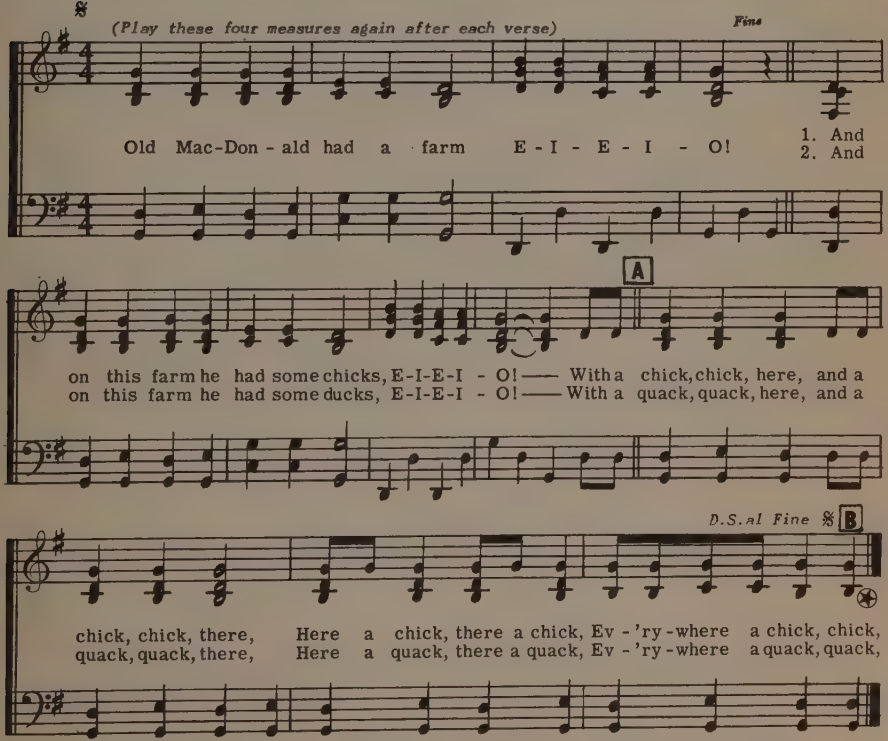
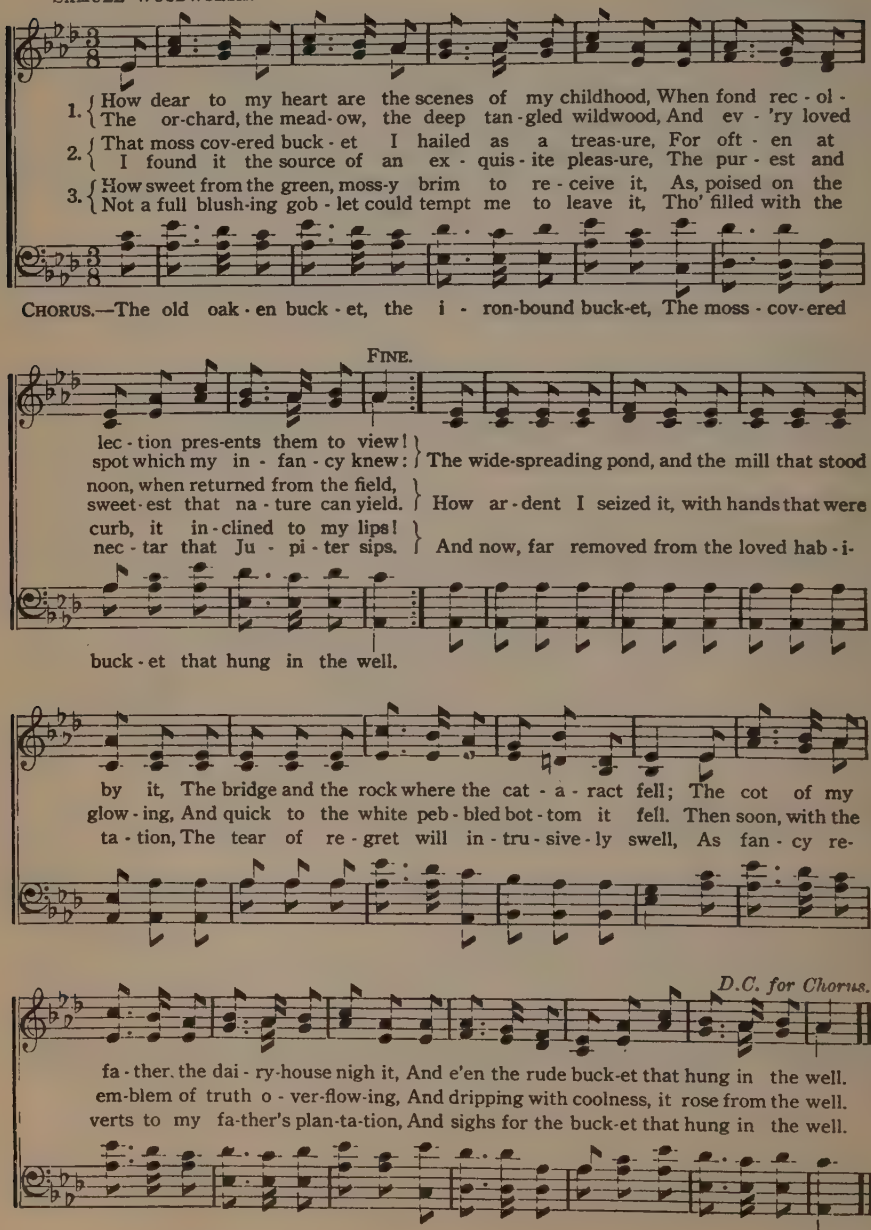

(Play these four measures again after each verse)
Fine
Old Mac-Don - ald had a farm E - I - E - I - O!
1. And
2. And
A
on this farm he had some chicks, E-I-E-I - O! — With a chick, chick, here, and a
on this farm he had some ducks, E-I-E-I - O! — With a quack, quack, here, and a
D.S. al Fine
B
chick, chick, there, Here a chick, there a chick, Ev - 'ry - where a chick, chick,
quack, quack, there, Here a quack, there a quack, Ev - 'ry - where a quack, quack,

③ Pig (grunt, grunt) ④ Ford (rattle-rattle) ⑤ Turkey (gobble-gobble)

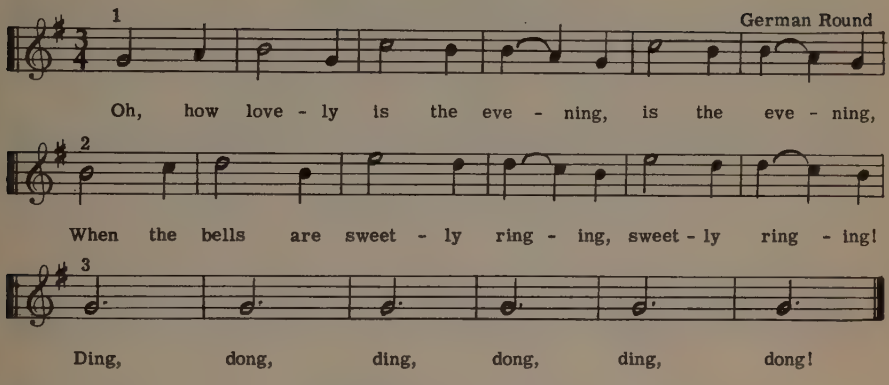
NOTE: After reaching this point ★ each stanza repeats all the words of the preceeding verses between the letters A and B. The fifth verse (in full) would be thus: "With a gobble, gobble here, etc. — Rattle-rattle here, etc. — Grunt, grunt here, etc. — Quack, quack here, etc. — Chick-chick here, etc. — Old Mac Donald had a farm E-I-E-I-O!

No. 129 The Old Oaken Bucket.

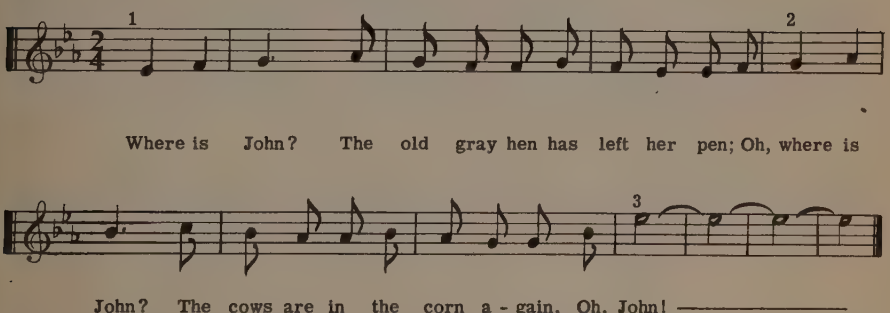
SAMUEL WOODWORTH. E. KAILLMARK.


1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond rec - ol -
The or-chard, the mead-ow, the deep tan-gled wildwood, And ev - 'ry loved
2. That moss cov-ered buck - et I hailed as a treas-ure, For oft - en at
I found it the source of an ex - quis - ite pleas-ure, The pur - est and
3. How sweet from the green, moss-y brim to re - ceive it, As, poised on the
Not a full blush-ing gob - let could tempt me to leave it, Tho' filled with the
CHORUS.—The old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck-et, The moss - cov-ered
FINE.
lec - tion pres-ents them to view!
spot which my in - fan - cy knew:
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood
noon, when returned from the field,
sweet-est that na - ture can yield.
How ar-dent I seized it, with hands that were
curb, it in-clined to my lips!
nec - tar that Ju - pi - ter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved hab - i-
buck - et that hung in the well.
by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell; The cot of my
glow - ing, And quick to the white peb - bled bot - tom it fell. Then soon, with the
ta - tion, The tear of re - gret will in - tru - sive - ly swell, As fan - cy re-
D.C. for Chorus.
fa - ther. the dai - ry-house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well.
em-blem of truth o - ver-flow-ing, And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
verts to my fa-ther's plan-ta-tion, And sighs for the buck-et that hung in the well.

No. 130 Lovely Evening.


German Round
1
Oh, how love - ly is the eve - ning, is the eve - ning,
2
When the bells are sweet - ly ring - ing, sweet - ly ring - ing!
3
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong!

No. 131 Where Is John.



No. 132 Home in the Grange.

(Tune: Home on the Range—pg. 120)
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1. I've been given a home,
And I never will roam,
'Tis the home where the farmers find rest;
We labor and play
Are cheerful all day,
And we strive to do ever our best.

Chorus

Home, home in the Grange,
Where the brothers and sisters are gay;
Where seldom is heard
A discouraging word,
And we're cheerful and happy all day.

2. We pass splendid bills
To cure farmer's ills,
And we labor to better the land,
There is no vexation,
We help lift taxation,
We're joined in a brotherhood band.

3. We fight for wise laws
And for every good cause,
By the ballot and not by the sword;
We work and we plan
To benefit man,
And our labor shall win a reward.

Kelsie K. Curry, Brewster
Lina Curry McCoy, Ellisforde

No. 133 A Plowing Song

FANNIE R. BUCHANAN RENA M. PARISH

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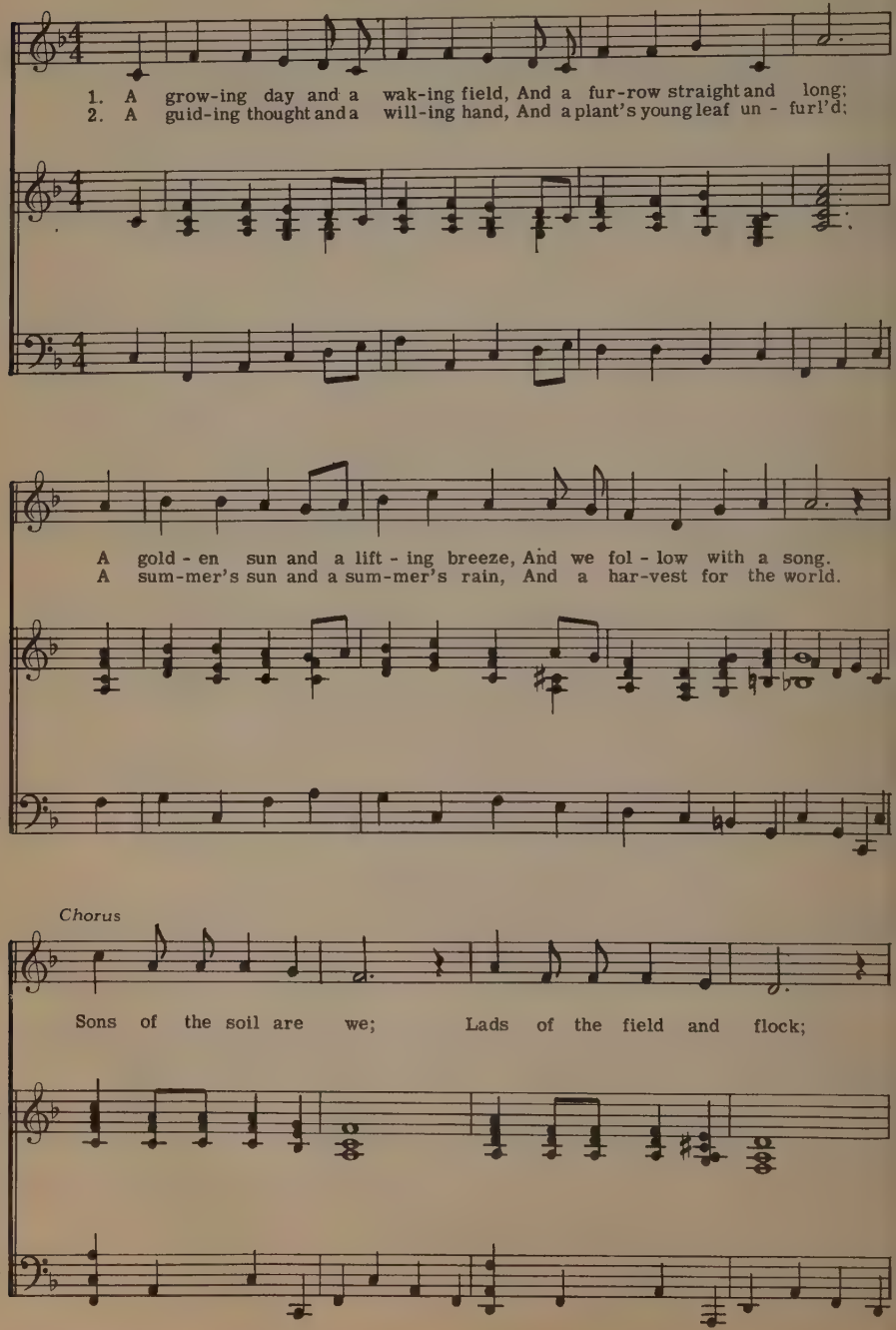
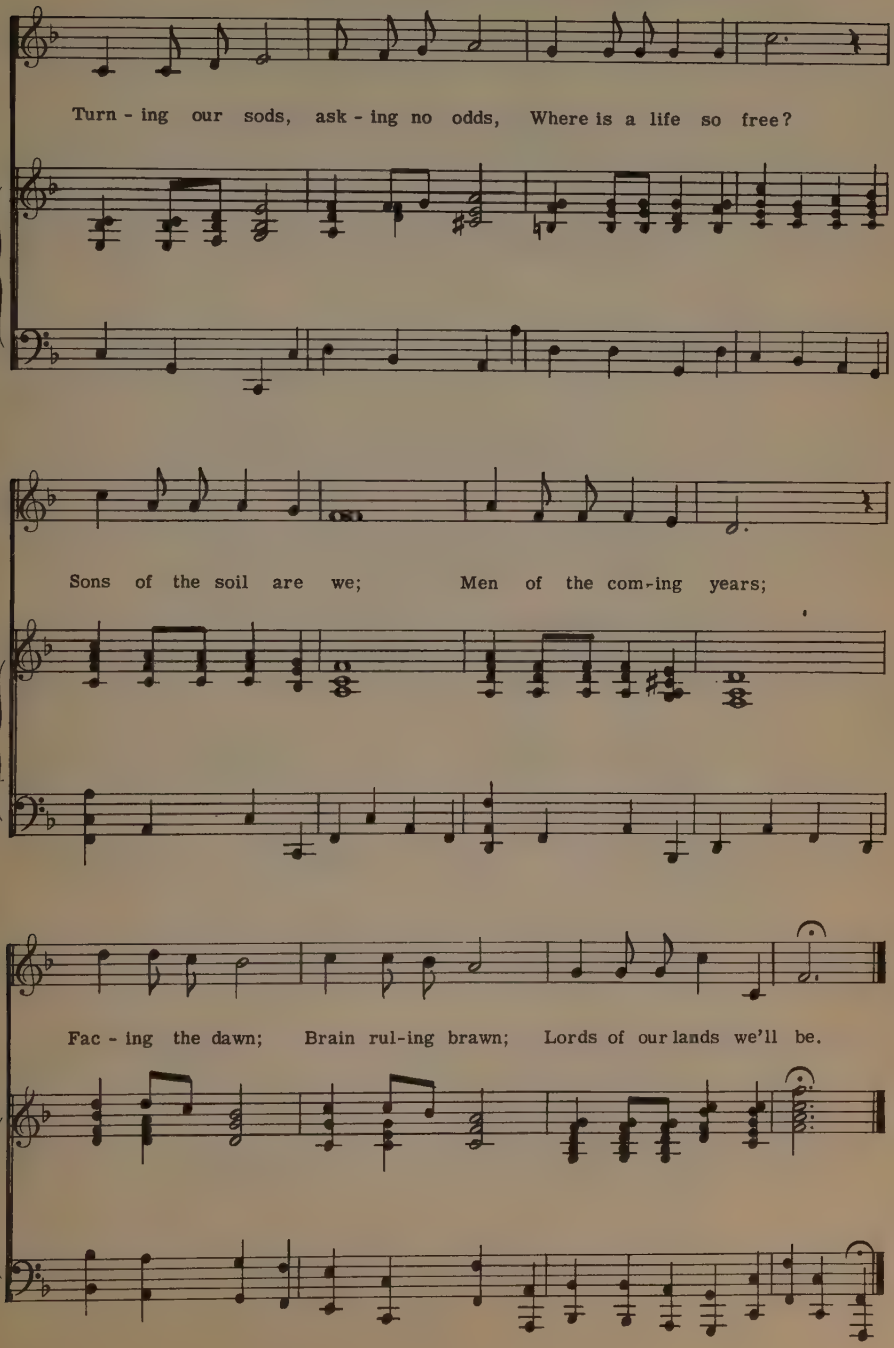
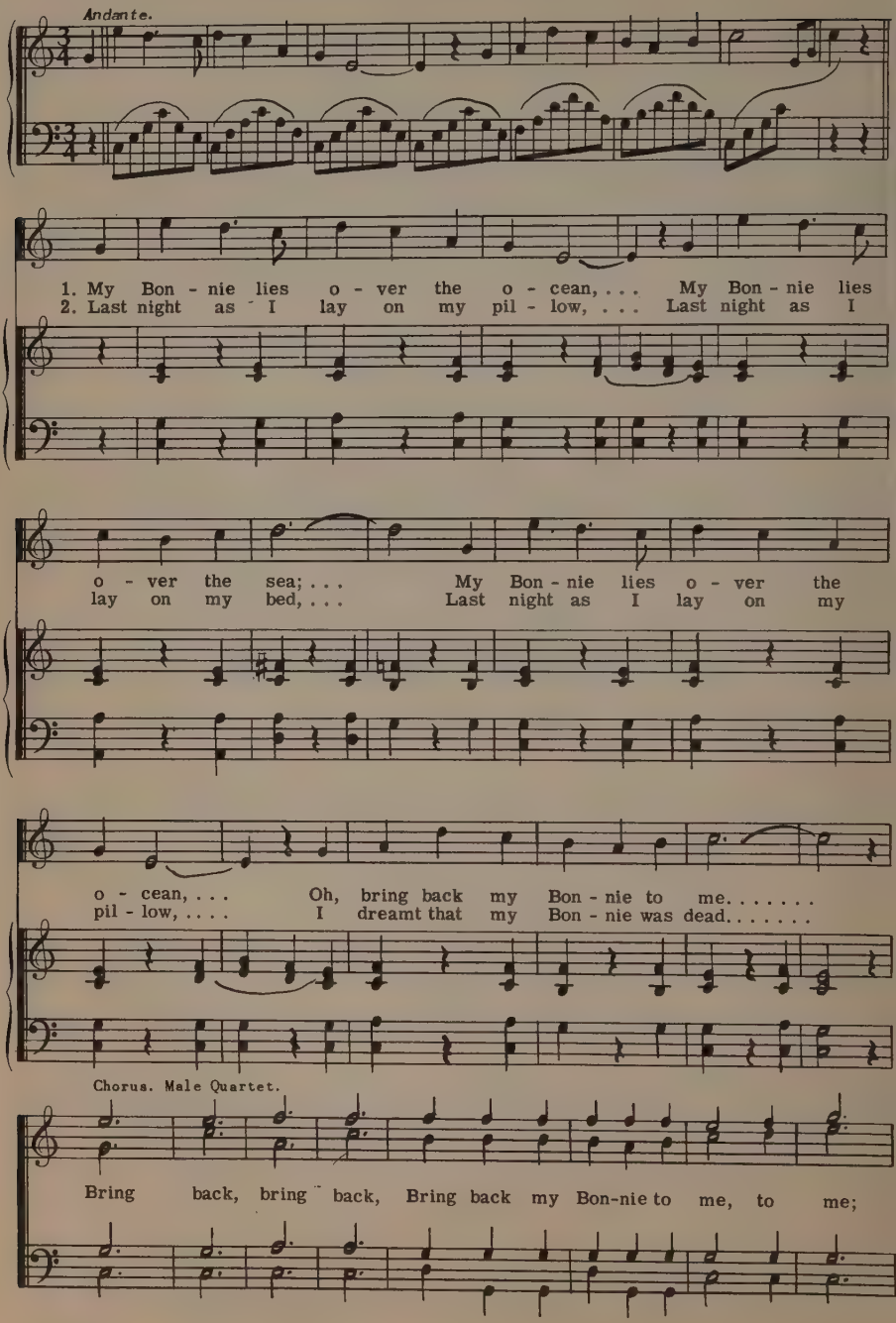
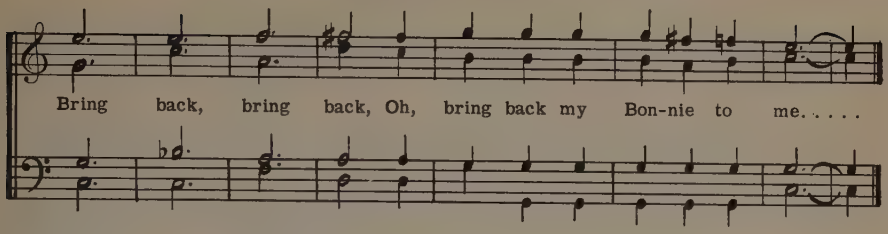

1. A grow-ing day and a wak-ing field, And a fur-row straight and long;
2. A guid-ing thought and a will-ing hand, And a plant's young leaf un - furl'd;
A gold - en sun and a lift - ing breeze, And we fol - low with a song.
A sum-mer's sun and a sum-mer's rain, And a har-vest for the world.
Chorus
Sons of the soil are we; Lads of the field and flock;

A Plowing Song.—Concluded.


Turn - ing our sods, ask - ing no odds, Where is a life so free?
Sons of the soil are we; Men of the com-ing years;
Fac - ing the dawn; Brain rul-ing brawn; Lords of our lands we'll be.

No. 134 Bring Back My Bonnie

Andante.
1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . . . My Bon - nie lies
2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, . . . Last night as I
o - ver the sea; . . . My Bon - nie lies o - ver the
lay on my bed, . . . Last night as I lay on my
o - cean, . . . Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me. . . . . .
pil - low, ... I dreamt that my Bon - nie was dead. . . . . .
Chorus. Male Quartet.
Bring back, bring back, Bring back my Bon-nie to me, to me;

Bring Back My Bonnie.—Concluded.



No. 135 Carry Me Back To Old Virginny

By James Bland

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime.
There's where the old darkey's heart am long'd to go,
There's where I labor'd so hard for old massa,
Day after day in the field of yellow corn,
No place on earth do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny, the state where I was born.

Chorus

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime.
There's where the old darkey's heart am long'd to go.

No. 136 Dixie's Land

By Dan Emmett

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin,
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.

Chorus
Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land, I'll took my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie,
Away, Away,
Away down south in Dixie,
Away, Away,
Away down south in Dixie.

No. 137 It's a Good Thing to Be a Granger.

(Tune—"Tipperary")

1

It's a good thing to be a Granger,
It's a good thing, we know.
It's a good thing to be a Granger,
Wherever you may go.
So it's good-bye, profiteering,
Farewell, all that's bad.
It's a grand good thing to be a Granger,
And it makes my heart glad.

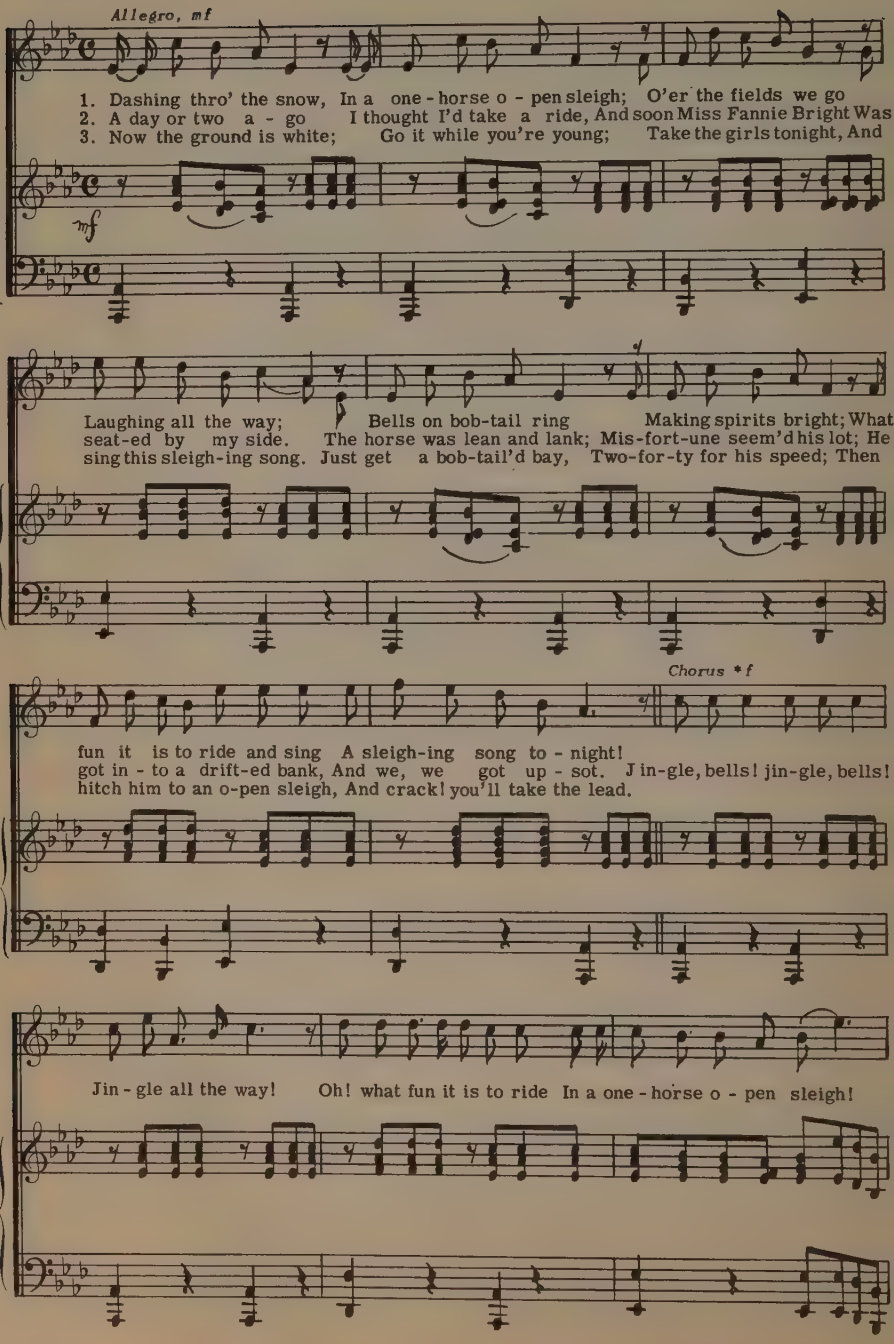
2

It's a good time to get acquainted,
It's a good time to know
Who is sitting close beside you,
Then smile and say hello!
Farewell, chilly greeting,
Good-bye, all that's sad.
It's a grand good thing to be a Granger,
And it makes my heart glad.

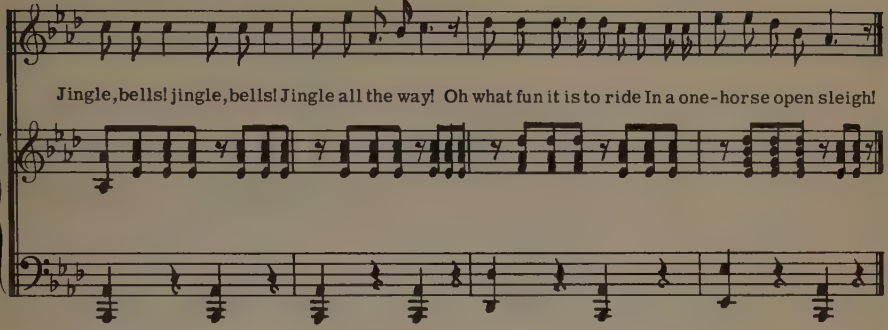
No. 138 Howdy Song.

Howdy do, Mr. ——, howdy do.
Howdy do, Mr. ——, howdy do.
We are with you to a man; we'll do anything we can;
Howdy do, Mr. ——, Howdy do-do-do.

No. 139 Jingle Bells.


Allegro, mf
1. Dashing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o-pen sleigh; O'er the fields we go
2. A day or two a-go I thought I'd take a ride, And soon Miss Fannie Bright Was
3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young; Take the girls tonight, And
mf
Laughing all the way; Bells on bob-tail ring Making spirits bright; What
seat-ed by my side. The horse was lean and lank; Mis-fort-une seem'd his lot; He
sing this sleigh-ing song. Just get a bob-tail'd bay, Two-for-ty for his speed; Then
Chorus *f
fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to-night!
got in-to a drift-ed bank, And we, we got up-sot. Jin-gle, bells! jin-gle, bells!
hitch him to an o-pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.
Jin-gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o-pen sleigh!

Jingle Bells.—Concluded.



*Accompanied by jingling glasses.

No. 140 Hail, Grangers, Hail.

MARCH SONG

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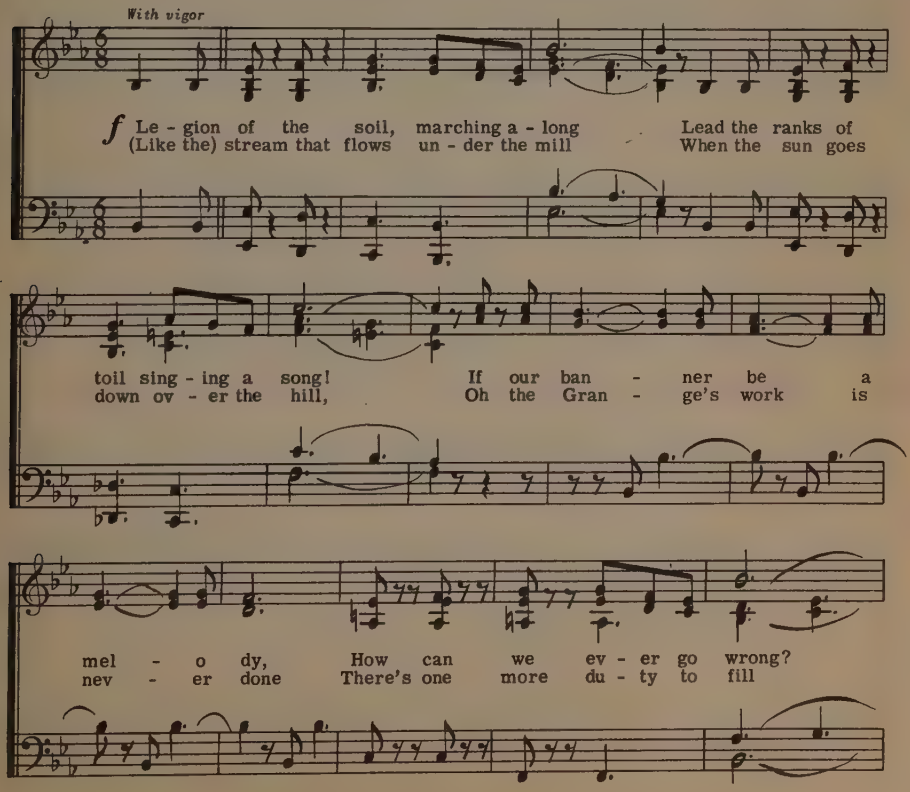
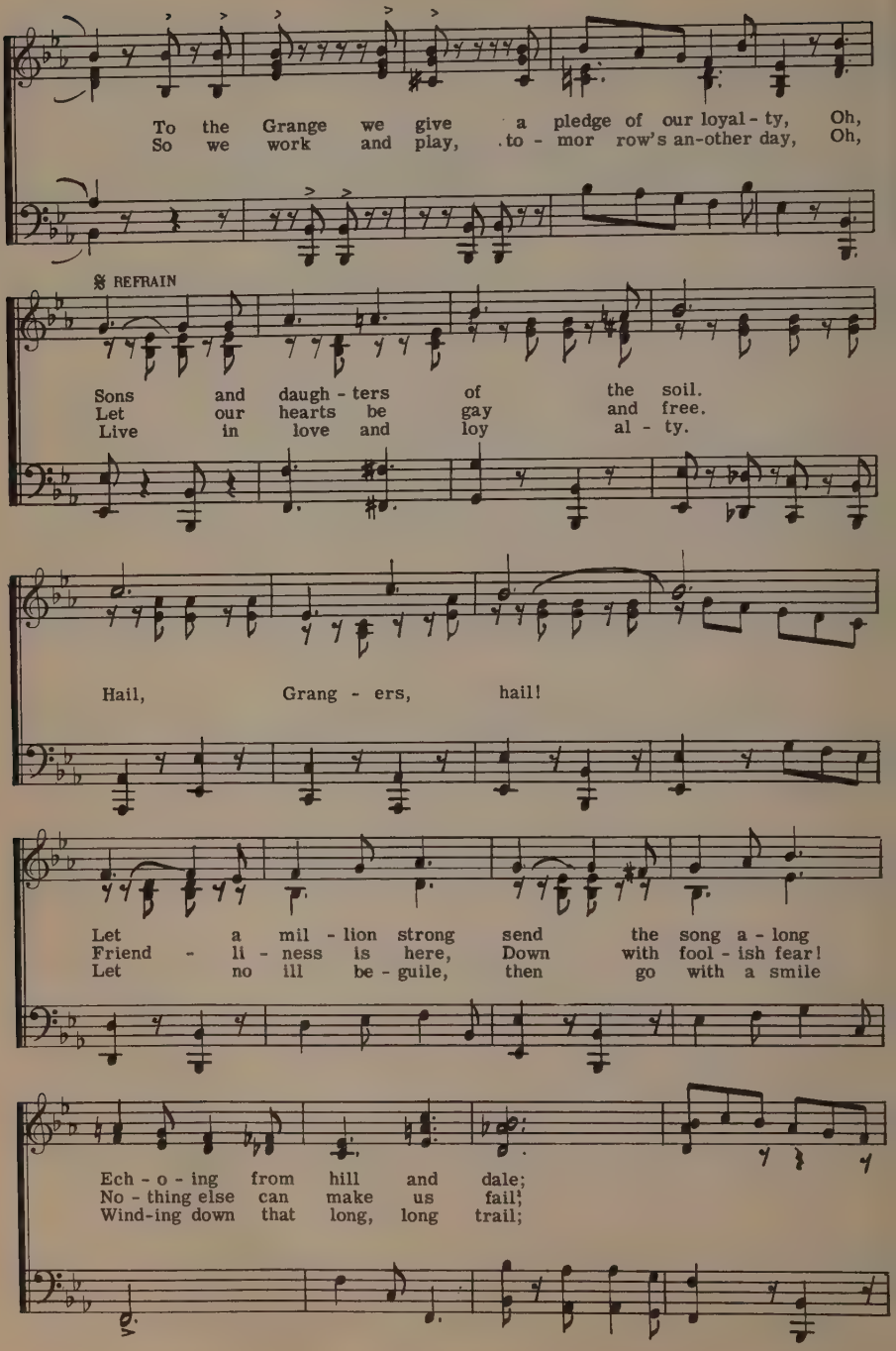
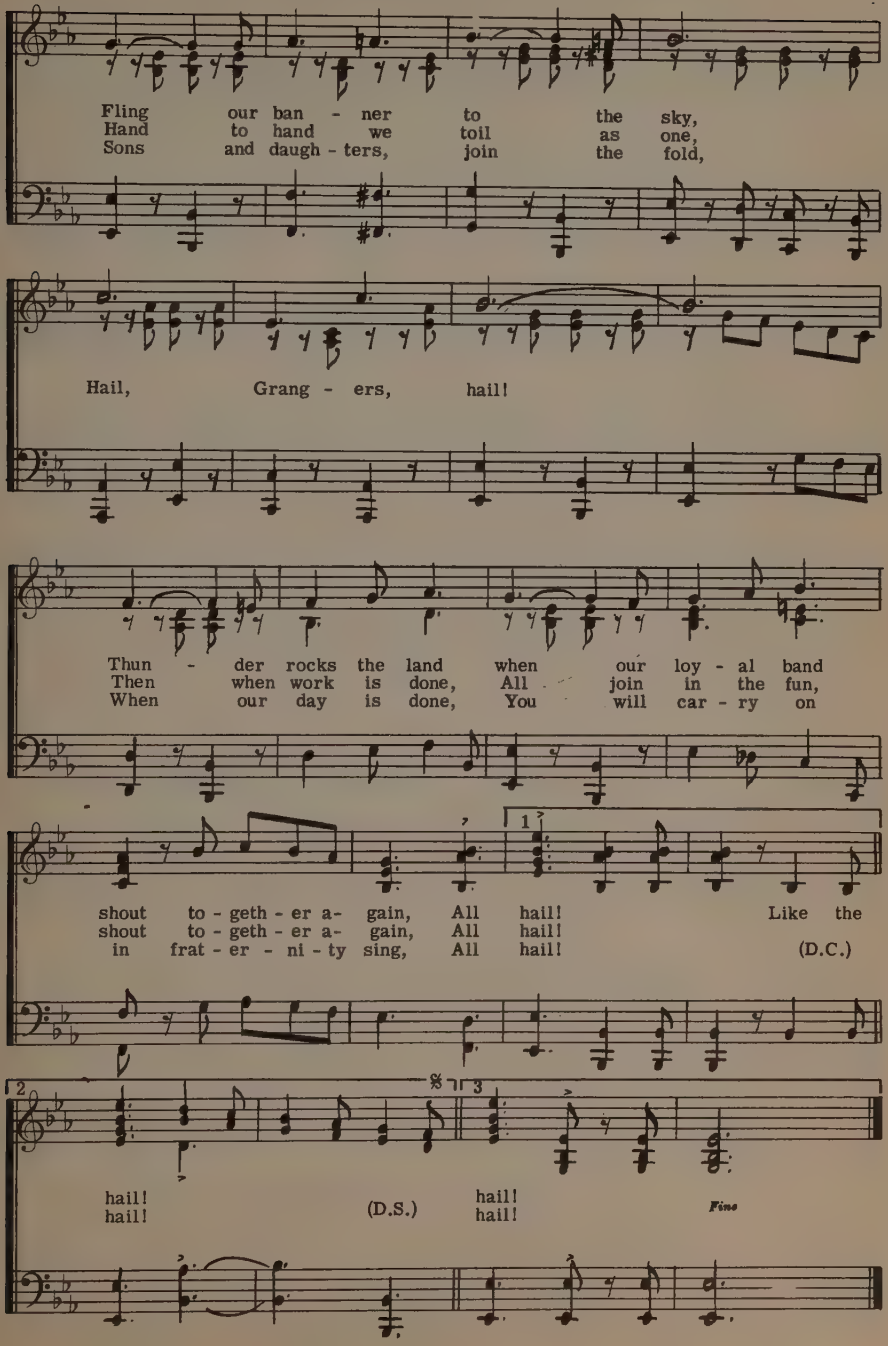

With vigor
f
Le - gion of the soil, marching a - long
(Like the) stream that flows un - der the mill
Lead the ranks of
When the sun goes
toil sing - ing a song!
down ov - er the hill,
If our ban - ner be a
Oh the Gran - ge's work is
mel - o dy,
nev - er done
How can we ev - er go wrong?
There's one more du - ty to fill

Hail, Grangers, Hail.—Continued.


To the Grange we give a pledge of our loyal - ty, Oh,
So we work and play, to - mor row's an-other day, Oh,
𝄋 REFRAIN
Sons and daugh - ters of the soil.
Let our hearts be gay and free.
Live in love and loy al - ty.
Hail, Grang - ers, hail!
Let a mil - lion strong send the song a - long
Friend - li - ness is here, Down with fool - ish fear!
Let no ill be - guile, then go with a smile
Ech - o - ing from hill and dale;
No - thing else can make us fail;
Wind-ing down that long, long trail;

Hail, Grangers, Hail.—Concluded.


Fling our ban - ner to the sky,
Hand to hand we toil as one,
Sons and daugh - ters, join the fold,
Hail, Grang - ers, hail!
Thun - der rocks the land when our loy - al band
Then when work is done, All join in the fun,
When our day is done, You will car - ry on
shout to - geth - er a- gain, All hail! Like the
shout to - geth - er a- gain, All hail!
in frat - er - ni - ty sing, All hail! (D.C.)
1
2
3
hail!
hail!
(D.S.)
hail!
hail!
Fine

No. 141

Glow Worm.

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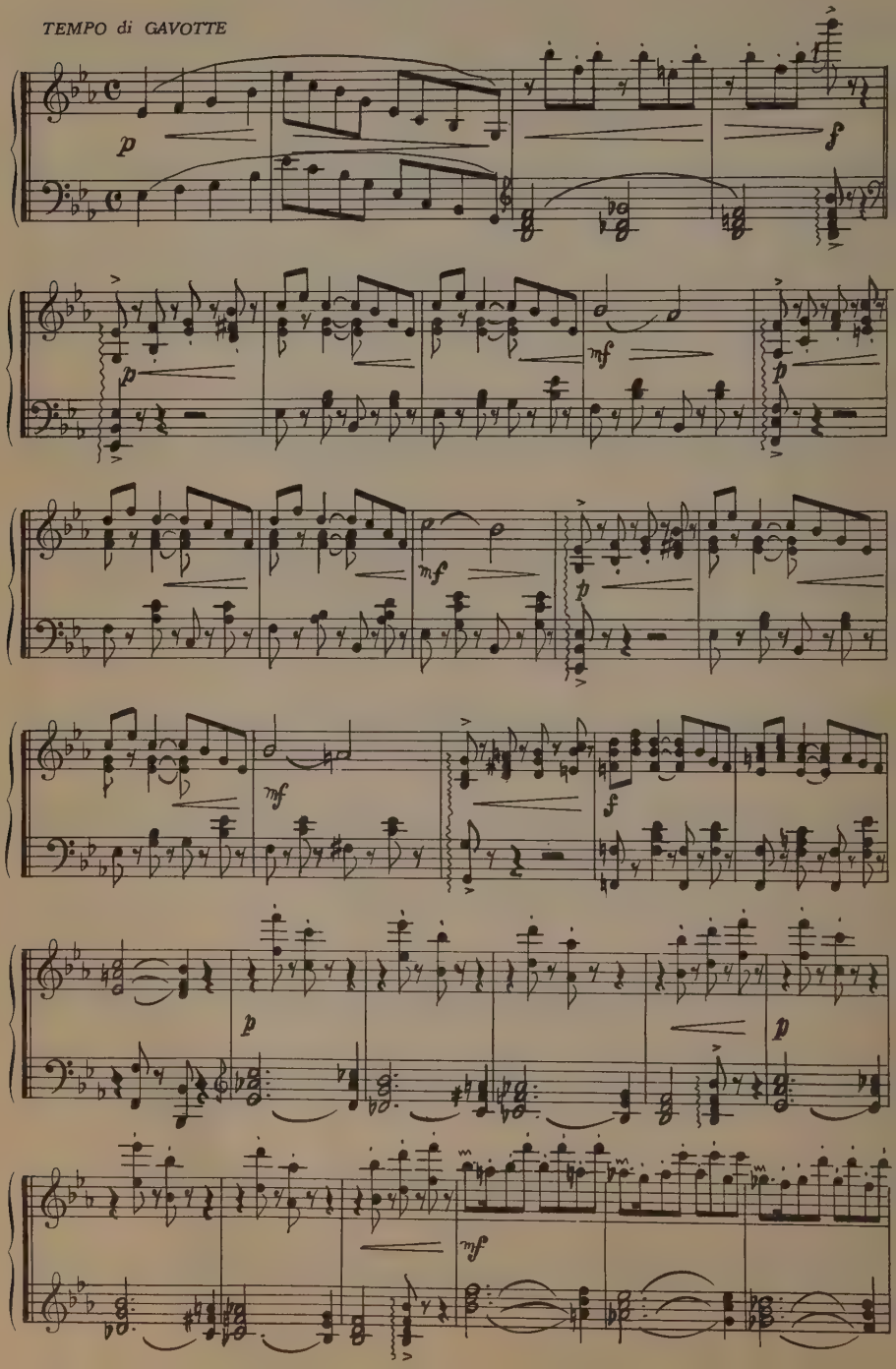
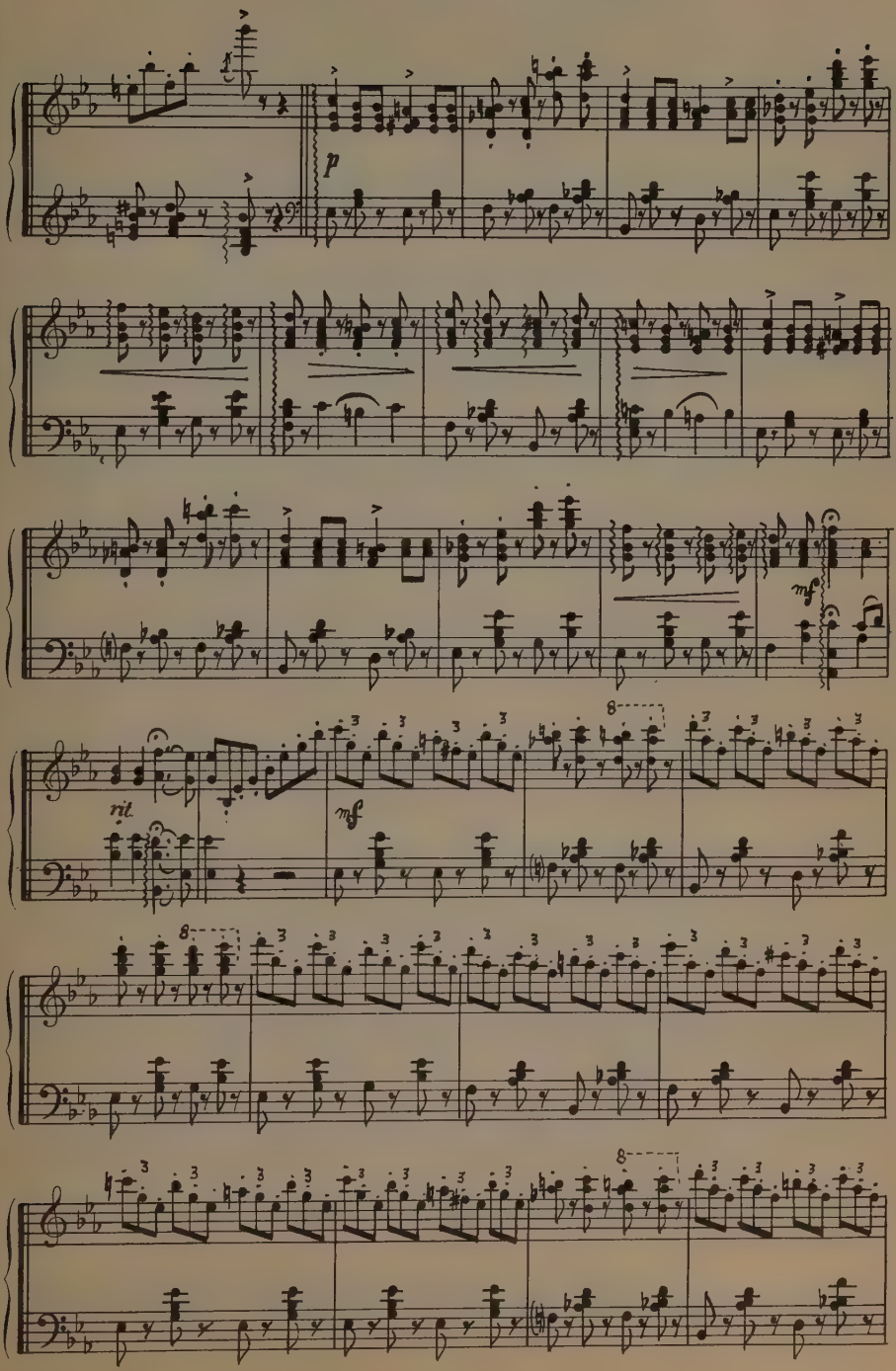
PAUL LINCKE

TEMPO di GAVOTTE

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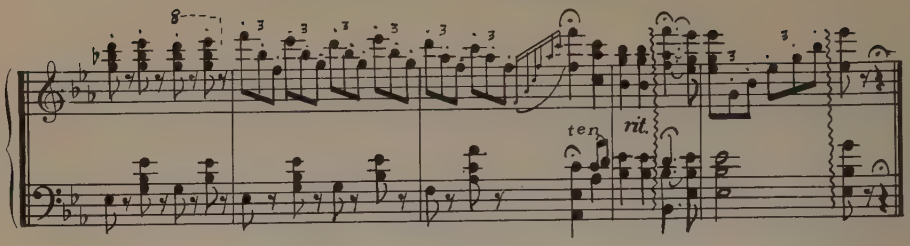
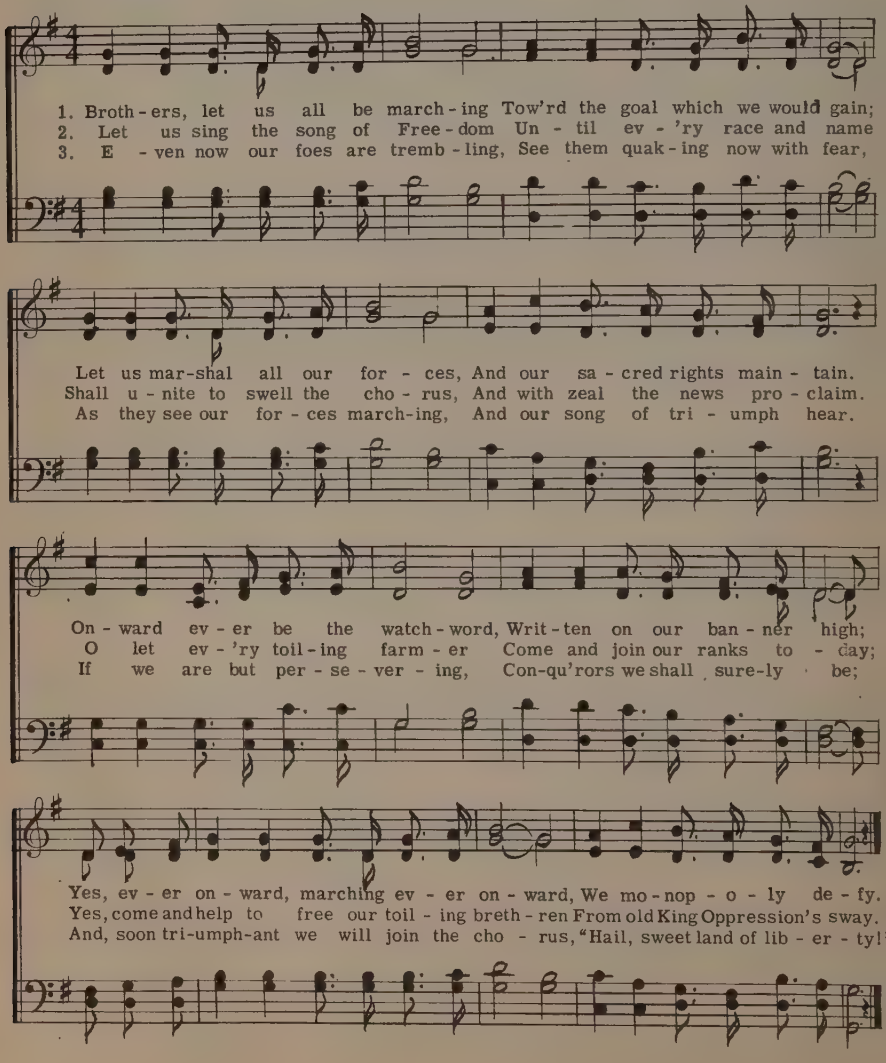


No. 142 Onward Marching.

L. H. Weaver. James L. Orr.


1. Broth-ers, let us all be march-ing Tow'rd the goal which we would gain;
2. Let us sing the song of Free-dom Un-til ev-'ry race and name
3. E-ven now our foes are tremb-ling, See them quak-ing now with fear,
Let us mar-shal all our for-ces, And our sa-cred rights main-tain.
Shall u-nite to swell the cho-rus, And with zeal the news pro-claim.
As they see our for-ces march-ing, And our song of tri-umph hear.
On-ward ev-er be the watch-word, Writ-ten on our ban-ner high;
O let ev-'ry toil-ing farm-er Come and join our ranks to-day;
If we are but per-se-ver-ing, Con-qu'rors we shall sure-ly be;
Yes, ev-er on-ward, marching ev-er on-ward, We mo-nop-o-ly de-fy.
Yes, come and help to free our toil-ing breth-ren From old King Oppression's sway.
And, soon tri-umph-ant we will join the cho-rus, "Hail, sweet land of lib-er-ty!"

No. 143

Clayton's Grand March.

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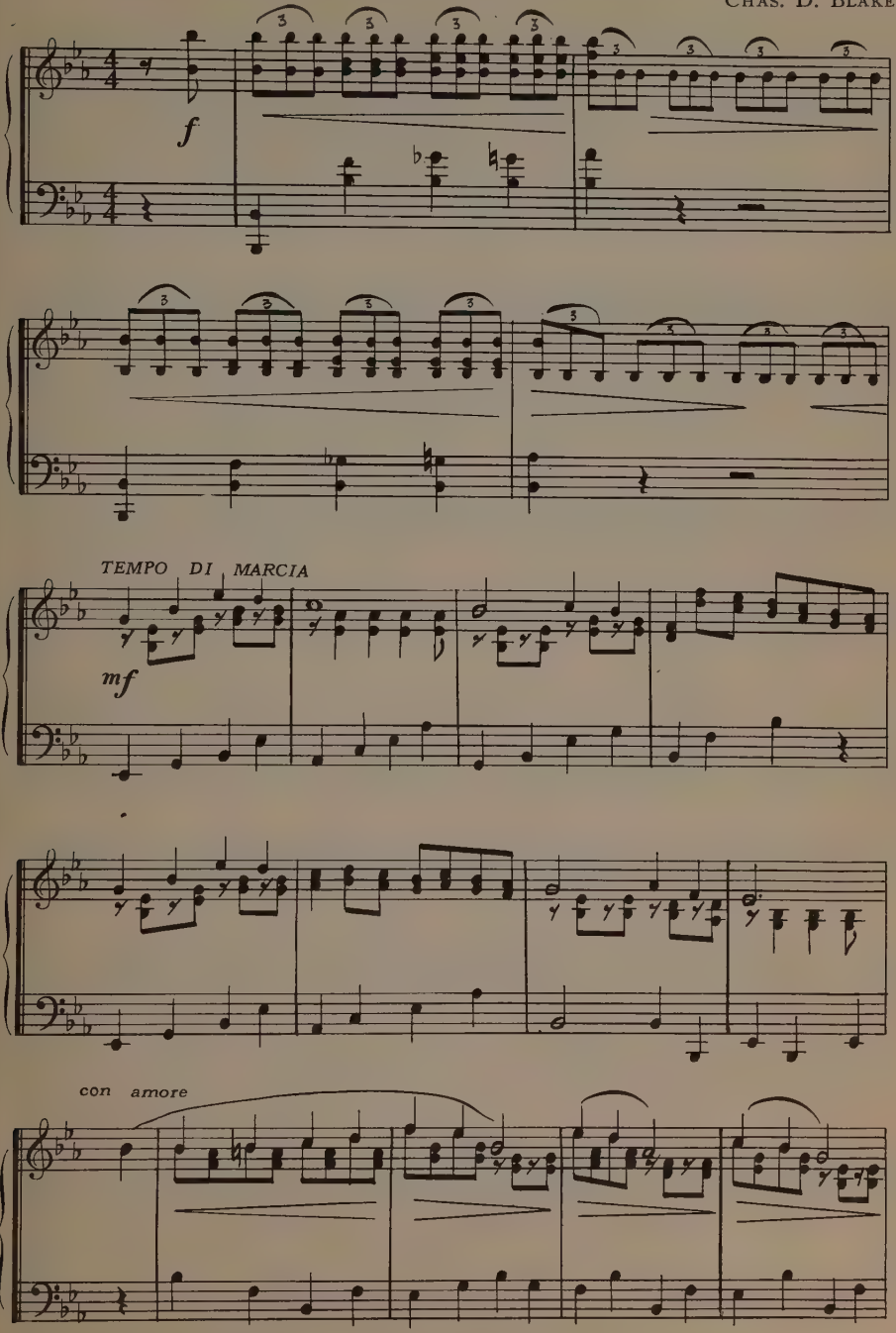
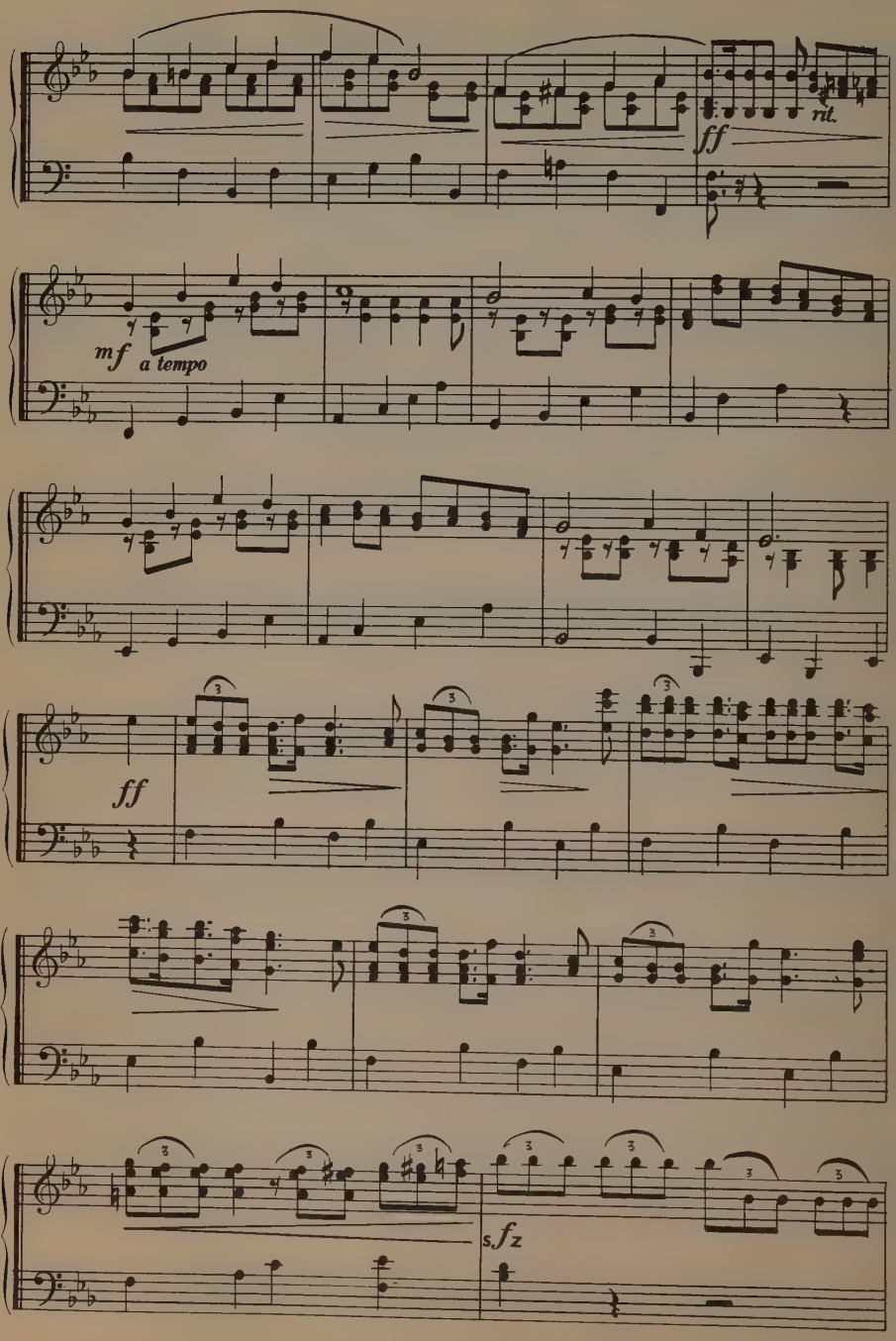
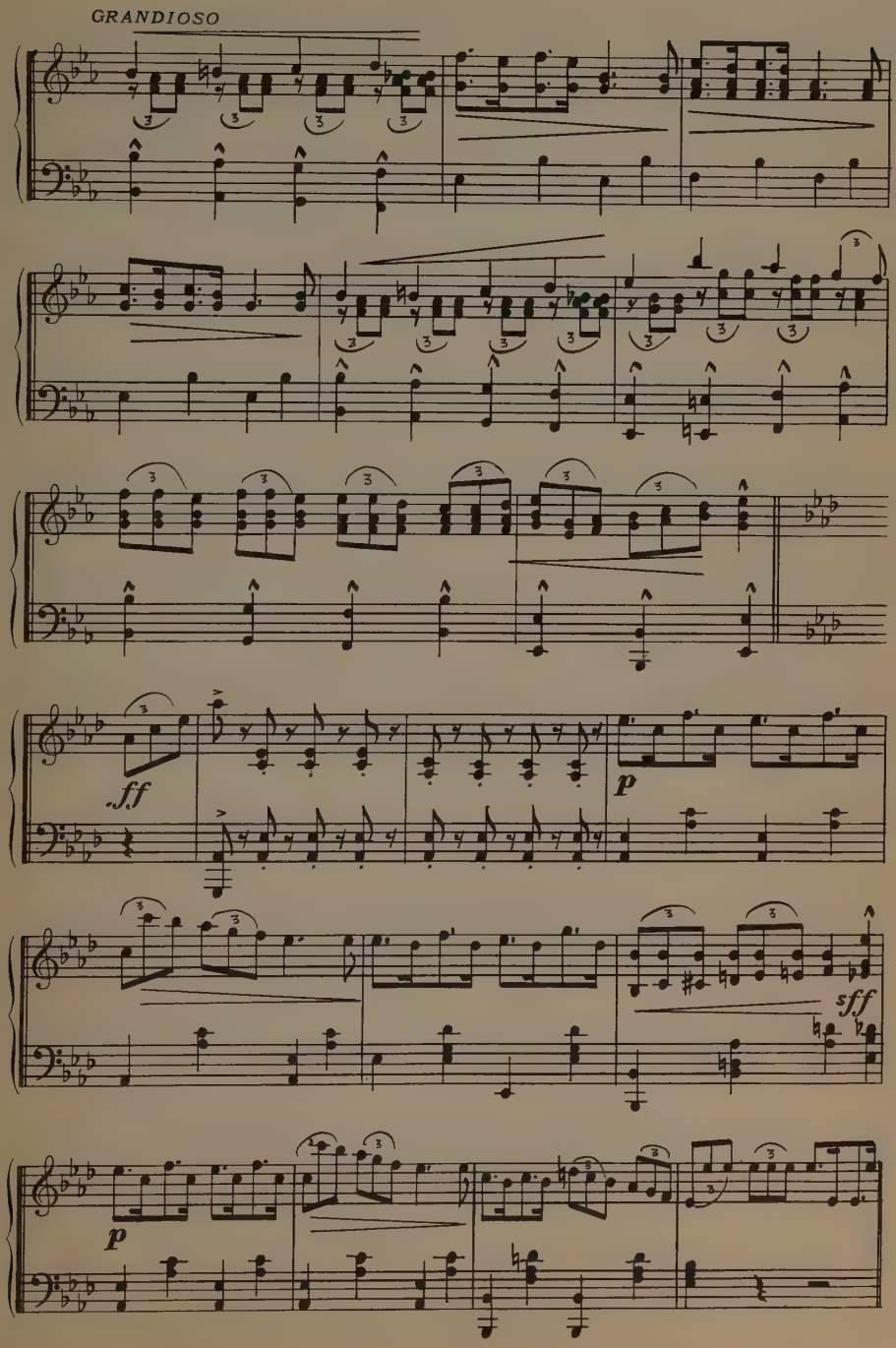
CHAS. D. BLAKE

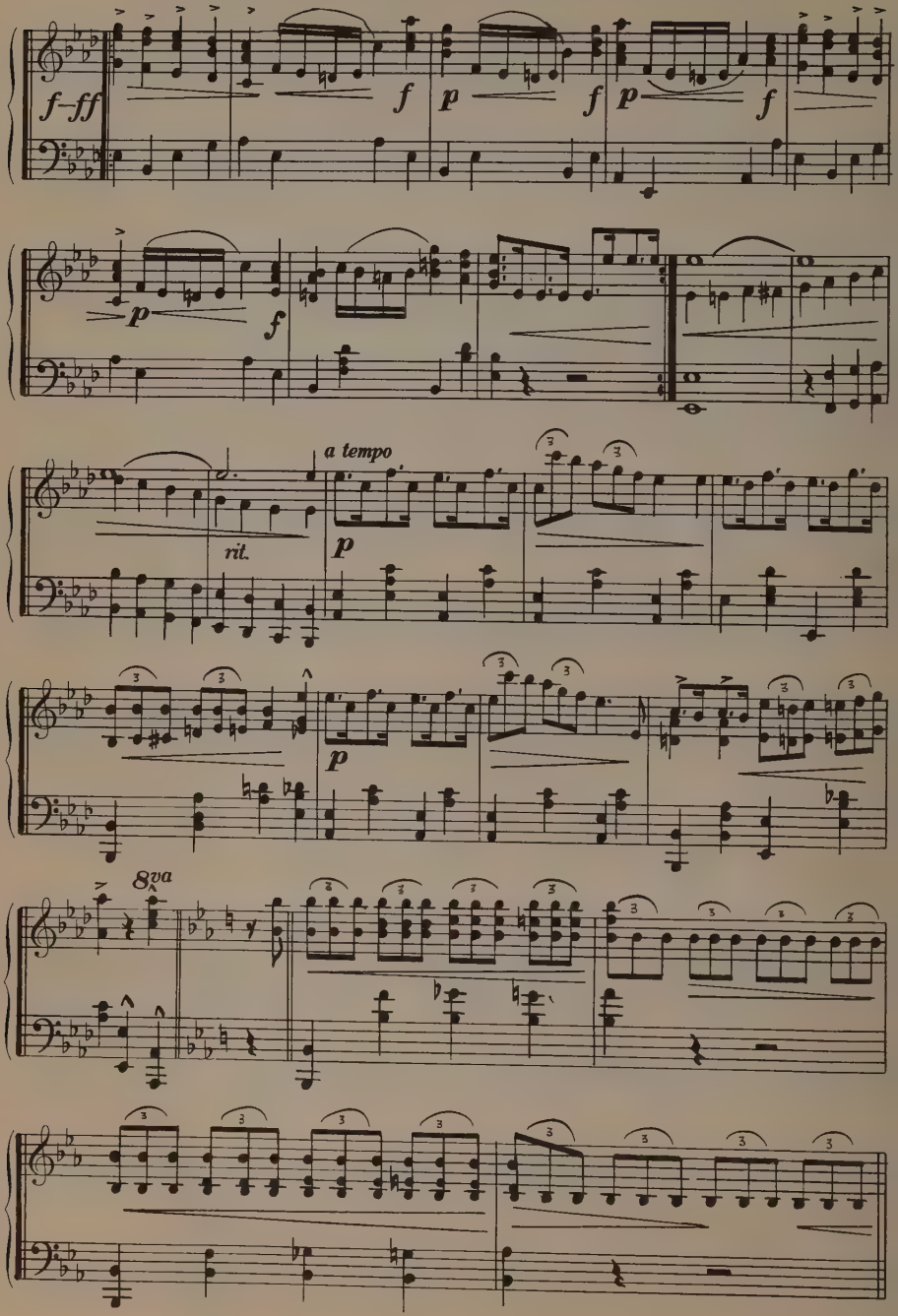


Clayton's Grand March—Continued



Clayton's Grand March—Continued

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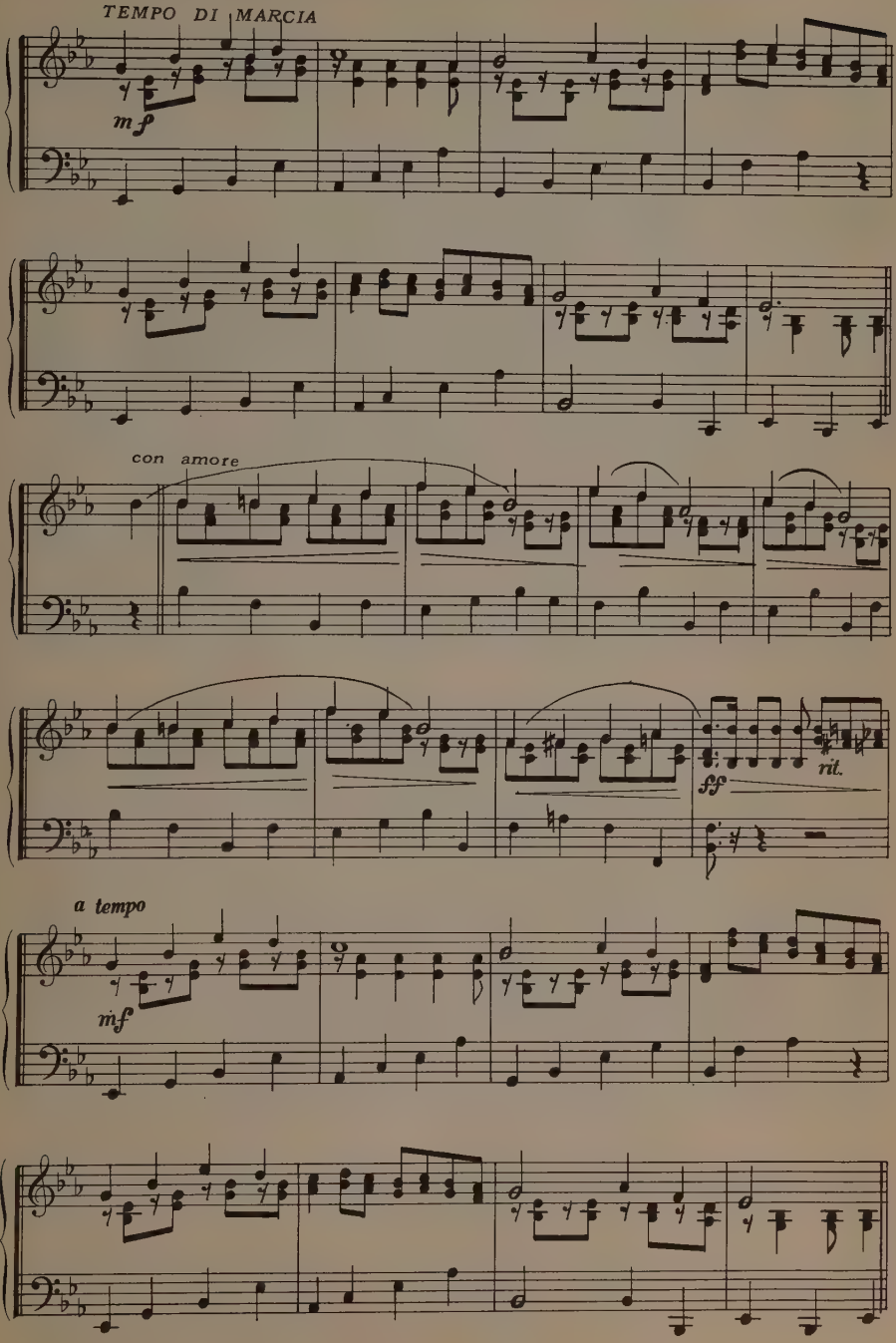

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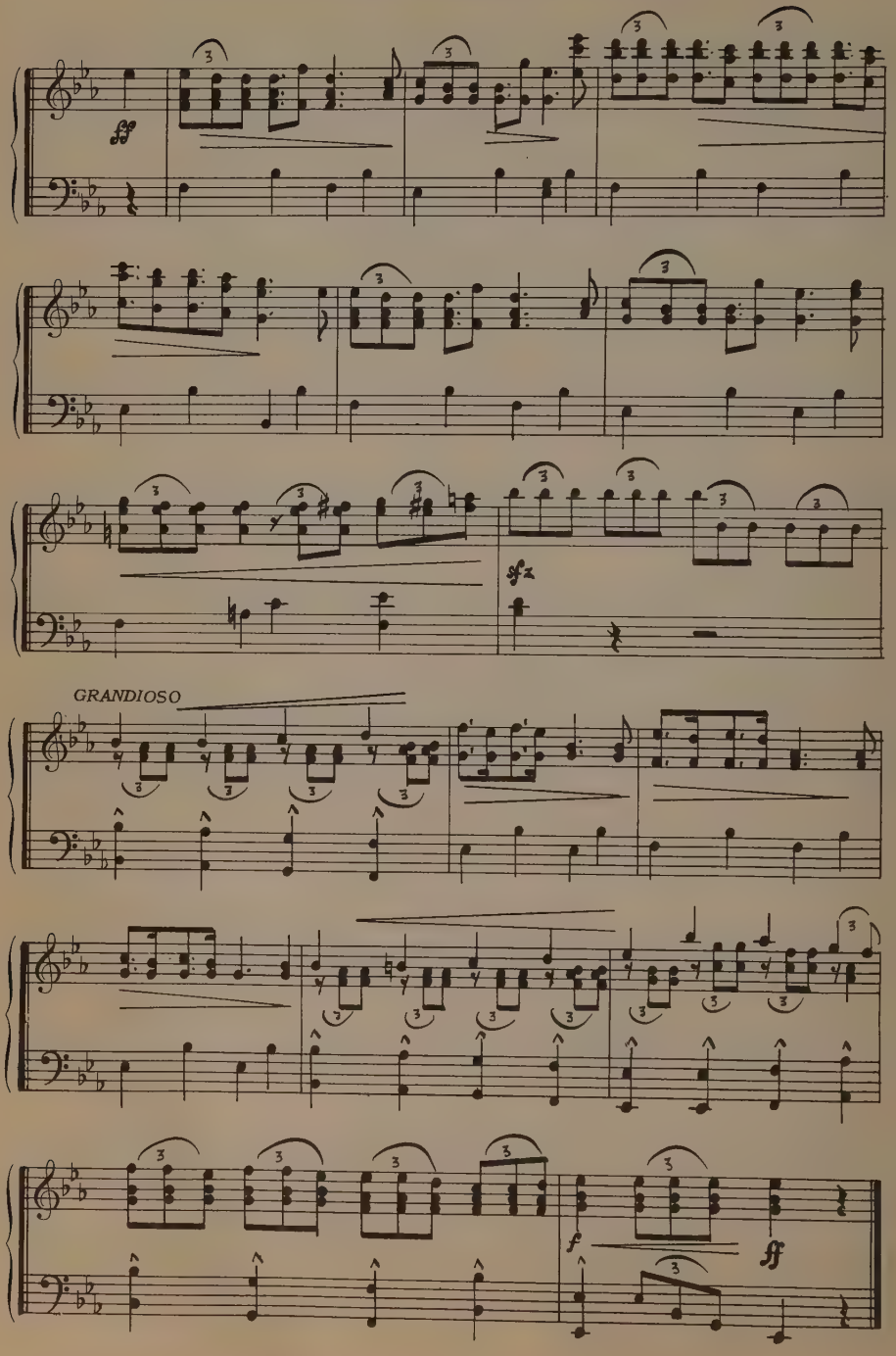

No. 144

Stars and Stripes.

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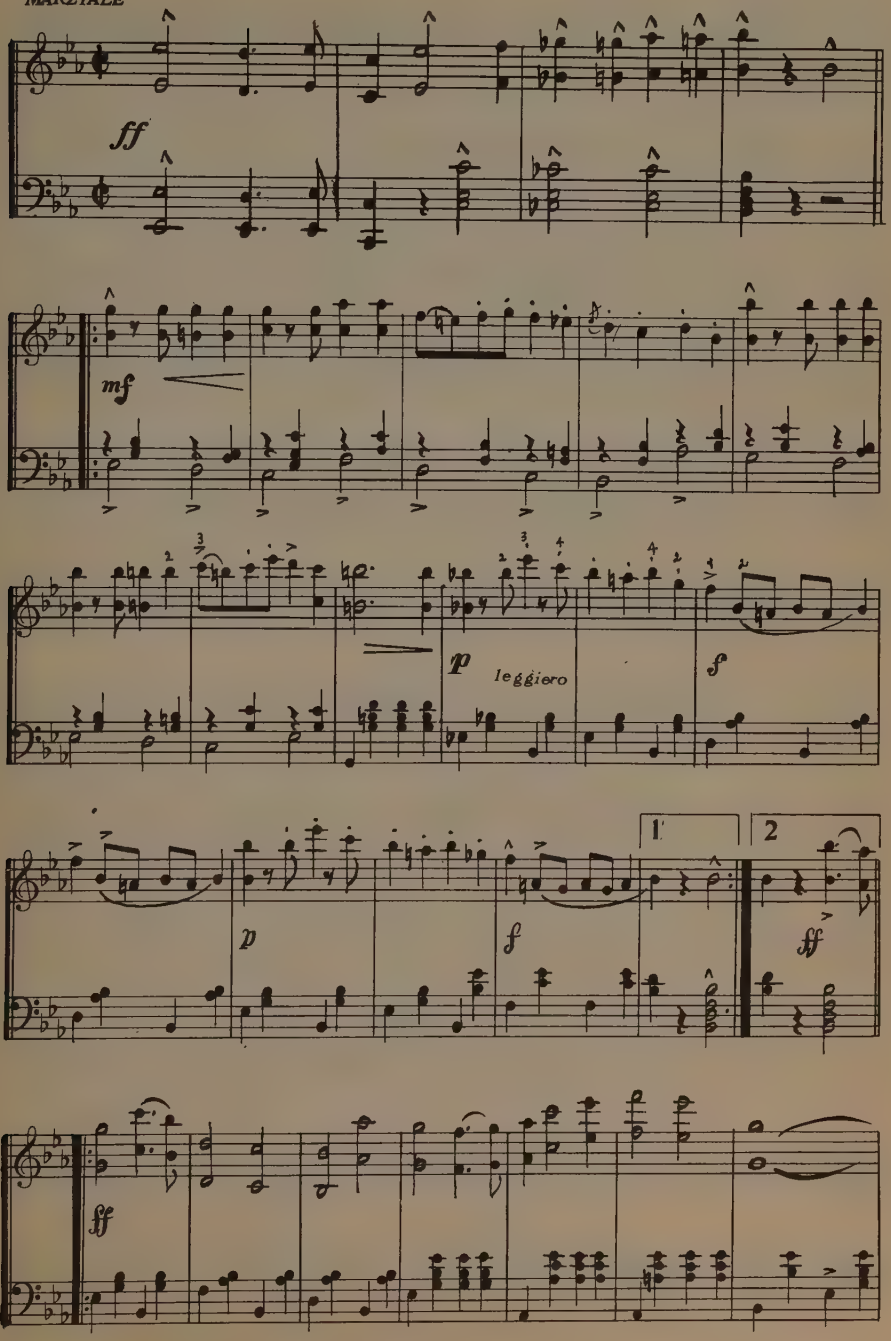

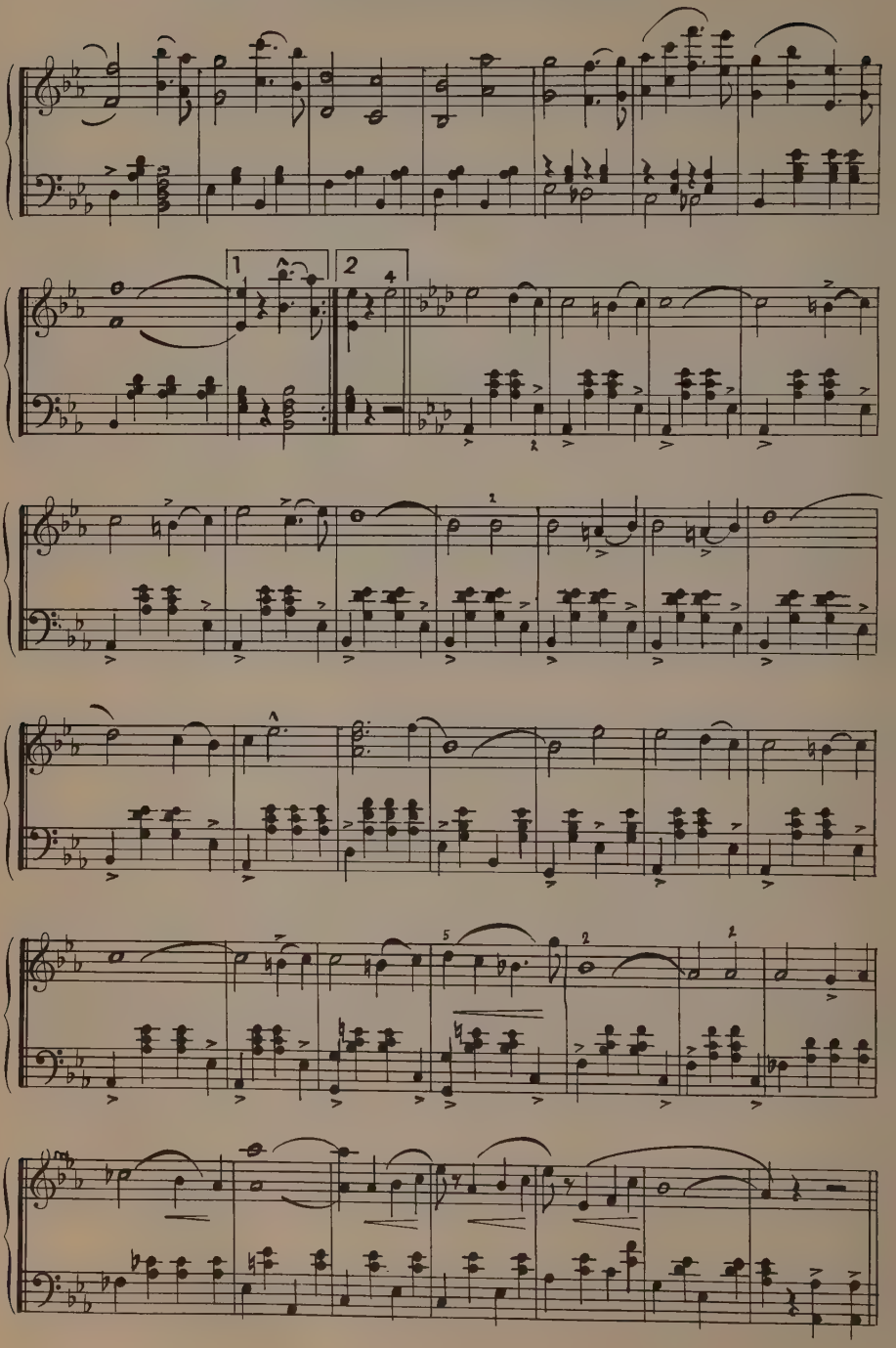

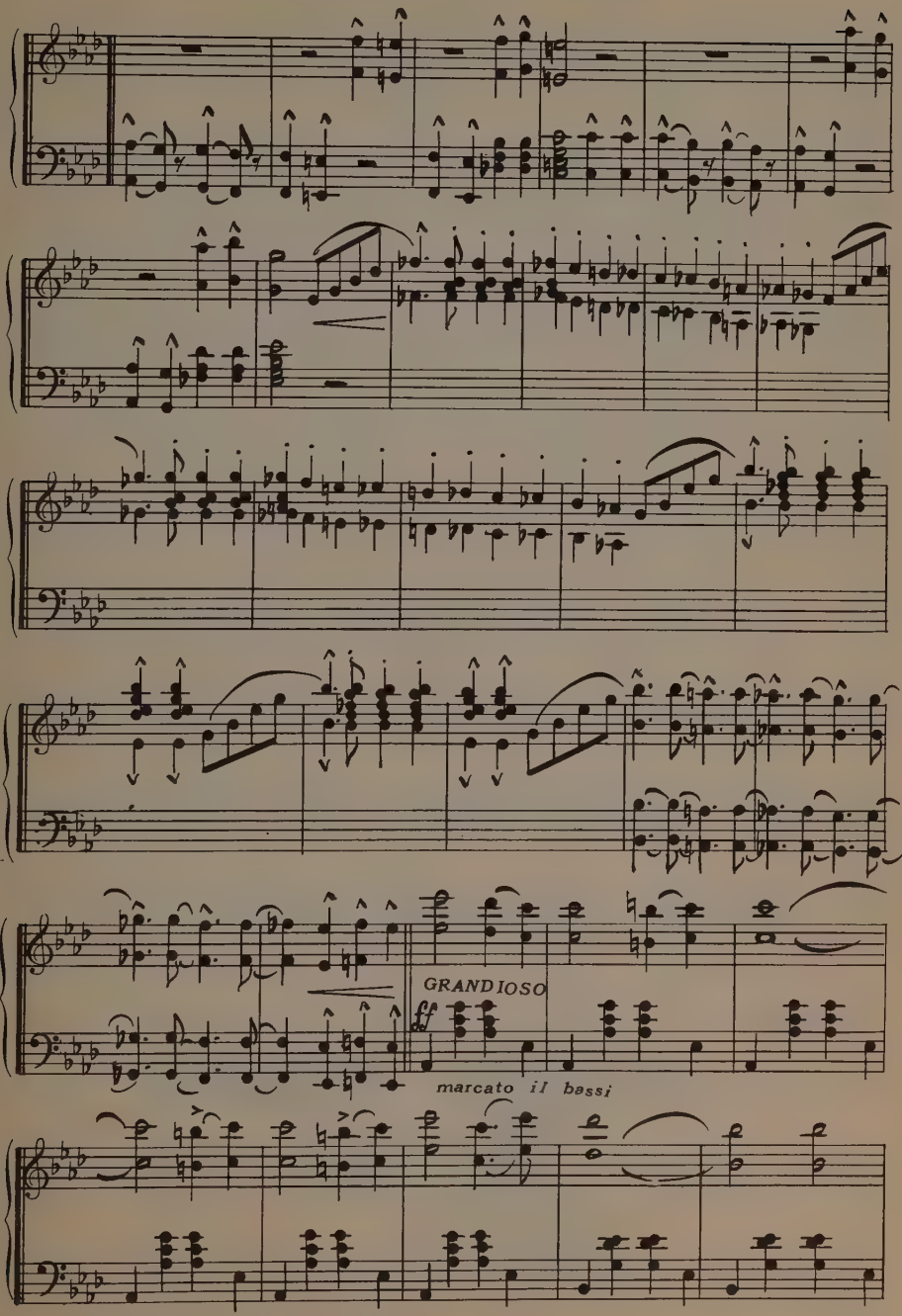
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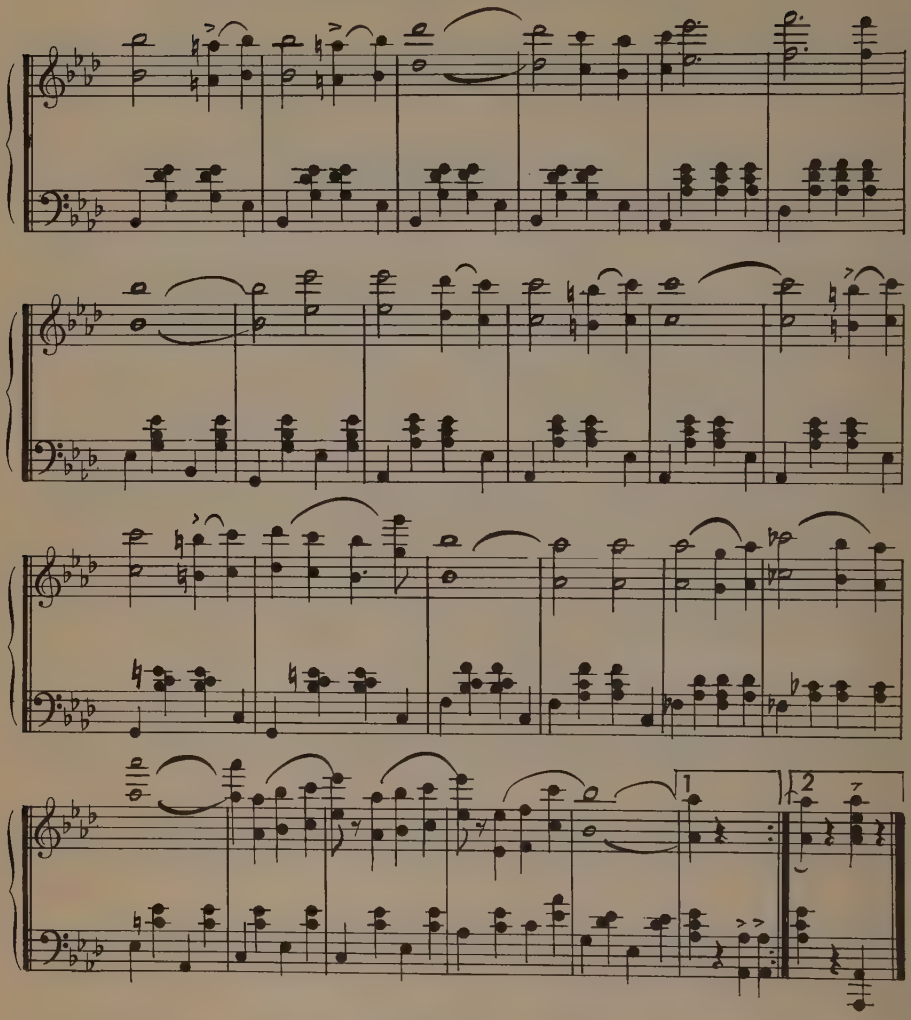

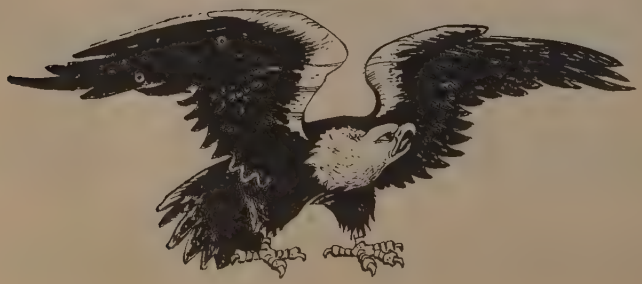

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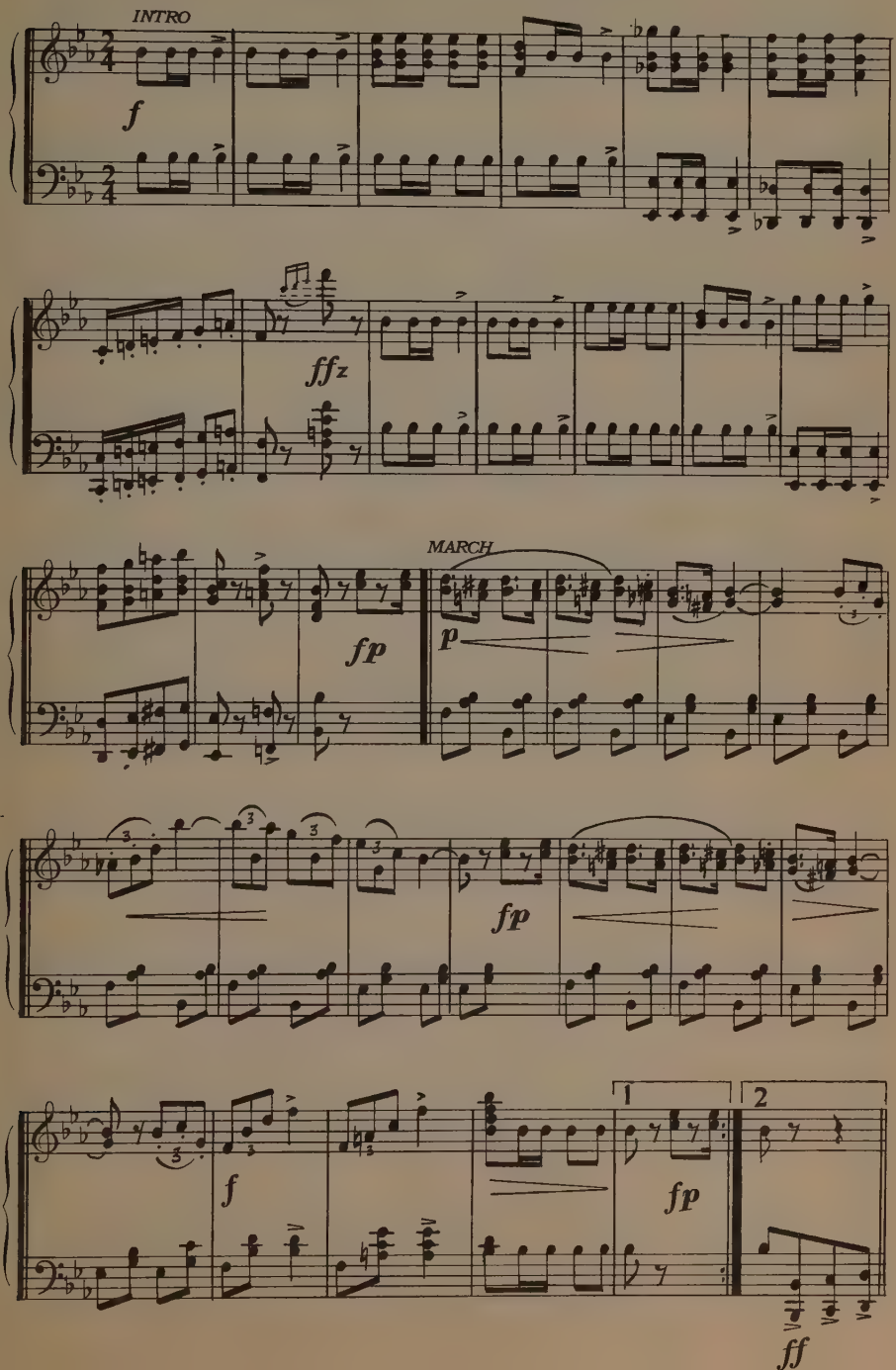

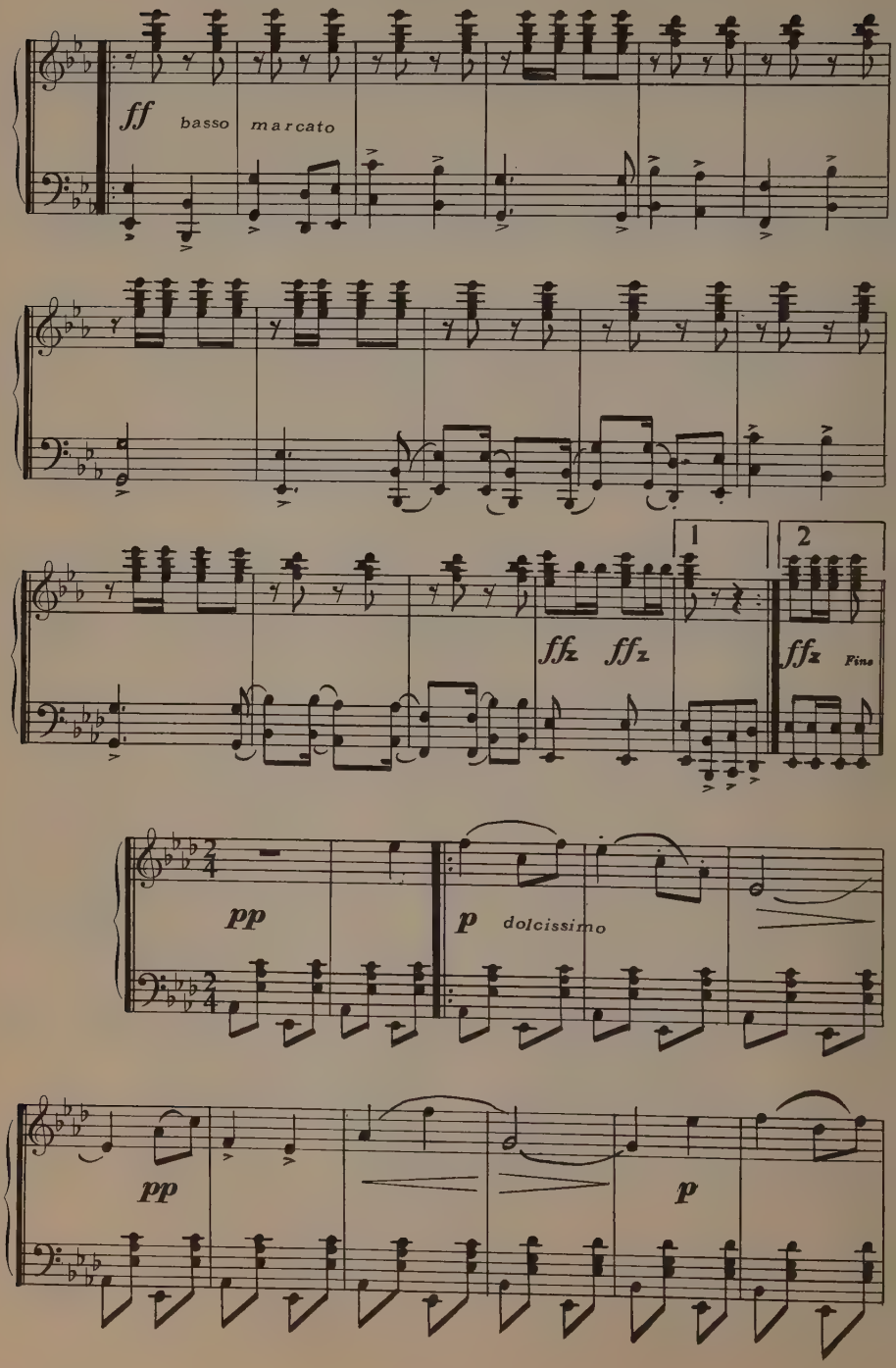
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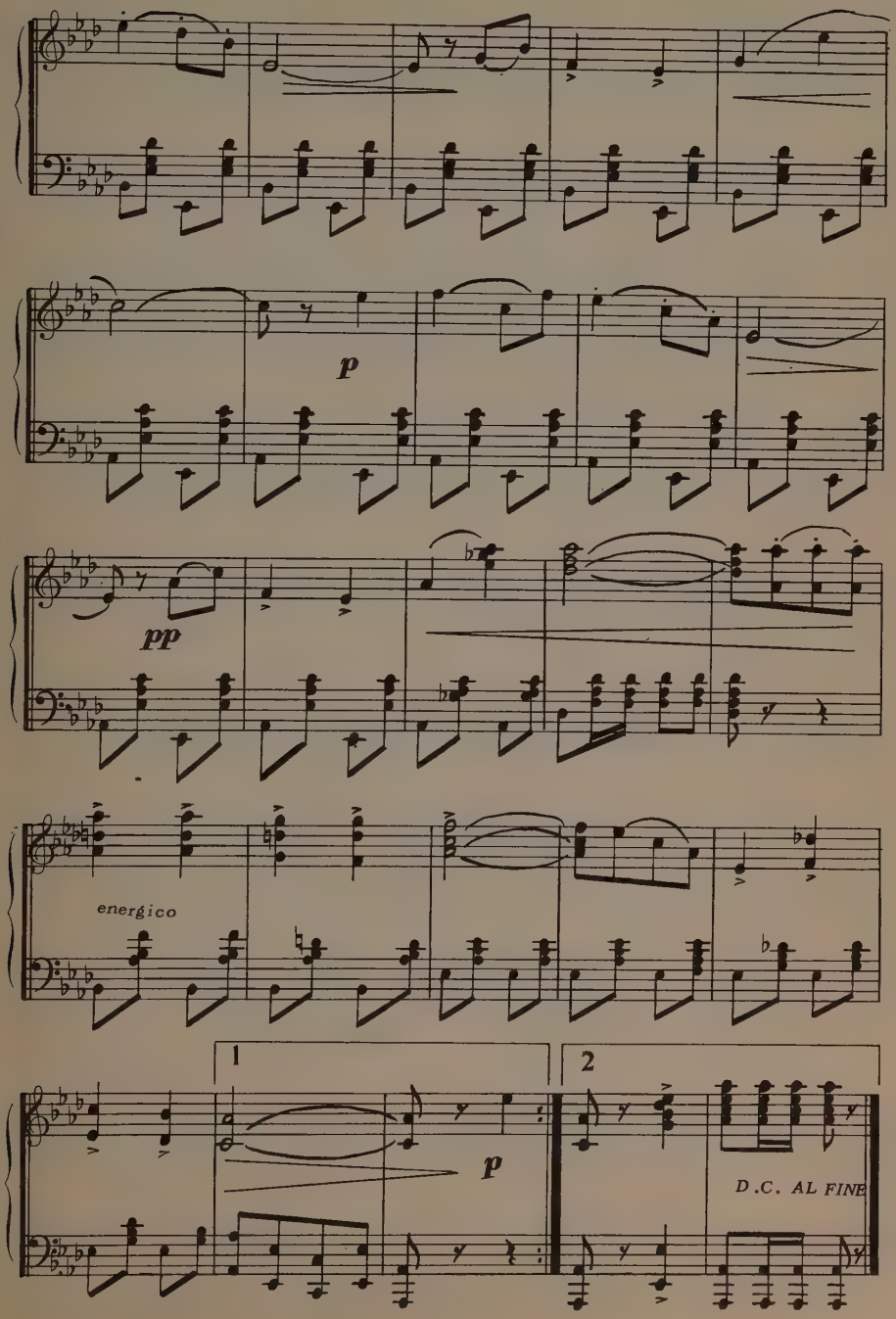

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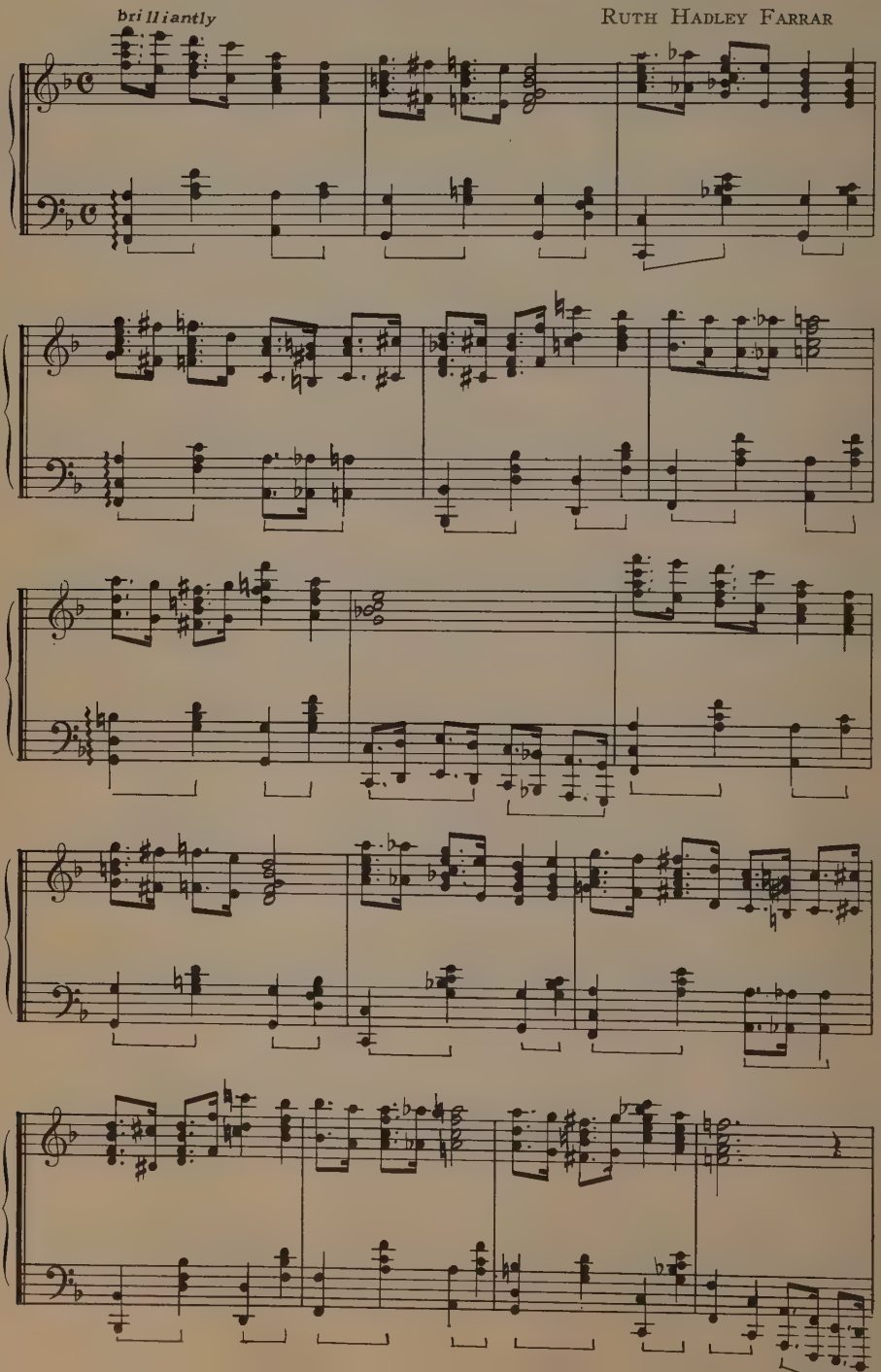

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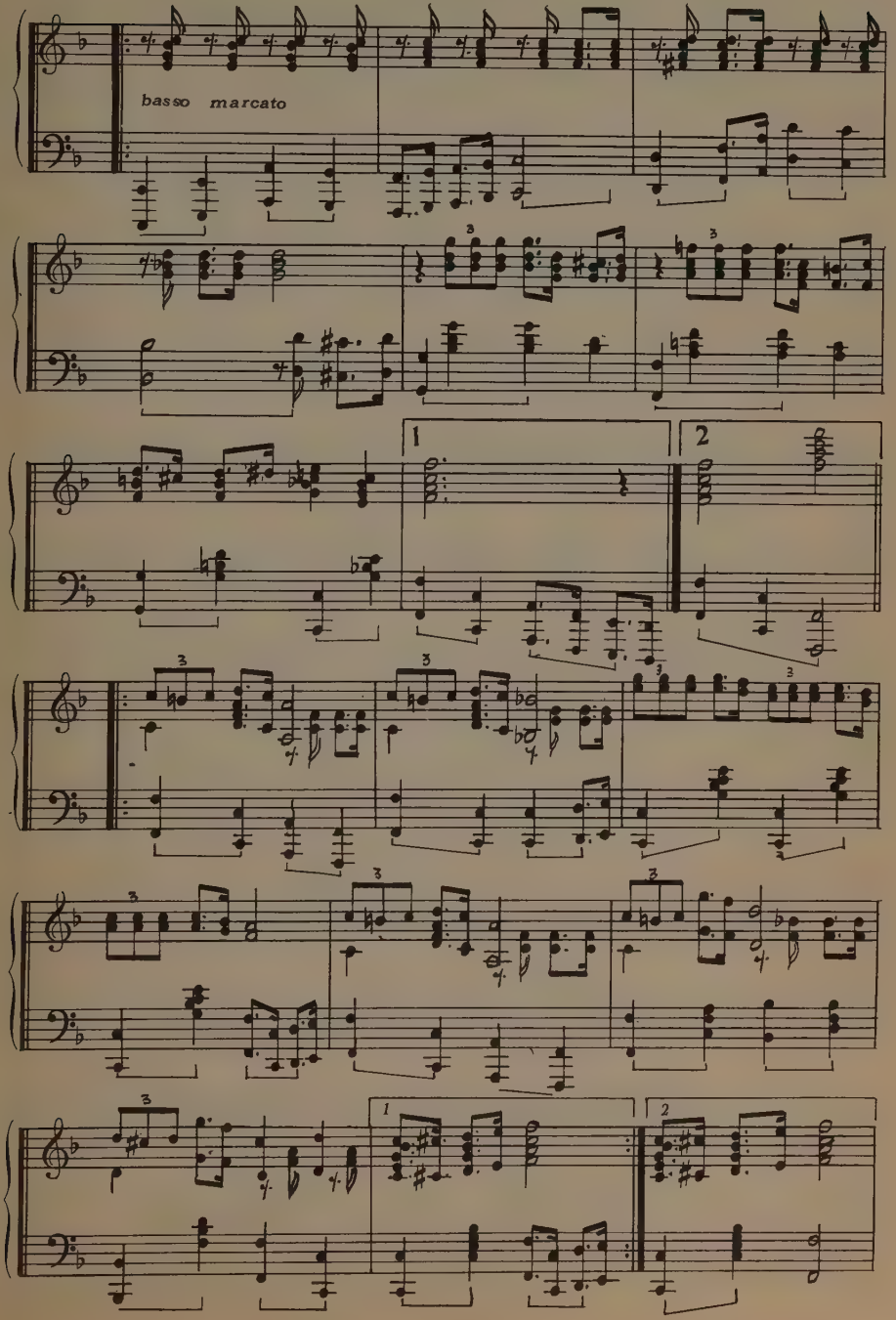

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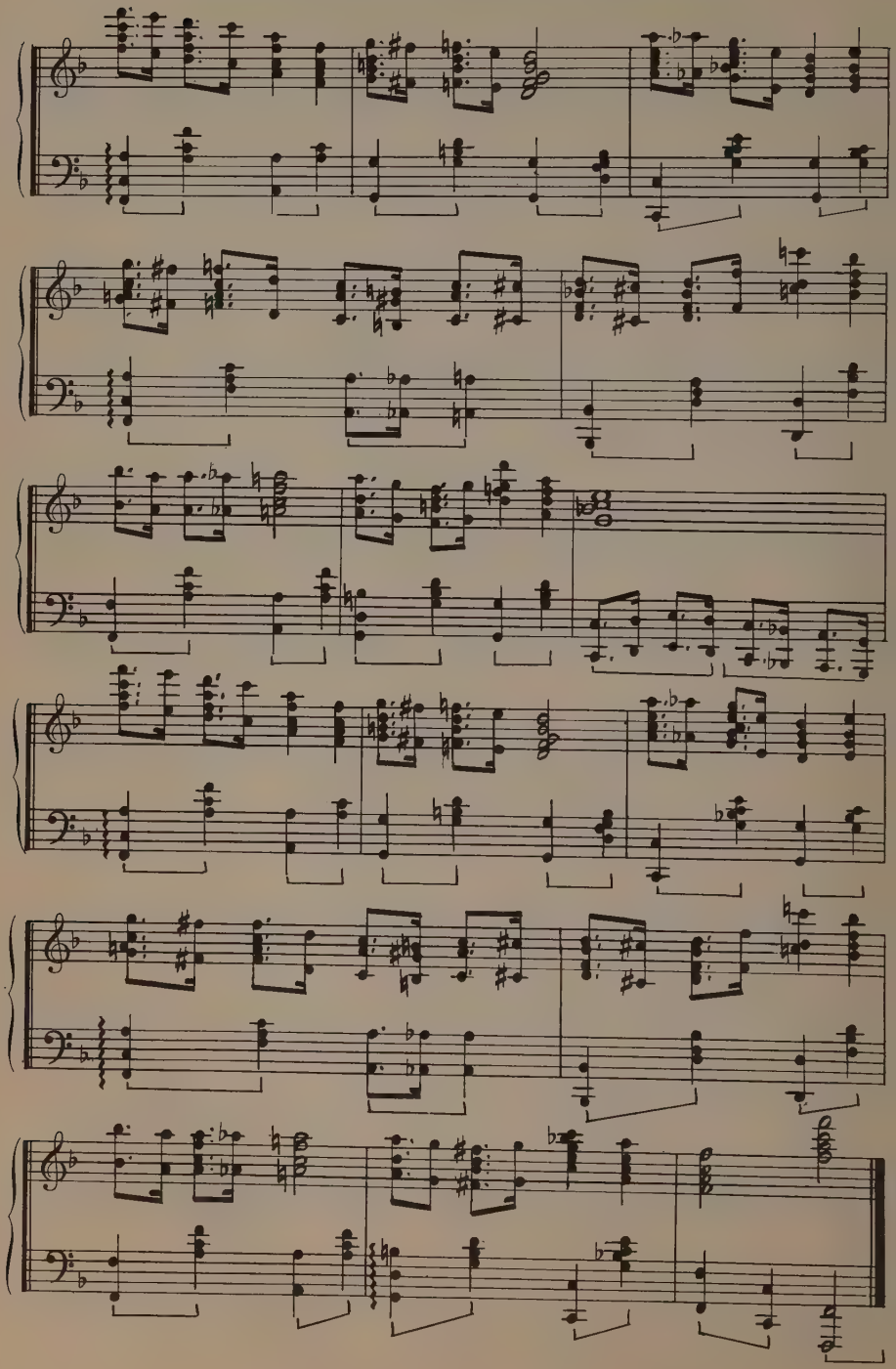

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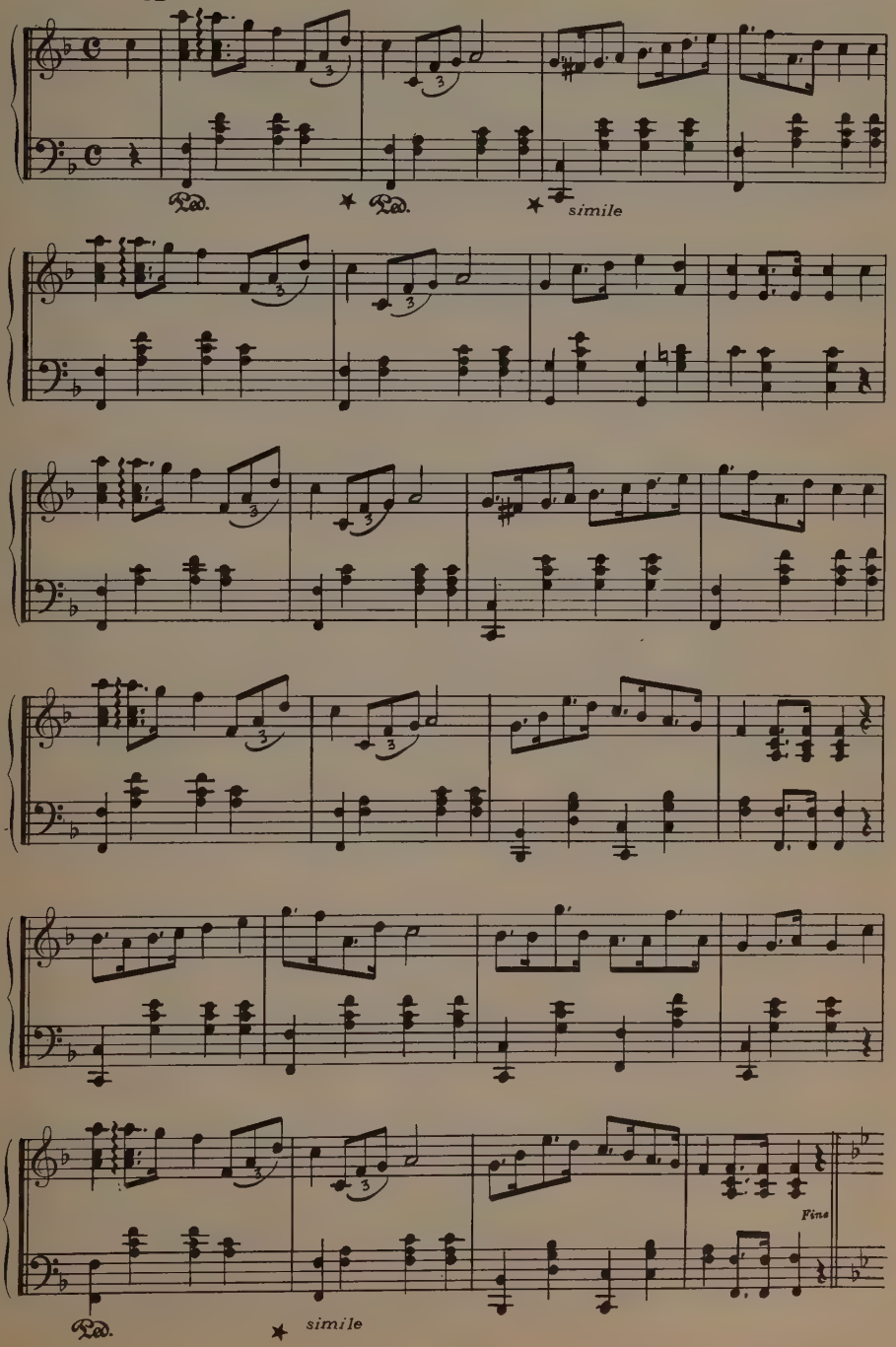

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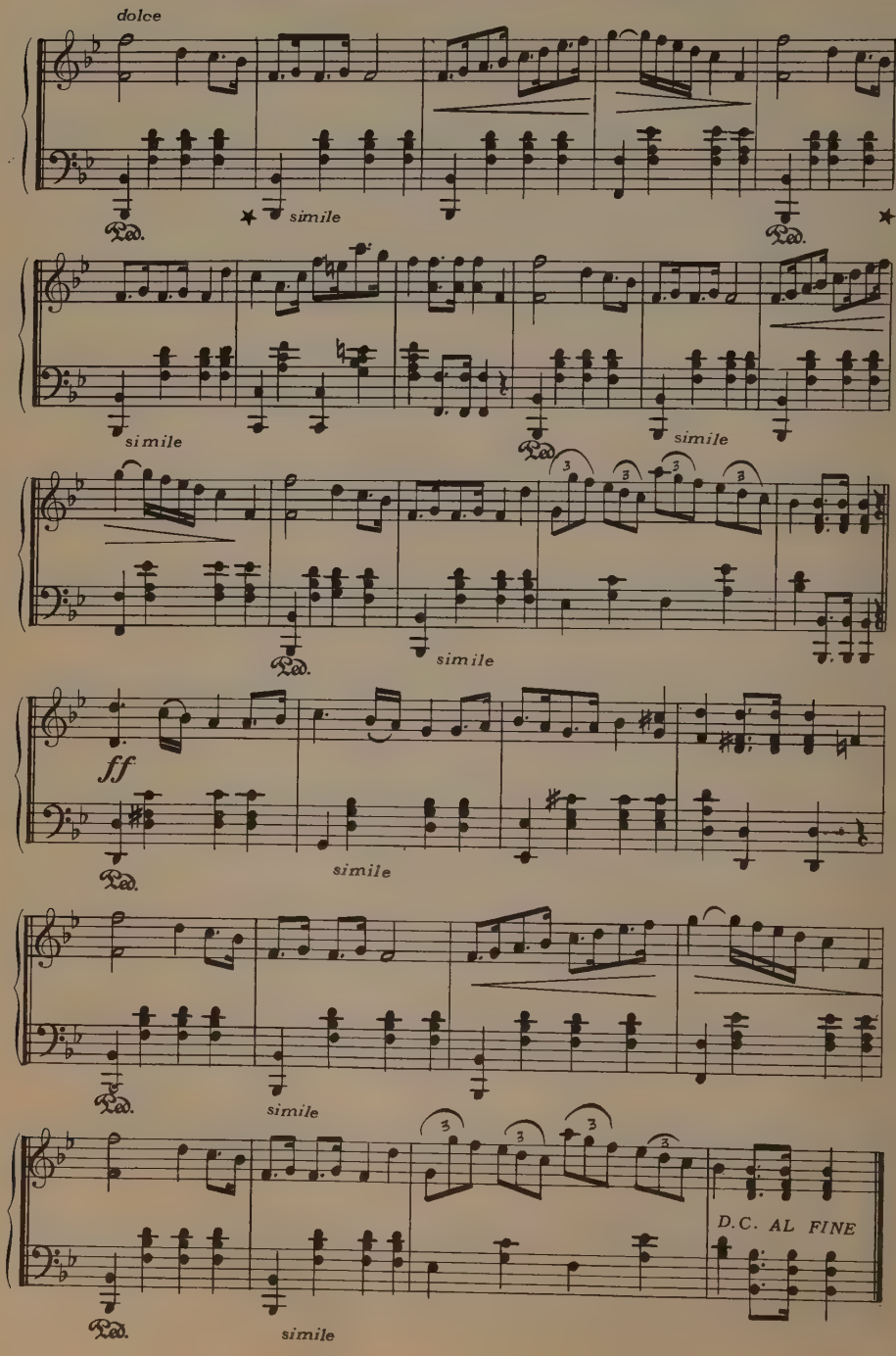

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